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The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 24, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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Contributing Editor

THE PRESIDENT'S VIEW OF PATRONAGE

The secretary to the President of the United States has written a letter explaining the President's attitude toward the Progressive Republicans in both branches of Congress. The name of the man to whom the letter was addressed has not been made public, but the letter has been published in full. As Secretary Norton declares that he writes at the direction of the President, the letter may be accepted as an authoritative expression of the President's views. After a few words of appreciation of the support given to the Administration by the recipient of the letter, Secretary Norton continues:

While Republican legislation pending in Congress was opposed by certain Republicans the President felt it to be his duty to the party and to the country to withhold Federal patronage from certain Senators and Congressmen who seemed to be in opposition to the Administration's efforts to carry out the promises of the party platform. That attitude, however, ended with the primary elections and nominating conventions, which have now been held, and in which the voters have had opportunity to declare themselves.

The people have spoken, and as the party faces the fall elections the question must be settled by Republicans of every shade of opinion whether the differences of the last session shall be perpetuated or shall be forgotten.

He recognizes the danger that in certain cases expressions of feeling were so intense as to make it difficult in some instances for factions to come together and work loyally for the party, but, as he stated in his letter to the Republican Congressional Committee, he believes it can be done and should be done. The President is confident that you will yourself meet your local and State situation in this spirit, and that you will write to your friends and ask them to do likewise.

The President feels that the value of Federal patronage has been greatly exaggerated, and that the refusal to grant it has probably been more useful to the men affected than the appointments would have been. In the preliminary skirmishes in certain States, like Wisconsin and Iowa and elsewhere, he was willing, in the interest of what the leaders believed would lead to party success, to make certain discriminations; but the President has concluded that it is his duty now to treat all Republican Congressmen and Senators alike, without any distinction. He will now follow the usual rule in Republican Congressional districts and States, and follow the recommendations made by Republican Congressmen and Senators of whatever shade of political opinion, only requiring that the men recommended shall be good men, the most competent and the best fitted for the particular office. Sincerely yours,

CHARLES D. NORTON,
Secretary to the President.

That the President has found the struggle between the progressive and the reactionary elements within his party a source of embarrassment has for some time been suspected. The progressive element has stood for the policies to which both he and his party were pledged; but the reactionary element has had the form, if not the substance, of power in the party organization. During the last session of Congress it appeared again and again that the President had adopted the course of attempting to secure through the reactionary leaders the enactment of progressive legislation. Again and again also it appeared that the Progressives, though not in positions of power, were able to force the unwilling reactionary leaders to adopt progressive amendments. And again and again it appeared that these Progressives felt with resentment the force of the Administration against them. Senators and Representatives who were known as Insurgents repeatedly asserted that their recommendations regarding appointments among their constituents were habitually disregarded. Now at last the

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President has acknowledged that he has used his appointing power to discriminate against legislators of his own party who were not subservient to the party machine, and that, now that the party voters have indicated their approval of the Progressives, he will no longer make such discriminations. In other words, he informs the country that he has been acting on a certain policy with regard to the use of Federal patronage to strengthen a faction within his own party; and at the same time announces that this policy he now abandons.

THE PROGRESSIVES AND THE PRESIDENT

There are two and only two principles which should guide a President in making appointments. Regarding the choice of such subordinates as have a part in the planning and administering of governmental policies, the President has not only the right, he has the duty, of seeing that such subordinates are in sympathy with the policy which he is charged with putting into effect. Regarding all other public servants, the President has not only the right, he has also the duty, of seeing that such subordinates are chosen, with the necessary assistance of party leaders in Congress, in accord with the rule that the primary consideration must be the appointees' character and efficiency. On neither principle can we explain, much less justify, the course which President Taft has followed. If the appointment of a postmaster in an Iowa town or of a United States Attorney in Wisconsin should be made in accord with the first principle, then the President has either been thwarting those who have believed in his policies or he is now about to put into power those who do not so believe. If such appointments should be made in accord with the second principle, then he has applied the spoils system not merely to partisan but even to factional warfare. By this letter the President has not enhanced his reputation as a leader. In the issue between oligarchy and self-government, between special interests and the public interest, those who have stood for self-government and the public interest have been impeded by the sense of alienation from the Federal Administration. It is now plain that the alienation was occasioned by a deliberate plan of the President's. Now that that plan has been openly abandoned, we hope that the Progressive movement will gain new vitality, and that the leaders of that movement will have a part in the control of the Government which is more commensurate than heretofore with the extent of popular opinion they represent and with the views to which the dominant party is committed.

THE BALLINGER INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

As reported by The Outlook last week, nine members of the Ballinger Investigating Committee were in Minneapolis on Friday, September 9, being three-quarters of the entire membership. Of these nine, four were Democrats, one was an Insurgent Republican. These five refused to consent to an adjournment; the four Republican members refused to meet with them and make a quorum. Whereupon the Democrats gave to the public their conclusions on the testimony, and the Insurgent Republican gave his. Both reports found against Secretary Ballinger and sustained Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Glavis. The four Republicans, with two others who had not been at Minneapolis, met at Chicago on Tuesday, September 13. Not being enough to constitute a quorum, they could not and did not attempt to issue any report on the merits of the case submitted to the Committee, but they have given out a protest to the public, from which we make the following extracts, which will be sufficient to give our readers the grounds on which it is based. After saying that there had been no conference of the Committee upon the evidence taken in the case, and that the absence of two of the Republican members from the Committee meeting at Minneapolis was unavoidable (one was in Europe, the other, Senator Root, had just arrived from his public services at The Hague), the protest proceeds as follows:

> In advance of any consultation whatever upon the evidence, which never had been weighed and discussed in committee, they demanded the passage of resolutions of the most sweeping character, formally finding Secretary Ballinger guilty, not merely of charges that had been made, but of charges

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that had only been implied and of things which never have been charged, but which persons appearing at the hearing had alleged against him.

Other members of the Committee present protested against such proceedings, which would dispose of the case in the absence of four of the twelve members, making it possible for a minority of the Committee to find the Committee verdict, and this, too, without any consultation or discussion. But the partisan political end to be gained by the Democratic minority became all the more urgent in proportion as the railway trains bearing other members of the Committee were approaching Minneapolis. The minority refused even to take a recess, and the other members, protesting against the evident determination to take a snap judgment by a minority in the absence of a third of the whole tribunal, and declining to bear any responsibility for thus converting the investigation into a travesty, and for a violation of the fundamental principle which should govern the proceedings, withdrew from the meeting, and thus deprived the Democrats of their temporary control of the Committee.

They add that a report of the Committee cannot be made until Congress meets next December, and that the September meeting was designed for discussion, not for formulating and presenting a report.

PLAYING POLITICS Whether courtesy demanded that the three-quarters of the Committee present at Minneapolis should postpone all action until the rest of the Committee could be present we shall not undertake to determine. What considerations may have made it as difficult for the Democratic members to go to Chicago to meet the two absentees as it was for the two absentees to get to Minneapolis we do not know, nor do we presume to act as umpire upon a question of courtesy between gentlemen. But it cannot be doubted that there was a quorum of the Committee at Minneapolis, that the quorum had a parliamentary right to proceed with either conference or final decision, that it was for this quorum by a majority vote to determine which it would do, or whether it would adjourn without taking action. It looks to us as though there had been some playing at politics on both sides, the Democrats desiring to get a judgment before the people prior to the fall elections, and the Republican members equally desirous to prevent any report until after the election. And it also looks as though the Republican members were not willing, for political reasons, to criticise Mr. Ballinger, and yet were not ready to commit themselves unreservedly to his exoneration. As to the point that the report should be made to Congress before it is given to the public, we regard it as more formal than vital. Congress did not appoint Mr. Ballinger, and it cannot remove him. It has no legal powers whatever in the premises, except those of a Court of Impeachment, and for impeachment this Committee is not and cannot be made a preparation. On the other hand, the people have a real if not a formal right to know what is the result of the investigation in the minds of the Committee, because that may have a real and even an important influence in determining their votes. As it is, the country now knows that the four Democrats and the one Insurgent Republican think that the evidence shows that Mr. Ballinger is not the man for the place; what the seven Republican members think the country does not know and is not likely to learn until next December.

FROM PLAISTED TO PLAISTED Thirty years ago Harris M. Plaisted was Governor of Maine; last week his son, Frederick M. Plaisted, was elected Governor of Maine. Both Plaisteds are Democrats. This indicates an interesting political turnover in the "State o' Maine," as its inhabitants like to call it, a State almost invariably Republican. But this year the Democrats have elected a Governor, a Legislature, and two Congressmen. The causes for the election of the Governor and the Legislature, however, were distinct from those affecting the Congressional elections. Maine pluralities for Governor and for President were once about the same. But for a long time that for Governor has been declining until, in 1908, Governor Fernald received only 7,600 votes to President Taft's 31,500. The reason for this has been the increasing unrest of an intelligent people under the State law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcohol. No matter how lofty the principles of those who framed the law, it has proved a premium to deception.

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Liquor has been smuggled into the State and sold under guises which have strongly appealed to the adventure-loving. Among such the law has only stimulated the liquor habit, and has perhaps proportionately lessened the watchfulness of State officials. Republicans and Democrats alike have chafed under the humbug. The Republicans, fearing to lose their "stand-pat" majority as regards the law, have not paid enough attention to the protesters. So pluralities declined, not because Republicans stayed home on election day, but because they actually voted with the Democrats. The latter promised, if returned to power, to resubmit the prohibition law to a popular vote. The election of a Democratic Governor has at last naturally followed. Colonel Plaisted has been Mayor of Augusta and publisher of the "New Age," a weekly paper of which the late Chief Justice Fuller was once editor. As the election for Governor was a protest against the domination of the State Republican machine, so the election of the Democratic Congressmen and the low majorities given to the Republican Congressmen were protests against the domination of the Republican National machine, especially as represented in Maine by United States Senator Hale. Mr. Hale's retirement removes from the Senate a man of ability, but one who has used his ability, not in the furtherance of constructive legislation, but rather in the furtherance of ring power. In this he has been a far more potent cause for evil than has Senator Aldrich, whose name has been more frequently used in this connection. Senator Hale's successor will be a rarity in Washington, for not since 1857 has a Democratic Maine Senator appeared there. In the House of Representatives the Maine representation has long been solidly Republican, but the State's delegation will now number two Democrats and two Republicans. The most notable election was that of Asher C. Hinds, of Portland, well known as the parliamentary clerk to the Speaker of the Federal House. Mr. Hinds has sat behind half a dozen Speakers, and his abilities have been widely appreciated. Indeed, not a few think that he should be the logical candidate to succeed Mr. Cannon. Mr. Hinds's compilation of statistics of parliamentary procedure is used by the two houses at Washington, by many State Legislatures, and has been cited in the courts. The other Republican Congressman, Mr. Guernsey, also obtained his election by a very small majority. The Democratic Congressmen are to be Daniel W. McGillicuddy, who will sit in the seat of Nelson Dingley and Charles Littlefield, and Samuel W. Gould, who defeated Congressman Burleigh, though the latter has represented Maine in every Congress since the Fifty-fifth. Thus the lack of organization among the so-called Insurgents in Maine had the effect apparently of driving straight into the Democratic fold those not satisfied with the Republican party, instead of inducing them to endeavor, like the Progressives in the West, to change the party from within.

THE NOMINATION OF DR. WOODROW WILSON

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University, was last week nominated for Governor of New Jersey by the Democratic party. The platform on which he was nominated is characterized by Dr. Wilson as "sound, explicit, and satisfactory." In many respects it might be a Western Insurgent Republican platform. It calls for such reforms as will give the State an economical and businesslike administration; for a readjustment of taxation, which is now believed to favor the railways and corporations, and thorough publicity of all the operations of the tax department; for conservation of the State's natural resources; for the creation of a Public Service Commission with power to regulate transportation rates and tariffs; for limiting the working day in all public works to eight hours, and the enactment of an employers' liability act; for a thoroughgoing and effectual direct nominations law; for the control of corporations, and especially for criminally punishing the individual officers responsible for the illegal acts of corporations; for a corrupt practices act limiting and insuring the publicity of campaign contributions; and for the election of United States Senators by popular vote. Of these issues Dr. Wilson, in his speech of acceptance, defines three as of special importance, namely,

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integrity and economy in the State administration, equalization of taxation, and the control of corporations. Patriotic Republicans as well as patriotic Democrats ought to welcome the nomination of such a man as Dr. Wilson on such a platform. He is not the kind of a man that the old-time "bosses" like to select. Their acquiescence in this instance is an indication that they recognize the present current of public opinion, which is tired of "warhorses" and asks that candidates for important executive offices shall have a fundamental conception of great political principles coupled with the ability to give the State a businesslike administration of public affairs. Dr. Wilson is such a man. He is a Southerner by birth, a lawyer by education, a student of and writer upon questions of Constitutional and social politics, and has been the executive head of one of the greatest New Jersey corporations—the corporation of Princeton University. His writings and public addresses contain a full exposition of his political philosophy, which, in an editorial published last April, The Outlook endeavored to interpret. Dr. Wilson is a Democrat in the social as well as the political sense of the word; he has, as we have formerly said, "a profound and abiding faith in the people themselves;" he sees that, in the present state of the social and industrial development of the United States, property rights have been over-emphasized at the expense of popular rights; as in State taxation he advocates equalization, so he desires to see the relations between popular rights and property rights readjusted, and the power of property curbed and controlled. But this control he appears to think can be more safely exercised by the State than by the Nation. He foresees a danger to democratic institutions in an extension of Federal power, although, with Governor Hughes, he wishes the power of the Executives of the separate States to be extended and strengthened. He asserts that ours is a representative and not a delegated government, and yet he would reduce the number of elective officers and increase the appointive power of the Executive, a position which we confess does not appear to us to be entirely consistent; for in a representative government we see no reason, provided they have freedom and full opportunity of choice, why the people may not choose a very limited number of officers to whom they may delegate all the power to be exercised during good behavior. In general, Dr. Wilson stands for a system of social democracy with which we are in hearty agreement. He would, however, have this system established and operated by the separate States instead of by the Nation at large, and is therefore opposed to the doctrine of the New Nationalism as expounded by Mr. Roosevelt. In National politics The Outlook is a firm believer in the doctrine of the New Nationalism, and in a Presidential campaign would take issue with Dr. Wilson on this ground. It is well, however, to have the issue clearly defined, and to have the voters of New Jersey remember, especially if the Republican party of that State puts up a "warhorse" as its nominee, that the issue which is presented to them is not New Nationalism, but "New Stateism," in which they can hardly find a more experienced, a more upright, or a more inspiring leader than Dr. Wilson.

NEW JERSEY AND OTHER PRIMARIES

In the New Jersey primaries the chief interest centered in the nominations for United States Senator. The Republican candidates were the present incumbent, Mr. Kean, ex-Governors Murphy and Stokes, ex-Sheriff David Baird, and Congressman Charles N. Fowler. The last named, a Progressive, received a surprisingly large vote, but was outdistanced by the two ex-Governors. Messrs. Kean and Baird declined to have their names appear on the primary lists, on the ground that the primary law was not mandatory on the Legislature but only advisory, and they were confident of their success when the matter should come up before that body. It will be interesting to see whether the law, even in its merely advisory character, does not prove powerful enough to check the cynicism of its critics. In the Congressional nominations the Progressive wing of the Republican party will not be increased as was hoped, but will be the same as hitherto—with one representative in the

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entire delegation, if George L. Record, a Progressive and former Corporation Counsel of Jersey City, wins in the election against his Democratic opponent. Congressman Fowler, hitherto the only Progressive member in the New Jersey delegation, has lost his seat to William Runyon, a Regular. Another Progressive defeat was that of Harold J. Howland, of The Outlook's editorial staff, whose opponent was Congressman Richard Wayne Parker, Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary. At the Convention, to which delegates had been chosen at the primaries a few days previous, Mr. Howland came within nine votes of the nomination. In New York State, primaries were held in New York County, and indicated the ascendency of the Progressives at the approaching Republican Convention. In Tennessee, as in Minnesota, the principal event was the withdrawal of the Democratic nominee for Governor. This gave as great satisfaction, irrespective of party, as Mr. Lind's withdrawal gave dissatisfaction. Both candidates have been ex-Governors, but certainly Malcolm Patterson and John Lind seem as strongly contrasted as two men can be. Despite his abuse of the pardoning power and his efforts to convert the jails and workhouses into political recruiting offices, Mr. Patterson was the nominee of the Regular faction of the Democratic party. He has been bitterly and justly opposed by the Independent Democrats, who, allied with the Republicans, elected a State judiciary last month, defeating a ticket for which Governor Patterson had made a strenuous campaign. The withdrawal of his own candidacy was expected to detach the Independent Democrats from their alliance and insure the election of a Democratic Governor. The fear of a possible Patterson-controlled candidate has now impelled the Independent Democrats to indorse Benjamin W. Hooper, the Republican nominee for Governor. In South Carolina the election indicates the victory of Cole L. Blease, a local option advocate, for Governor. Thus in two States State-wide prohibition was tried last week and found wanting. In Wyoming the Republicans in convention adopted a resolution expressing confidence in Secretary Ballinger's integrity. That this, however, is not significant of popular opinion is indicated by events in Mr. Ballinger's own State. Some weeks ago an unauthorized Republican convention controlled by a small group indorsed the Secretary, but this action is shown to be unrepresentative by the result of last week's primaries. The expiration of the term of Senator Piles and his retirement from Washington will result in the succession, not of another "stand-pat" Republican, but of an Insurgent of a pronounced type, Congressman Miles Poindexter. As Secretary Ballinger had issued a statement attacking Mr. Poindexter, the latter's nomination is accepted as equivalent to the defeat of Secretary Ballinger's side.

PROGRESSIVE AND OTHER POLITICS

Despite certain glaring exceptions, last week's primaries and conventions in many States emphasized, in general, Progressive politics, whether Republican or Democratic. In four States the initiative was brought to the fore as an issue. Arkansas has apparently ratified the Constitutional amendment establishing the initiative and referendum. In Arizona the Democratic victory means the establishment in the new State's Constitution of the principles of the initiative, referendum, and recall, direct election of United States Senators, and direct primaries. The same features are demanded by the Utah Democratic Convention. In Colorado the Democratic platform commends the State Legislature for having submitted to the people a Constitutional amendment for the institution of the initiative and referendum. But a more noticeable and certainly a more surprising plank in the platform attacks the administration of the National Forest Service, even declaring unalterable opposition to the "arbitrary and bureaucratic regulations" which it says work a hardship upon the miner and the homesteader and retard the State's development. Governor Shafroth was nominated for re-election. The Republican nominee in Connecticut is Charles A. Goodwin, Executive Secretary to Governor Weeks, and the Republican platform declares that, chiefly owing to President Taft's tactful and resolute insistence, the vital part of the reforms "for

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which his predecessor pleaded in speeches and messages is now statute law." The Delaware Republican primaries insure the nomination of Senator Dupont for re-election. More important were the Illinois primaries, the first under the third primary law; they were fought out on moral rather than political issues. Though both parties have tried to drive out of public life the members of the bi-partisan legislative organization charged with conspiring by corrupt means to return Senator Lorimer to Washington, a too large number of the accused legislators were renominated. In the Congressional conflicts two "stand-patters," Speaker Cannon and Mr. Mann, won, and one, Mr. Boutell, lost. This defeat is the more striking when we note the fact that Mr. Boutell's opponent, Mr. Ganspergen, a Progressive, secured nearly eight thousand votes more than were given to Speaker Cannon's "right-hand man." From Kentucky the startling news comes of the Republican Congressional nomination of Caleb Powers, repeatedly adjudged guilty of complicity in the murder of William Goebel, but recently pardoned. In Minnesota the week's event has been the withdrawal of John Lind, Democratic nominee for Governor, and the substitution of James Gray, ex-Mayor of Minneapolis. In Missouri the Democratic platform indorsed ex-Governor Joseph W. Folk for President in 1912. The platform denounces the present tariff law and declares for a tariff for revenue only. On the other hand, the Missouri Republican platform indorsed the tariff law and the Taft Administration, especially in its carrying out of the policy of Conservation established by ex-President Roosevelt. The Montana Republican Convention's platform commends the Roosevelt and Taft Administrations, but recommends nothing more radical than the direct election of United States Senators.

WHAT EXCUSE? The New York "World," in an editorial in its issue of Saturday, September 10, under the title "What Excuse?" makes the following statement: "Nothing was done by Mr. Roosevelt to punish the [Sugar] Trust for violating the Sherman Law or for robbing the United States Government. It was not until Mr. Taft came into office, nearly two years later, that the Trust was compelled to restore over two million dollars of its stealings to the United States Treasury and that steps were taken to prosecute it for violating the Anti-Trust Law." A more deliberate misstatement of facts would be hard to make. The prosecution of the American Sugar Refining Company for frauds upon the customs was begun on Mr. Roosevelt's direct initiative, was carried on by Mr. Henry L. Stimson and other Federal attorneys appointed by Mr. Roosevelt, and was brought to a successful conclusion by the conviction of the Company on the day that Mr. Taft became President. The Taft Administration took up the work where the Roosevelt Administration laid it down, and carried it on through the same attorneys. The subsequent proceedings by which the Trust was compelled to restore over two million dollars to the United States Treasury, and by which a number of employees of the Company, including its secretary and the superintendent of its largest refinery, were convicted of criminal participation in the frauds, were only the logical and unbroken continuation of the work begun under Mr. Roosevelt's Administration and carried on under his direction in spite of strong pressure brought upon the Administration for its discontinuance. The statement of the "World" "that nothing was done by Mr. Roosevelt to punish the Trust . . . for robbing the United States" is diametrically opposed to the facts, which are matters of court record. What can the people believe when a great metropolitan newspaper stoops to such deliberate falsification of recorded fact?

THE BEEF PACKERS INDICTED Last week at Chicago the "Big Four" in the Beef Trust, J. Ogden Armour, Louis F. Swift, Edward Morris, and Edward Tilden, were indicted by a Federal Grand Jury. In addition some other lesser lights were named in the indictments. The Grand Jury has thus followed the instructions of Judge Landis and has indicted men instead of corporations. The men are charged, in general, with being in a combination in

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restraint of trade and in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. It is specially charged that the methods adopted were:

(1) To refrain from bidding for live stock.

(2) To agree on a uniform system of figuring the so-called "request cost" of meats sent to branch house managers, which resulted in an excessive cost, or "request price," being placed upon the merchandise.

(3) To require the branch house managers to secure this "cost;" if any margin less than the cost was permitted, so it is charged, it was agreed upon by all the defendants.

(4) That the National Packing Company was used to secure information in all markets as to what branch house managers were doing, this information being sent to the Chicago office of the National Packing Company at the end of each week, where it was accessible to the defendants, they being directors of the National Packing Company.

(5) That this information, so obtained, was used by the defendants as the basis of orders for the next week's business.

(6) That the Swift, Armour, and Morris interests held stock in the National Packing Company in proportions equal to the proportions of business done by these three houses.

Bench warrants for the arrest of the ten beef magnates who are under Federal indictments were issued later, but were not served. All of the indicted men, save two who are abroad, appeared and gave bond. Their lawyers will now attack the indictments. A preliminary statement for the defense contends:

(1) That the defendants conduct only one-third of the packing industry of the country.

(2) That the profits of the industry are less than in any other manufacturing business in the world, being not more than two and one-half per cent of the total business done.

(3) That the upward tendency of meat prices is caused because land in the West is being brought under wider cultivation, while cattle ranches are disappearing.

(4) That the so-called combination of the packers has resulted in making the price of meat lower than otherwise it would have been under present conditions.

(5) That the business of the packers is being conducted lawfully and in good faith, the steps which generally have been criticised being forced by conditions of the industry and being in the best interests of the consumer.

(6) That prejudice and misunderstanding are responsible for the attacks which resulted in the indictments.

The particular importance of these indictments lies in the fact that they represent an effort to punish individuals rather than corporations. During the past eight years the Roosevelt and Taft Administrations have done their best to investigate the alleged Beef Trust. Though general good resulted, the process of indicting corporations has not produced all the results anticipated. But behind the corporation there were always responsible individuals. Hence the present indictments do not include these corporations, but form a criminal proceeding against certain men. Will the Government win or lose in this latest suit? If it wins, both fine and imprisonment confront the packers. The maximum penalty is five thousand dollars fine or a year's imprisonment, or both punishments, in the court's discretion.

THE POLLUTION OF LAKES AND RIVERS

We quoted not long ago from the remarks made by Mr. Roosevelt at Buffalo urging the necessity of putting a stop to the pollution of the water of the Great Lakes and declaring that civilized people ought to be able to dispose of sewage in a better way than by putting it into drinking water. The issue thus touched upon is one of prime importance in New York State. Something over a year ago Governor Hughes in a Message said: "We have reached a time in the development of this State when proper measures for the protection of our streams are imperatively needed. We can no longer afford to permit the sewage of our cities and our industrial wastes to be poured into our watercourses. . . . Our present laws are inadequate and ought to be thoroughly revised." While it is true that there is some question as to whether it is possible to keep any large body of water or large river free from pollution, and whether, accordingly, the best way of dealing with the subject may not be to compel local communities to purify such water or obtain their supply from another source, yet the duty of preventing the pollution so far as possible is positive. The facts show that the pollution of the Niagara River and Lake Erie is frightful in its extent and that it is a National as well as a local problem. A writer in a bulletin issued by the Department of Health of New York State asserts that the town of Niagara Falls is "one of the worst plague-spots, if not the very worst,

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in respect of typhoid fever in the United States to-day," and that the enormous typhoid death rate of this town is due almost wholly to the pollution of the public water by the sewage of the city of Buffalo. Other towns, such as Tonawanda, North Tonawanda, and Lockport, suffer from the same cause, and the completion in Buffalo of a new sewer system now under way will, it is alleged, increase the evil seriously. The larger lake ports themselves undoubtedly are subject to typhoid fever and to other communicable diseases which result from an impure water supply. When it is considered that the danger extends not only to the residents of these places but to travelers on railways and on lake boats which use the impure water, and when it is remembered that over fifteen million passengers are carried yearly in boats on the Great Lakes and that over a million people a year visit Niagara Falls, it is evident that the spreading of diseases such as typhoid must exist in an appreciable degree all over the United States. In almost every village so-called sporadic cases of typhoid appear from time to time, and how many of these may result from the pollution of the waters of the Great Lakes, Niagara River, and the Erie Canal it would be impossible to judge. Bills have been introduced in Congress as well as in the New York State Legislature to forbid the pollution, but so far nothing has been accomplished, and the cities of Lake Erie and the Niagara frontier continue to have about four hundred deaths yearly from typhoid and probably not far from four thousand cases of the disease. The mere statement of these facts is more forcible than any rhetoric. Whether the MacKenzie-Wood Bill, which would permit the State Commissioner of Health to order Buffalo, for instance, to change its system of sewerage at a cost of many million dollars, is or is not the best way of dealing with the question, is not the main problem. What must be urged, with literally the pressure of life and death importance, is that the Legislature of New York and the municipal bodies of the cities and towns involved take up the matter instantly, actively, and efficiently. Foul water is almost, if not quite, the greatest cause of preventable diseases in this country, and as our civilization and our public intelligence grow it becomes more and more possible to wipe out of existence, or at least greatly reduce, the frightful death rate which may certainly be ascribed to this cause. It is said that pollution of water kills as many people in the United States annually as the historic Black Plagues which used to ravage the ignorant, unsanitary people of centuries ago. This reproach is one that can be and must be removed.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS

European periodicals —French, Dutch, German, Russian, and others—are announcing the coming International Prison Congress, which is to be held in Washington from October 2 to October 8, in response to an invitation extended to that body at its last meeting, in 1900, by the President of the United States and Congress, the latter making an appropriation for entertaining official guests. As a result of the publicity given in Europe to this important meeting, more than a hundred delegates will soon be under way, commissioned by every country in Europe to represent those countries in Washington. Canada, Cuba, Mexico, and several South American states will also send representatives. The Government has placed the new Smithsonian Institution halls at the disposition of the Congress, thus furnishing a place for meeting corresponding to those offered by other Governments. In all the other great capitals the legislative chambers have been thrown open to it. Our own Congressional buildings may be used only for National purposes, hence this happy solution of finding a dignified place for the sessions. The American Prison Association convenes at the same time, and the two meetings will be really merged in one, save for business purposes. The President of the American Congress is Mr. A. W. Butler, of Indianapolis; of the International, Professor C. R. Henderson, who was appointed to the position of Commissioner for the United States on the International Prison Commission by President Taft, to succeed the late S. J. Barrows, who had been elected President of the forthcoming Congress. Dr. Henderson, who was chosen to take his place at the meeting of the

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Commission in Paris after the death of Mr. Barrows, has followed the plans laid out by his predecessor—of whom the distinguished Professor von Liszt writes: "The name of Mr. Barrows will be not only on our lips but in all our hearts"—and has added many valuable suggestions. Like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, the laws of the International Prison Congress are immutable, so far as certain things are concerned. For instance, though about one hundred and thirty papers are written for the meeting, not one is read, not even by title. Long in advance of the session they are sent to the Secretary, Dr. Guillaume, of Switzerland, who has them translated into French and published in leaflet form. These are sent to every member to read and study before the meeting. Four sections divide the Congress: penal legislation, penitentiary questions, preventive means, and juvenile crime. Each section sends out four questions, and the papers are replies, at length, to these questions. For each question a "reviewer" is appointed, who makes an epitome of the replies and formulates a resolution to be voted on by the section to which the question belongs. If the resolution is adopted by the section, it goes to the general Congress; and if adopted there, after general discussion, it goes into the records as the official utterance of the whole body. Thus nothing is read in the sections but the several résumés of the questions, and nothing at the general meetings but the resolutions offered by the sections. This makes a very wide-awake Congress, with not a dull moment. The official language for the first time will be English, though speakers will be allowed to use German, French, and Spanish, interpreters being in attendance conversant with the three foreign tongues. All of the French papers have been translated and abstracts of them printed for distribution by the American Prison Association, so that any prison officer, or delegate, may know what is under discussion even if he has not the gift of tongues. Many of these papers are full of wise suggestions, and as a rule they are exceedingly broad-minded, and advocates of prison reform in the highest and most scientific sense. The writers are looking forward with eagerness to studying the problems as they are being worked out in this newer land. Especially are they going to look carefully into our probation system, our juvenile courts, our prisons for women, and our reformatories. They are bound to have some of their high anticipations dashed to the ground when they find that only four States have separate prisons for women; that but a few have reformatories; that the juvenile court exists but in name in many; and that probation is utterly unknown over most of our territory. They will do real missionary work if they can stir the country to a recognition of its own shortcomings.

THE OPENING SCHOOLS

Never have the schools of this country opened in September with so many pupils waiting at the doors. Even rural communities feel the change. In the cities it is yet more marked, and great efforts have been made in many places to meet the emergency. Chicago has won the approbation of the land by the report that for every child of school age a seat in school was waiting. New York City, which more sorely feels the ever-rising tide of school population, failed unpardonably to meet the situation. It is well known that an annual increase of 25,000 children must be looked for, yet the seating capacity was increased for 1910 but 2,897. This may be explained, but not extenuated. In July, 1908, appropriations for new school buildings were stopped and building was not resumed till January, 1910. Consequently for eighteen months nothing was done to increase the accommodations for pupils. This state of things was brought about on account of an injunction secured by a taxpayer at the instigation of the Comptroller, who alleged that the borrowing capacity of the city would be overstepped if the contracts were let for the Fourth Avenue Subway. In consequence of a legal suit to determine what constituted city debt, it was impossible to secure appropriations for further schools. Meantime the children of school age have increased to such an extent that it will be necessary to expend twelve million dollars for sites and buildings for the present need. Yet but eight millions have been appropriated, and this

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must last until July, 1911, though the Board of Education has informed the Board of Estimate that a minimum of eight millions per annum is requisite to meet the annual demands. It is unfortunate that this failure to meet the requirements of the children strikes the hardest blow on the very ones who should be first protected, the families of working people and of recent immigrants. Those children will too surely have to leave school early to earn their living; they should not be compelled to lose the first years of schooling through the failure of a great city to make provision for them. Food and shelter are not enough for the fifty-seven thousand children who cannot find school accommodation. It is true that an army of 705,000 scholars makes a great demand on a city, but it is poor economy to cut down in the educational department. Private initiative has in a few instances come to the rescue, and sites have been lent to the city for temporary buildings. Much more of this might be done, especially where there is not so much congestion of population as in crowded Manhattan. It is not fair to the children to rob them of their one chance in a democracy, a chance to secure the essentials of an education while still children.

A NEW AUTOMOBILE LAW

Safe and sane automobiling, it is hoped, will be attained in the State of New York by the operation of the Callan Automobile Law, which became effective September 1. With over sixty thousand automobiles traversing the highways of the State, many driven by reckless and irresponsible owners and chauffeurs, and inadequate speed regulations and inequality of taxation for road maintenance, the demand for strict State supervision and control became universal, and this drastic law was placed upon the statute-books. The State is now expending fifty million dollars in improving its highways; three thousand miles of good roads have been built and six thousand more are planned and provided for financially. Good roads have resulted in enormous sales of motor cars in the State, followed by an ever-increasing record of harrowing accidents, many carrying with them loss of human life and injuries to persons, and the great majority directly due to ignorant, dissipated, and irresponsible drivers of cars, owners as well as chauffeurs. No general restrictive speed limits had been established by law, no examination into the qualifications of chauffeurs existed, and no statute provided specifically for the punishment of the rapidly increasing automobile criminal. The Callan Law requires registration of all motor cars with the Secretary of State, and payment of fees graduated according to the power of the machine; it regulates speed, forbidding, under any condition, an excess of thirty miles an hour; and provides rules of the road which take care of the safety of other vehicles, animals, and persons traveling on the highways. Violations of the general provisions of the law constitute a misdemeanor, and an owner or chauffeur who drives away from an accident to person or property caused by his car, or who fails to report such accident to the nearest police station, is guilty of a felony, punishable by a fine of five hundred dollars or two years in prison or both, and a second offense is punishable by a five-year prison sentence. Any conviction under the law revokes the State license of the party convicted. Chauffeurs are to have a severe examination as to fitness, including a written test of mechanical knowledge, a demonstration of skill on the road, and a close inquiry as to what to do in the many danger emergencies that are often encountered. Massachusetts and the District of Columbia are the only civil jurisdictions which require such an examination of chauffeurs as is now prescribed in New York. Over twenty thousand chauffeurs have tried the State examination, and fully twenty per cent of this number have been temporarily rejected or refused licenses outright. The Callan Law will yearly bring to the State treasury three-quarters of a million dollars, all of which must be used in the maintenance and upkeep of the State system of good roads. Imperfections have been found in the law, which will, it is expected, be corrected when the Legislature next convenes. There is a widespread belief that one of the first amendments should be to require that every driver of a motor vehicle, owner as well as chauffeur, should be

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examined by State experts before being allowed to operate a car. Many of the most terrible accidents have been caused by owners not competent to act as drivers.

TWO SISTERS

At the age of eighty-four Dr. Emily Blackwell died not long ago at her summer home in Maine. Three months ago her sister, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, died, aged eighty-nine. The sisters were born in Bristol, England. In 1832 they emigrated to America, where their father planned to establish a sugar refinery, but he died a few years after reaching this country, leaving his widow and nine children without means of support. Their father was a man of education, culture, and ideals. He was an earnest abolitionist, and his children were encouraged to abstain from the use of cane sugar because it was the product of slave labor. For a time Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell supported the family and themselves by teaching. After being refused admission to twelve medical schools, Elizabeth applied to the college in Geneva, New York. There the faculty decided to submit the proposal to the students, who unanimously voted to have her admitted. The most cordial spirit was shown to her by the faculty and students during her course. She was the first woman in America to receive a medical degree. After graduating she studied for two years at La Maternité and the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London. Returning to America, her work soon commanded the respect and the cordial support of physicians of the standing of Dr. Valentine Mott and Dr. Willard Parker. Her first patients were chiefly Quakers. With the influence and support of these Friends, in 1853 she opened a dispensary where women and children could be cared for by women physicians. Emily Blackwell was graduated with honors from the Medical College in Cleveland in 1854. She also went abroad to get additional practical training, and worked with Sir James Simpson of Edinburgh, at the Children's and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals in London, and in Paris at the Hôpital Beaujeu. In 1856 the sisters established the New York Infirmary, which has now become a well-equipped hospital of more than a hundred beds. As there was no regular medical school in New York City which admitted women, in 1865 the Blackwell sisters secured a charter for the Women's Medical College. When the College was opened, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell insisted that there should be established a chair of Hygiene, although other medical colleges in the country had not yet placed preventive medicine on an equality with curative medicine. She became the first Professor of Hygiene in America. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War, the two sisters had called a meeting to consult as to what could be done to help the soldiers, and from this meeting grew the National Sanitary Aid Association, which worked actively throughout the war. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell also founded the National Health Society of London, which has dealt with problems relating to social purity. Dr. Emily Blackwell became Dean of the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. She devoted her life to building up the college and maintaining it. But when the Cornell University Medical College was opened in New York City, with opportunities for women's study, a separate woman's college seemed no longer needed, and the institution founded by the Blackwells was closed. They went straight forward in the face of every obstacle; they accomplished what they attempted; and they accepted no ideal for their personal or college work that was not equal to the highest standard of their time.

THE DALLAS RECALL ELECTION

A wise and effective use of the recall is to be noted in the case of Dallas, Texas. This new device, by which the people keep control of the public business by filing a "recall petition" in the case of a public officer who has incurred public condemnation, was put to the test by compelling two men already elected to run for office a second time. Last April the city of Dallas elected a School Board of seven members. Five were new men. The two re-elected members, "knowing the ropes," endeavored to retain control. At a secret meeting the Board discharged two veteran schoolteachers. The teachers demanded a public hearing, but were refused. In the en-

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suing general indignation a citizens' mass-meeting was called and a recall petition was prepared leveled at the old members of the Board as being the chief offenders. When the votes were counted, the phenomenal interest in the election was shown by the fact that ten per cent more votes had been cast on the recall election than at the regular April school election, and that each of the candidates substituted for the objectionable members had won by a twenty-five per cent plurality. Such an election not only clearly places a pronounced ban on secrecy in official affairs, but also shows that the recall movement started in Los Angeles is growing.

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY

The most impressive event of the twenty-first Eucharistic Congress, held recently in Montreal, was the eucharistic procession. Readers of The Outlook will remember the great interest and sharp antagonism called out by the passage of this procession through the streets of London about a year ago. Happily, the bitterness of feeling in the Old World has not been transferred to the New; and the carrying of the Eucharist through the streets of Montreal was watched by those who were either devoutly reverential or who were sympathetic with the reverence of their neighbors. The march was so long that it was seriously fatiguing to a great number of the older priests who took part in it. The procession started at a quarter of one in the afternoon, the bells of Notre Dame announcing that fact to the city, and it was nearly six o'clock when a second ringing of the bells proclaimed that the procession had come to an end. Those who took part walked six abreast and took over five hours to pass a given point. The laity were at the head of the line, grouped by choirs, societies, or parishes. The entire Catholic world was represented by delegates, including a party of Papal zouaves. The clerical division was preceded by the lay brothers, who were followed in turn by the friars and priests of all grades, from every part of Christendom. Choir-boys and acolytes came next, preceding a group of one hundred and fifty bishops and archbishops, each attended by chaplains. The Host was carried by the Papal delegate, Cardinal Vannutelli, under a huge canopy, preceded by young girls, who cast on the pavement before him flowers sent to Montreal from a great number of Catholic parishes in all parts of Christendom. Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Logue of Dublin were conspicuous figures. In the evening the city was illuminated, and during the day the streets were crowded with people.

CRITICISM OF THE COURTS

On August 29, at Denver, before the Colorado Legislature, I made an address dwelling partly upon the necessity of good government, and specifically upon the need of more coherent work between the State and the National Governments, and of action on the part of the legislative, executive, and judicial officers of the country, both National and State, which would prevent the growth and extension of a neutral territory or borderland of ill-defined limits in which neither the Nation nor any State should be able to exercise effective control, especially over big corporations, in their relations to the public at large and to their own employees. I spoke in part as follows:

> The courts occupy a position of importance in our Government such as they occupy in no other government, because, instead of dealing only with the rights of one man face to face with his fellow-men, as is the case with other governments, they here pass upon the fundamental governmental rights of the people as exercised through their legislative and executive officers. Unfortunately, the courts, instead of leading in the recognition of the new conditions, have lagged behind, and, as each case has presented itself, have tended by a series of negative decisions to create a sphere in which neither Nation nor State has effective control, and where the great business interests that can call to their aid the ability of the greatest corporation lawyers escape all control whatsoever. Let me illustrate what I mean by a reference to two concrete cases. I believe in States' rights wherever States' rights mean the people's rights. On the other hand, I believe in National rights wherever National rights mean the people's rights; and above all, I believe that in every part of our complicated social fabric there must be either National or State control, and that it is ruinous to permit governmental action, and especially judicial action, which prevents the exercise of such control.
>
> The first case to which I shall refer is the

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Knight Sugar Trust case. In that case the Supreme Court of the United States handed down a decision which rendered it exceedingly difficult for the people to devise any method of controlling and regulating the business use of great capital in inter-State commerce. It was a decision nominally against National rights, but really against popular rights, against the democratic principle of government by the people.

The second case is the so-called New York Bake-Shop Case. In New York City, as in most large cities, the baking business is likely to be carried on under unhygienic conditions, conditions which tell against the welfare of the general public. The New York Legislature passed, and the New York Governor signed, a bill remedying these unhealthy conditions. New York State was the only body which could deal with them; the Nation had no power whatever in the matter. Acting on evidence which to them seemed ample and sufficient, acting in the interest of the public and in accordance with the demand of the public, the only governmental authority having affirmative power in the matter, the Governor and the Legislature of the State of New York, took the action which they deemed necessary, after what inquiry and study were needed to satisfy them as to the conditions and as to the remedy. The Governor and the Legislature alone had the power to remedy the abuse. But the Supreme Court of the United States possessed, and unfortunately exercised, the negative power of not permitting the abuse to be remedied. By a five-to-four vote they declared the action of the State of New York unconstitutional, because, forsooth, men must not be deprived of their "liberty" to work under unhealthy conditions. All who are acquainted with the effort to remedy industrial abuses know the type of mind which may be perfectly honest, but is absolutely fossilized, which declines to allow us to work for the betterment of conditions among the wage-earners on the ground that we must not interfere with the "liberty" of a girl to work under conditions which jeopardize life and limb, or the "liberty" of a man to work under conditions which ruin his health after a limited number of years.

Such was the decision. The Court was of course absolutely powerless to make the remotest attempt to provide a remedy for the wrong which undoubtedly existed, and their refusal to permit action by the State did not confer any power upon the Nation to act. The decision was nominally against States' rights, but really against popular rights.

Much exception was taken in the East to this speech as an "attack" on the Supreme Court, some of the critics going so far as to call it an attack upon the judiciary as a whole, an incitement to riot, and an appeal to the passions of the mob. The gloom caused by the "attack" was naturally deepest in that section of the metropolitan press which is owned and edited in the shadow of Wall Street; but many good and honest people were misled into a feeling of uneasiness on the subject.

The address was not delivered before a mob, or indeed at a popular meeting. It was made by invitation to the two Houses of the Colorado Legislature assembled at the capitol of the State. In addition to the members of the Legislature there were present the Governor and various other State officers and various judges. There were some hundreds of spectators who had come by special invitation. The Speaker and Lieutenant-Governor presided, and the function was peculiarly dignified in character.

So much for the setting of the speech. Now for the substance. Apart from simple misrepresentation or misquotation, my critics, as far as I can gather, take the view, first, that I have taken an action without precedent in questioning any decision of the Supreme Court; second, that I have used too strong language; and, third, that it is wrong ever to criticise a decision of the Supreme Court. I differ with them on all three points, and shall consider them consecutively.

First, the question of precedent. The central feature of Abraham Lincoln's famous series of debates with Douglas was his attack on the Supreme Court for its decision in the Dred Scott case and Douglas's criticism of him for making such an attack. Douglas spoke of him as follows:

> He makes war on the decision of the Supreme Court. I wish to say to you, fellow-citizens, that I have no war to make on that decision, or any other ever rendered by the Supreme Court. I am content to take that decision as it stands delivered by the highest judicial tribunal on earth, a tribunal established by the Constitution of the United States for that purpose, and hence that decision becomes the law of the land, binding on you, on me, and on every other good citizen, whether we like it or not. Hence I do not choose to go into an argument to prove, before this audience, whether or not he [the Chief Justice] understood the law better than Abraham Lincoln.

If for Abraham Lincoln's name mine were substituted, this paragraph would stand with hardly an alteration as an exact summary of the attacks made upon me at

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this moment for what I said about the Court in the two cases under consideration. Lincoln himself during the debates, not once in the heat of fury, but again and again, in speech after speech, from June, 1857, to October, 1858, stated what I hold to be not merely a proper view, but the only proper view, of the duty of the citizen when the Supreme Court has made decisions which he firmly believes to be against the interests of the country. The following are a few quotations from his speeches:

"We believe in obedience to, and respect for, the Judicial department of Government. We think its decisions on constitutional questions, when fully settled, should control not only the particular case decided, but the general policy of the country. . . . But we think [this] decision erroneous. We know the court that made it has often overruled its own decisions, and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this. We offer no resistance to it.

"Judicial decisions are of greater or less authority as precedents according to circumstances. That this should be so accords both with common sense and the customary understanding of the legal profession."

"I now repeat my opposition to the decision. . . . I do not resist it. . . . We abide by the decision, but we will try to reverse that decision."

"I think that in respect for judicial authority my humble history would not suffer in comparison with that of Judge Douglas. He would have the citizen conform his vote to that decision; the Member of Congress, his; the President, his use of the veto power. He would make it a rule of political action for the people, and all the departments of the Government. I would not. By resisting it as a political rule, I disturb no right of property, create no disorder, excite no mobs."

"We oppose the Dred Scott decision in a certain way. We do not propose that when he has been decided to be a slave by the court, we as a mob will decide him to be free. We do not propose in any violent way to disturb the rights of property thus settled. . . . We propose so resisting it as to have it reversed if we can and a new judicial rule established upon this subject."

"I believe the decision was improperly made, and I go for reversing it."

He also stated that the decision was due to "apparent partisan bias," that it was "an astonisher in legal history," "a new wonder of the world," and "based upon falsehood in the main as to the facts."

I do not see how the case could be put more clearly or more strongly than it was thus put by Lincoln. As was right and proper, he used far stronger language in denouncing the Dred Scott decision than I did in speaking of the two decisions in question, for the Dred Scott decision was a very much worse decision than either of the two decisions in question, though these are also very bad. It should be clearly understood that all men who deny the right to take exception in proper language to the decisions of the Supreme Court on some fundamental question where they think the Supreme Court has gone wrong must condemn Lincoln far more unreservedly than they condemn me.

The second point raised by my critics is that I have used too strong language. Now, the critics who make this objection forget that, as regards both these decisions, as in the Dred Scott decision, dissenting opinions were given. In the end, the dissenting opinions in the Dred Scott case became the law of the land, and no one now for a moment justifies the action of the majority of the Court in that case. I believe that such will be the case as regards the two decisions I have mentioned above, and I hold that it is the duty of every good citizen to do as Abraham Lincoln advised in the case of the Dred Scott decision; that is, to abide by the decision but work for its reversal. My own language was by no means as strong as the language of the dissenting Justices in the two cases. In the Knight case, Justice Harlan says of the decision of the Court:

This view of the scope of the act leaves the public, so far as National power is concerned, entirely at the mercy of combinations which arbitrarily control the prices of articles purchased to be transported from one State to another State. I cannot assent to that view. In my judgment, the General Government is not placed by the Constitution in such a condition of helplessness that it must fold its arms and remain inactive while capital combines, under the name of a corporation, to destroy competition, not in one State only, but throughout the entire country. . . . The doctrine of the autonomy of the States cannot properly be invoked to justify a denial of power in the National Government to meet such an emergency. . . . The common government of all the people is the only one that can adequately deal with a matter which directly and injuriously affects the entire commerce of the country, which concerns equally all the people of the Union, and which, it must be confessed,

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cannot be adequately controlled by any one State. Its authority should not be so weakened by construction that it cannot reach and eradicate evils that, beyond all question, tend to defeat an object which that Government is entitled, by the Constitution, to accomplish.

The learned Justice then continues to apply to the judgment of the Court a quotation running in part as follows: "'Powerful and ingenious minds may, by a course of well-digested but refined and metaphysical reasoning, founded on these premises, explain away the Constitution of our country, and leave it a magnificent structure, indeed, to look at, but totally unfit for use. They may so entangle and perplex the understanding as to obscure principles which were before thought quite plain, and induce doubts where, if the mind were to pursue its own course, none would be perceived.'"

In the Bake-Shop case, Justices Harlan, White, and Day, dissenting, spoke as follows:

There are many reasons of a weighty, substantial character, based upon the experience of mankind, in support of the theory that, all things considered, more than ten hours' steady work each day, from week to week, in a bakery or confectionery establishment, may endanger the health and shorten the lives of the workmen, thereby diminishing their physical and mental capacity to serve the State, and to provide for those dependent upon them.

If such reasons exist, that ought to be the end of this case, for the State is not amenable to the judiciary, in respect to its legislative enactments, unless such enactments are plainly, palpably, beyond all question, inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States. We are not to presume that the State of New York has acted in bad faith. Nor can we assume that its Legislature acted without due deliberation, or that it did not determine this question upon the fullest attainable information, and for the common good. We cannot say that the State has acted without reason, nor ought we to proceed upon the theory that its action is a mere sham. Our duty, I submit, is to sustain the statute as not being in conflict with the Federal Constitution, for the reason—and such is an all-sufficient reason—it is not shown to be plainly and palpably inconsistent with that instrument. Let the State alone in the management of its purely domestic affairs, so long as it does not appear beyond all question that it has violated the Federal Constitution. This view necessarily results from the principle that the health and safety of the people of a State are primarily for the State to guard and protect.

Justice Holmes spoke as follows:

I strongly believe that my agreement or disagreement has nothing to do with the right of a majority to embody their opinions in law. It is settled by various decisions of this Court that State Constitutions and State laws may regulate life in many ways which we as legislators might think as injudicious or, if you like, as tyrannical as this, and which equally with this interfere with the liberty to contract. Sunday laws and usury laws are ancient examples. A more modern one is the prohibition of lotteries. The liberty of the citizen to do as he likes so long as he does not interfere with the liberty of others to do the same, which has been a shibboleth for some well-known writers, is interfered with by school laws, by the Post-Office, by every State or municipal institution which takes his money for purposes thought desirable, whether he likes it or not. The Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics."... I think that the word liberty in the Fourteenth Amendment is perverted when it is held to prevent the natural outcome of a dominant opinion, unless it can be said that a rational and fair man necessarily would admit that the statute proposed would infringe fundamental principles as they have been understood by the traditions of our people and our law. It does not need research to show that no such sweeping condemnation can be passed upon the statute before us. A reasonable man might think it a proper measure on the score of health. Men whom I certainly could not pronounce unreasonable would uphold it as a first installment of a general regulation of the hours of work.

A glance at these dissenting opinions will satisfy any one that I have not used language as strong as that used by the learned Justices who dissented from the two decisions.

Third. Now as to the question whether it is ever proper to criticise a court. My views on this point have been set forth at length in the Message I sent to Congress when I was President, on December 3, 1906, which runs in part as follows:

All honor cannot be paid to the wise and fearless judge if we permit the growth of an absurd convention which would forbid any criticism of the judge of another type, who shows himself timid in the presence of arrogant disorder, or who on insufficient grounds grants an injunction that does grave injustice, or who in his capacity as a construer, and therefore in part a maker, of the law, in flagrant fashion thwarts the cause of decent government. The judge has a power over which no review can be exercised; he himself sits in review upon the acts of both the executive and legislative branches of the Government; save in the most extraordi-

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nary cases he is amenable only at the bar of public opinion; and it is unwise to maintain that public opinion in reference to a man with such power shall neither be expressed nor led.

The best judges have ever been foremost to disclaim any immunity from criticism. This has been true since the days of the great English Lord Chancellor Parker, who said: "Let all people be at liberty to know what I found my judgment upon; that, so when I have given it in any cause, others may be at liberty to judge of me." . . . There is one consideration which should be taken into account by the good people who carry a sound proposition to an excess in objecting to any criticism of a judge's decision. The instinct of the American people as a whole is sound in this matter. They will not subscribe to the doctrine that any public servant is to be above all criticism. If the best citizens, those most competent to express their judgment in such matters, and above all those belonging to the great and honorable profession of the bar, so profoundly influential in American life, take the position that there shall be no criticism of a judge under any circumstances, their view will not be accepted by the American people as a whole. In such event the people will turn to, and tend to accept as justifiable, the intemperate and improper criticism uttered by unworthy agitators. Surely it is a misfortune to leave such critics a function, right in itself, which they are certain to abuse. Just and temperate criticism, when necessary, is a safeguard against the acceptance by the people as a whole of that intemperate antagonism toward the judiciary which must be combated by every right-thinking man, and which, if it became widespread among the people at large, would constitute a dire menace to the Republic.

I cannot state my position now more clearly than I stated it then. I continue to uphold the doctrine enunciated fifty-three years ago by Abraham Lincoln as regards criticism of the action of the courts. I feel most strongly that the decisions to which I object, and which I hope will be reversed, are wrong, for the reasons set forth so admirably and with such convincing clearness by Justices Harlan, White, Day, and Holmes. If I am not right in my position as to these decisions, then I err in company with these four Justices of the Supreme Court. If I am not right in exercising the liberty to question these decisions, and as a result to endeavor to form a popular opinion which shall directly or indirectly secure their reversal, then I err in common with Abraham Lincoln.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A CENTURY OF MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE

On the 16th of September Mexico celebrated the centennial anniversary of the revolt against Spain, led by one of the most remarkable personalities in the history of the American Republics—Miguel Hidalgo y Costella, a priest of the parish of Dolores in the State of Guanajuato. The struggle for independence thus begun was the signal for a series of conflicts which finally resulted in the formal declaration of independence of 1821. Spain still refused to recognize the hopelessness of the situation, trusting to regain her influence indirectly through the establishment of a constitutional monarchy under Spanish control in fact if not in form.

Spain's fatal mistake in Mexico, as in all the other countries of Latin America, consisted in her utter inability to appreciate the possibility of maintaining her influence through some means other than political domination. Her attempts to regain this control only served to increase the hatred of the native population. Had she accepted political separation as an inevitable and accomplished fact, and concentrated her efforts on the strengthening of her moral and intellectual influence over the revolted colonies, she would have remained the great spiritual power of the New World.

It is only within the last five years that Spain has recognized her mistake. With the hope of regaining some of the ground thus lost, she has sent to the Latin-American countries a group of university professors, such as Altamira of the University of Oviedo, and Posada of the University of Madrid, whose mission has been to re-establish in America the intellectual influence of Spain and to cultivate the feeling of intellectual and moral solidarity between these republics and the mother country.

The success that has attended these efforts, after almost a century of utter neglect, is an indication of the results that might have been secured if this broad-minded policy had been inaugurated early in the nineteenth century instead of in the twentieth.

The elimination of Spain as an intellectual force in the destinies of Mexico opened the door to new influences which

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immediately made themselves felt. With a population overwhelmingly Indian, suffering from the consequences of centuries of Spanish misrule and oppression, it was not to be expected that the intellectual impulse to further progress would come from within. Like so many other countries of Latin America, Mexico turned to France for intellectual guidance. During the last hundred years France has furnished the models for educational organization. Not only have French pedagogical methods dominated the system of public instruction, but text-books modeled after French standards have been used in both the lower and higher grades. In fact, in both the secondary and higher schools the same text-books are used as in the *lycées* and universities of France.

The extension of French intellectual influence was not accompanied by a marked increase of commercial influence. In fact, during this period the commerce of France with Mexico has declined when compared with that of the United States. Moreover, the investment of American capital and the consumption of American products have increased so rapidly that the position of other countries is insignificant when compared with that of the United States.

In spite of our commanding commercial position, the spiritual and intellectual influence of the United States in Mexico has been relatively insignificant. Although there is a large American colony in Mexico City, and in almost every one of the smaller towns, there is little or no social or intellectual contact with the native population. In fact, with a few notable exceptions, the attitude is either one of undisguised distrust or of undisguised contempt.

Among the people of the United States there has been within recent years a real awakening of interest in Mexican affairs, but the prevailing ignorance as to actual conditions is still so great that the most sensational reports concerning political and social conditions are accepted without question. This situation involves not only a real injustice to Mexico but is fraught with serious dangers to our international relations. The history of our foreign policy is filled with instances of misunderstandings with Latin-American peoples arising out of our ignorance of the conditions existing in these countries and our inability to appreciate their point of view. Our newspapers are constantly offending the Mexican people by slurring references to the conduct of public affairs, and Americans traveling in Mexico unwittingly give offense by constant references to the superior way in which "we do things in the United States."

It is an interesting and noteworthy fact that, in spite of this attitude of the people of the United States toward Mexico, there is noticeable a growing desire on the part of the leaders of Mexican affairs not only to become thoroughly acquainted with conditions existing in the United States but to profit by the best that we have to offer. This is particularly true of everything relating to educational matters. With each year an increasing number of Mexican youths are being educated in the United States. There is also noticeable a marked tendency on the part of those who are directing the educational affairs of the country to turn away from French models and give increasing importance to American methods. The fact that in the organization of the new National University of Mexico American educators have been freely consulted, and that two American professors have been placed in the faculty of the new institution, is not without significance.

Mexico is, furthermore, celebrating the anniversary of her independence by founding a large number of educational and philanthropic institutions, and in almost every instance American models have been used. The new Horace Mann School to be opened in September, the new industrial school for girls, the school of mechanic arts for boys, are all patterned after the best institutions of the United States.

It is most important that this widespread desire to introduce American educational methods should find a ready response in the United States. During the first century of Mexican independence we have been concerned exclusively with the extension of our industrial and commercial influence. It is now high time that we place at Mexico's disposal the

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best achievements of American intellectual and educational effort.

The fact that Mexico is our neighbor carries with it obligations as well as opportunities. If, as we constantly affirm, American civilization stands for the spirit of helpfulness, we must be ever ready to respond to any call. To do this effectively, however, good will must be supplemented by a serious study of Mexico's needs, and a conscious effort to understand and appreciate the Mexican point of view. In so doing we shall be rendering a real service to our own country as well as to Mexico. Our failure to understand this great country of over fifteen million inhabitants is a constant menace to the preservation of cordial relations between the two nations. The more intimate the relations between the two peoples, and the closer the understanding between the two Governments, the better will we be able to carry out our manifest mission on this continent—to foster the spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness between the American Republics.

THE HUMOR OF THE SAINTS

There is one great honor which the world still owes the saints; it has exalted their devotion, extolled their purity, and sometimes followed their example, but it has not recognized their deep and beautiful humanity. The reason is obvious; the mediæval view of life and the Calvinistic theology so lowered human nature in the scale of being that the sanctity of a saint was measured by the breadth of the chasm which separated the ideal character from normal human qualities and feelings. Instead of perceiving that in a saint the human qualities bloom in the sunniest exposure to divine truth and love, men have too often felt that sainthood involves a dehumanizing process, and that one becomes a saint by ceasing to be a man. This mistaken ideal of spiritual attainment was of a piece with an idea of God, once widely prevalent, aptly defined by Phillips Brooks when he said that some men conceived of God as a gigantic clergyman!

There have been saints without the gift of humor, that creative gift which has been, with rare exceptions, one of the prime qualities of genius, and which is one of the impressive evidences of immortality. The saints have never been frivolous; for humor is not frivolous. The saints have always been tremendously in earnest; and humor is in a special sense the saving grace of earnestness. The holy men and women who have been without humor have not been saints because of but in spite of their lack of it. There have been holy men and women of extraordinary ugliness of feature; but they have achieved sainthood, not because they were ugly, but because they made the inward beauty victorious over the outward uncouthness. In the next stage of life, when our spirits will fashion the outward form they wear, it is safe to predict that the saints will all be beautiful.

And they will all be human as well; they always have been. Those who seem to have risen into thin air and shed their humanity have been the victims of the common idea that not otherwise could they have been saintly. As the early Italian fresco painters, who so lovingly chronicled the miracles of the saints, gave them the look of emaciation to indicate their triumph over the flesh, so we rob them of their deep and beautiful human qualities under the mistaken impression that by so doing we lift them nearer heaven. A few years ago, when the biography of a great preacher appeared, those who knew him well were sorely disappointed to find in it hardly a trace of his deep and spontaneous humor, which was one of the most fruitful and significant qualities of his affluent nature. The biographer had felt, apparently, that the fresh and flowing humor of the great man would somehow obscure the dignity of the great preacher!

At Assisi, in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, which incloses the two primitive chapels especially connected with Saint Francis, there is a little French monk on whose lips the beautiful story of that great and loving spirit never loses its interest. In such places one often hears only tales of conventional goodness; miracles of academic piety, so to speak; but from the little French monk one hears quaint incident, innocent wit, sweet, normal, human good sense and humor. In the case of Saint Francis it is comparatively

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unimportant to separate fact from fiction, since the fiction is as full of truth as the fact, the legends of the saint are a reflection of his lovely nature and his beneficent life. In laying aside the dignities and comforts of life and clothing himself with arduous poverty as with a garment, the young man of Assisi, who had stripped himself that he might the more entirely serve his kind, did not lay aside his natural shrewdness nor his happy gift of cheerful wit. Many of the tales the little monk tells of the saint's quiet humor are full of a penetrating judgment. One day, as he was planting cabbages in the little garden, two young nobles came to him and offered themselves as members of the little community. He looked at them keenly. "Can you bear the discipline of obedience?" he asked. They were sure they could, and were eager to take its yoke. The first step was a very homely and uninteresting one: the saint set them at work planting cabbages, and told them to place the cabbages with their heads down. One youth did as he was told, and the saint smiled on him; the other planted the cabbages with their roots down, as they ought to be planted. "You know too much for me," said the saint, and declined to receive him. This reminds one of the Perfectionist who was eager to speak at Northfield one summer, and was constantly put off by Mr. Moody. At the end of the season the perfected man went to the evangelist, whose good sense was as great as his devotion, and declared that he should return, and that then Mr. Moody would be compelled to accept the evidence that he had attained a state of perfection. "We will wait," was the reply, "until we hear what your wife has to say about it."

A very lovely saint is revealed in a collection of prose writings of Mary E. Coleridge, recently issued by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. She is described as a holy woman entirely free from self-conscious piety. "She was good," said a woman in humble life when she heard of her death. "No, she wasn't: she was something much better than good." The woman was thinking of the goodness that consciously patterns itself after a type; Miss Coleridge's goodness was the natural flowering of her nature, the childlike unfolding of a pure soul. Her mind had both distinction and individuality. She thought the life of Pascal very depressing. "Saints who object to their sisters kissing them puzzle me more than a murderer," she wrote. Religion which denied normal human impulses and affections repelled her. She had a shrewd critical sense and a perfectly healthy mind. Of d'Annunzio she said, "I get tired of his being so tired of everything," which cuts the drama and fiction of the author of "Paola and Francesco" to the quick. The sunshine that filtered through her whole nature shines in these words:

> "June may be had by the poorest comer." It is God's alms to the poor. He feeds them with the sweet air, he clothes their naked bodies with the warmth of the sunshine. I never feel inclined to be charitable in June. It seems to me that heaven has taken it off my hands, and I am sorry for no one. Old women who sit all day long at street corners move me not. Vagrant families provoke only a smile. Little boys without any boots make me feel rather envious. Anybody who is well enough to be out anywhere deserves not pity.

Two other beautifully human saints come to mind as these words are written. One was a Methodist whose life had been one long and blessed service of others. At seventy she entered upon ten years of increasing suffering; for five years she was helpless. She was more than heroic; she was a spring of life and joy. Age seemed to have passed her by while pain waited beside her. Her face never lost its bloom nor her eye its merry gleam. Her humor to the last hour was a flowing stream in which faith, gayety of spirit, and clear intelligence mingled and moved harmoniously. Long before she went, her Calvary had become a Mount of Transfiguration; her mortality put on immortality like a shining garment.

The other was a teaching nun in a convent school. She wore the dress of her order as naturally as if it were the universal dress of women, and her religion was at once faith, service, poetry. She was set apart to a life of holy thoughts, but her beautiful humanity was not obscured but made luminous by it. Her face was wonderfully responsive to fine thoughts and beautiful speech; she taught literature as one who lived beside fountains of its inspiration. She had a quiet

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seriousness, a charming humor, a natural gift of judgment. To know her was to be in the atmosphere of the saint without any blurring of the grace and sweetness of the woman. These are the saints who make us aware that Heaven is not a far country beyond the distant horizon, but lies at our doors; that immortal life does not begin at death, but only stoops at that dark and lonely portal to enter another stage of growth in grace and beauty and knowledge.

THE NEW NATIONALISM AND THE OLD MORALITIES

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

AS Mr. Roosevelt stepped out upon the balcony of the Monongahela House a great shout arose from the multitude. From this height, where we were close under the enveloping blackness of the night, we looked down upon an illumined outspread mass of human beings. Between us and the inky, light-flecked river the people, whose upturned faces seemed veritably painted with strong lines by the arc lamps, were so densely packed that it looked as if the outermost were about to be pushed into the water. To the left a great open space—perhaps a street, perhaps a wharf—was in the same manner covered deep with people. Toward the background two street cars were stalled as it were in a human drift, and were covered with people as cars which have come through a blizzard are freighted with snow. Beyond in the background there was no line marking the limit of the throng, for at that distance the throng itself was indistinguishable from the inclosing wall of darkness.

To this place Mr. Roosevelt had come through streets of which the people had literally taken possession. To the right and left they had completely blockaded the sidewalks, and at every cross street formed a bulging mass of humanity. They had stood on doorways, stoops, and balconies, and for many stories above the street level they had filled the windows. On the lower buildings they edged the roofs. Mr. Roosevelt had acknowledged the people's greeting, and now, in turn, he spoke from this balcony to the people. On such an occasion a speaker can convey his ideas only by expressing them in broad outlines. He gave his hearers but one elementary thought—that this was a time of simple, fundamental issues. In another period of the Nation's history Henry Clay had spoken from the same spot; and later, from the same spot, Lincoln had sent out to the people a message like a shaft. Now, at a time which, like those other two times, may well be termed critical for democracy, Mr. Roosevelt stood where these two men had stood and summoned the people to turn seriously to the problems of self-government.

That evening at Pittsburgh marked not only the end but also the culmination of an unprecedented journey. Like his passage from Naples to London, his tour from New York through the Middle West to the Rocky Mountains and back to Pittsburgh (where he was but a night's journey from New York) was unparalleled. His European journey has already had an influence upon the attitude of world powers toward world problems. So this journey within the United States is already influencing the progress of democracy in the United States and therefore throughout the world. Yet, in the one case as in the other, the effect has not been the result of deliberate purpose and plan, nor yet the result of mere chance; it is rather the inevitable result when a man gifted with the qualities of leadership encounters circumstances which demand a leader.

Between the morning of August 23, when he left New York City, and just before

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midnight September 10, when he left Pittsburgh for the night trip to New York, he passed through and spoke in fourteen States. In the meetings which had been arranged in advance for him to address, he spoke to probably three hundred thousand people. How many he addressed in the scores of other places where he was called upon for briefer speeches no estimate, so far as I know, has been ventured. The nucleus of the trip was an invitation to speak at the Frontier Celebration at Cheyenne. Mr. Roosevelt's fondness for the life on the range and admiration for the spirit developed by the achievements of the Western pioneers led him to accept this request that he participate in this gala occasion, on which men and women from the ranches gather, and with horse and gun turn their deeds of work into play, and let their love of daring, skill, and endurance find satisfaction in friendly contest. Around this nucleus he found some of the hundreds of other invitations naturally gathering. So by degrees the occasions on which he could speak fell into order. He started with a speech to members of the grange at a meeting at Summit Park, near Utica. Turning out early in the morning, he took breakfast with two or three hundred of the foremost citizens of Buffalo; then addressed in succession a gathering in a public square in Council Bluffs, Iowa, a great crowd at the celebration in Cheyenne, a huge gathering in Denver, an assemblage at the laying of a corner-stone in Pueblo, a great crowd at the dedication of the John Brown battlefield at Osawatomie, Kansas; a great audience at Kansas City, Missouri; another such audience at Omaha; a throng in a baseball park at Sioux City, Iowa; another such throng in and about a large tent in Sioux Falls, South Dakota; two great audiences in Fargo, North Dakota—one of which assembled at the laying of the corner-stone of a library building at Fargo College, the other of which overran a park at the Labor Day celebration; the delegates to the Conservation Congress and others who crowded the big auditorium at St. Paul, and then the vast assemblage of ninety or a hundred thousand at the State Fair in the same city; two big audiences at Milwaukee; an outdoor gathering at a picnic at Freeport, Illinois, in behalf of a home for disabled railway men; an audience in the big music hall at Cincinnati, in connection with an exposition; and, finally, the outdoor crowd at night in Pittsburgh, followed by a meeting of people engaged in civic and philanthropic effort, both meetings arranged under the exceedingly competent management of the Pittsburgh Civic Commission.

The invitations which took Mr. Roosevelt to these audiences, and thus formed the framework, so to speak, of the tour, furnished him with the opportunity of enunciating anew and applying to present conditions the principles for which he has stood, and which he believes must be recognized and incorporated in the government of the Nation—in short, for presenting different aspects of what the country has called the Roosevelt policies, but which he prefers to term the New Nationalism.

The meetings at which he thus spoke of general governmental policies formed, however, only one phase of the tour. Another phase appeared as soon as the train made its first stop. There began the stream of telegraphic requests that continued to flow in until the last day of the tour. These urged him to speak from the rear platform of his car at the various points at which the train was scheduled to stop, and even to make special stops so as to make brief addresses. One who has never been called upon to speak to an audience of from two hundred to two thousand people for one or two minutes cannot understand what I mean when I say that these telegrams opened wide a formidable prospect. What can a man say to an expectant audience in two minutes? Only what is simple, definite, direct. If he is selling goods, he cannot enter into any persuasive argument. He must state his conclusions—Buy of Nokes. If he is making a political campaign, he cannot set out the pros and cons. He must reach his objective at once—Vote for Nobbs. Now, Mr. Roosevelt was appearing in the West for the first time since his Presidency. He was appearing in accordance with his expressed sense of obligation to help in solving the problems of popular self-government. His spirit in thus appearing he himself tersely expressed on one occasion

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during this very trip. The gentleman who presided over the meeting declared in his speech of introduction that the American people owed Mr. Roosevelt a debt which they ever stood ready to do their best to repay. In acknowledging this introduction, Mr. Roosevelt, after an expression of appreciation, declared that, so far from the American people being under obligation to him, he was under lasting obligation to the American people; on the ground that any man whom the American people had elevated to the Presidency was morally bound to devote the rest of his life to doing all in his power to serve their interests. It might therefore be said that, as the ultimate object of a salesman is to sell goods, and the ultimate object of a campaigner is to secure the election of a candidate, so the ultimate object of Mr. Roosevelt's trip was to help advance American citizenship. When, therefore, he had to confine a speech to a minute or two, he said, in simplest, most definite, most direct language, not something about a means to the end, but something about the end in itself—the elements of good citizenship. So another phase of this tour was the iteration and reiteration of the old morality—the duty of the father, the mother, the neighbor—the often forgotten truism that the securing of popular rights is dependent upon the performance of homely duties. And this is a phase of the tour that the critics of the New Nationalism had better not ignore. The reason why the Roosevelt policies have so conspicuously won the approval of the American people is because those policies have been understood as the application to public problems of very simple ethical propositions. And there is no doubt in the minds of Mr. Roosevelt's auditors that he is as much in earnest about the fundamental moral propositions that he sets forth as he is about any special application of them. That is why one who has made this trip finds it amusing to read that some man proposes to follow Mr. Roosevelt's itinerary and refute his statements.

The two phases of this tour, presented by the regular engagements, through which Mr. Roosevelt enunciated the New Nationalism, and by the brief, terse utterances at spontaneous public gatherings around him, were supplemented by a third phase—in some respects the most striking and important of the three. This was supplied by certain special exigencies. These gave Mr. Roosevelt the opportunity to interpret his word by a deed—or rather to make of his word a deed. Three times on this trip Mr. Roosevelt faced an audience whose very presence was a challenge.

As the whole country knows, Colorado has been the scene of a political struggle that has come near to imperiling there all free and stable government. The alliance between big business and bossism has resulted in flagrant corruption, open violence, and slander. It is hardly necessary to explain that the people of Colorado are not notable among their fellow-citizens of other States for being corrupt, violent, or slanderous; but the "system," as this sort of alliance has often been called, has reached there a high state of development. To say that relations are strained in Colorado is a mild way of explaining why references to public utilities, to special interests, to the dangers of the poll, and to the Legislature are not infrequently so framed as to evoke a nervous laugh. When Mr. Roosevelt, after he had left New York, received a special invitation to speak before the Legislature on the day he was to be in Denver, he at once accepted it. There, he knew, he would have an audience in which there would be some hostility to virtually every great principle of public policy to which he had given utterance. So he chose that audience as the one before which to state the fact that great selfish special interests had succeeded in evading regulation by both State and Nation, and to assert that even the courts were not exempt from criticism when they allowed themselves to further the ends of such special interests. And then he put plainly before that body the three evils that threaten the foundations of civilized society—corruption, lawless violence, and mendacity, especially in the form of slander. It was interesting to watch, or rather hear, the contest that ensued between the speaker and his auditors. When he denounced the corruptionist, there was applause from one quarter: when he denounced the mob, there was applause from another; but when he denounced the slanderous writer, applause came from both quarters. Each faction had applaud-

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ed his condemnation of the sin of the other, and the two had united in applauding his condemnation of the sin of neither. Mr. Roosevelt had his auditors caught. He convicted them then and there of using his words to cast stones at others; and before he ended he had them in a chastened frame of mind, and with sincerity applauding the condemnation of their own sins. The people of Colorado will remember that speech.

The second exigency arose as we were nearing Chicago. It is not necessary to give in detail the situation in Illinois. As in Colorado, the issue there has become deeper than party divisions. No one has the complacency to deny that there has been corruption in the Legislature, and every one knows that Senator Lorimer was given his seat in the United States Senate through deals of the most sordid kind. While the train was on its way to Chicago, where Mr. Roosevelt was to speak in the evening at a dinner with the members of the Hamilton Club, word came that Senator Lorimer had been invited as one of the men whose presence was to add distinction to the event! Mr. Roosevelt, it is true, had been denouncing corruption in his speeches; but that fact was apparently not taken seriously. Corruption in the abstract can be condemned; but corruption in the concrete apparently is a "delicate matter." Mr. Roosevelt took a different view. He announced that if Senator Lorimer should come to the dinner he would not. Senator Lorimer did not go, and he went. And after the dinner he spoke to those men about that "delicate subject."

The third exigency did not present itself as suddenly as that at Chicago or even that at Denver; but it was, if anything, more dramatic. In consequence of a street railway strike there had been lawless violence at Columbus, Ohio. Some of the police had mutinied. Neither the Governor nor the Mayor had made order secure. On his outward journey Mr. Roosevelt spoke plainly to several Ohio audiences on the twin evils of corruption and lawless violence; and he was asked to speak as he returned at Columbus itself. There was a fair in progress in the city. Governor Harmon had promised that order would be maintained during the fair. The close of the fair came at noon on Saturday. At almost precisely noon Mr. Roosevelt alighted from the train and was escorted between files of regular soldiers, militia, and police to a stand in a public park. Before him was an audience composed of sympathizers with the street railway company, sympathizers with the strikers, and members of the police force. With utmost severity he characterized the police mutineers as traitors, without equivocation he called for enforcement of law, and with equal plainness he asked the community to see, after the restoration of order, that justice be done between the company and its men. He dealt with the situation so plainly and with such elementary clearness that the police applauded his denunciation of their culpable fellows, the working people applauded his demand for the suppression of violence, and the well-dressed eminent citizens applauded his urgency of justice for the men. That was a case where the word was a deed.

These three speeches—at Denver, Chicago, and Columbus—were not on the list of speeches of importance when he started—two were not contemplated then at all; but the exigency, and Mr. Roosevelt's ability to meet a situation instantly, made them the three great speeches of the trip. Other addresses were more comprehensive and as utterances of policy more important, but as examples of the mastery of an audience these were unapproached.

Perhaps it is in these three speeches that lies the secret of Mr. Roosevelt's power. People are drawn to him by his personality; they understand him because of the simplicity of his language; but they follow him because they know that he will express his convictions, not only by the spoken word, but also by the instant and effective act.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

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THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

BY JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM IOWA

OUR American system of government by political parties has operated to create two strong partisan organizations which have usually been able to absorb about all the popular interest in public affairs. There has consequently been very little encouragement for citizens dissatisfied with party management to fight out their differences within party lines; so that in times past, if anybody complained of what his party had done, it was regarded as a sufficient answer, if he claimed to be a Republican, to start the hue and cry against him that he was a Democrat. The machinery of press and hustings was all ready for action, and it usually made short work of the discontented brother. It is true that almost from the beginning of the Government, and particularly in times of great unrest in the public mind, third parties have come into existence, and even fourth and fifth and sixth. These minor organizations have operated, as a rule, to absorb and drain away dissatisfaction within the great parties, leaving them, oftentimes, with diminished numbers and reduced vitality, but leaving them also more manageable and more completely responsive to the will of the leaders. Within recent years a new phenomenon has been more and more noticeable. Parties of lesser importance have dwindled away, losing their distinctive character by fusion and other processes of amalgamation, while at the same time the Democratic party, though still very strong in numbers, has been unable to maintain its influence in the administration of the Government. The result has been a steady transfer of its voting strength, outside of the extreme South, where the negro question overshadows all others, to the Republican party. This process has made the Republican party so completely dominant in National affairs as to attach to its fortunes all the enormous private interests which have grown up in the country, and to overburden its leadership with the sordid pressure of greed and selfishness. It is now obvious that but for the blunder, if that can be called a blunder which was unavoidable, of staking everything on a proposal for the free coinage of silver, the opposition party might have been able to frame a programme of social and political reform in keeping with the moral progress of the times. It might at least have shared in those National responsibilities which have been left altogether upon the shoulders of its adversary. Mr. Bryan, himself an idealist of extraordinary talents, has complained, always without bitterness, that his opponents, not content with beating him at the polls, have systematically carried away from his platform its most desirable planks. There is some truth in this lamentation, although it overlooks the fact that the ideas to which he refers, in so far as they were worth anything, belonged in the common stock of neglected political wisdom long before he claimed them for his own. He did not see them first, and, what is of vastly more significance, he was not in a position to pick them up.

A study of the history of other times shows that no inconsiderable part of the progressive movement in society has begun outside of the political organizations which ultimately gave practical effect to the new doctrine. Behind the Republican party, fifty years ago, there lay scattered upon the ground the great principles of civil liberty which afterwards became the substance of its faith and are now the monuments of its achievement. The men who uttered these vital truths had no political fellowship anywhere; yet their preaching

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was not in vain. They had only to await the fullness of time until at length the leader appeared who could comprehend their message, give their opinions access to the public attention, confound their enemies in argument, and turn to living realities hopes and dreams once derided and maligned. A like experience has overtaken the Republican party in these latter years. It is not very far from the exact truth to say that the men and women who first gave expression to a body of political opinions, many of which are now everywhere accepted by the great political parties, could find no freedom of thought or speech without turning their backs upon cherished partisan associations.

In those days it was a settled maxim that party platforms should contain no doctrinal statements calculated to introduce an element of discord into the campaign. So that whoever desired to advance a new doctrine, whoever had grown weary of unprofitable platitudes, either had to flock by himself or organize a party of his own; or, in case he retained his membership, submit, with as good grace as possible, while peddlers in ancient political wares described him as a half-breed, a mugwump, or a young scratcher. A glance at one of the little books which contain the platforms of all the political parties covering a long period of years reveals the interesting fact that nearly every step in the progress of the government, many of them taken long afterwards by unanimous consent, was first suggested by some obscure political convention, which, for the very reason that it did not have to weigh the chances of success, felt at liberty to speak the truth. It is not certain that the world will ever have time to acknowledge its indebtedness to the men and women who have allowed themselves to be nominated for office without the hope of being elected, for the chance of getting public interest directed toward the shortcomings of our industrial and political life. It is entirely creditable to the Republican party of to-day that it is awake to the problems which have been created by the organization, capitalization, and management of the railway system; but there is in the Library of Congress a book called "The History of the Grange Movement; or, The Farmer's War Against Monopolies; Being a Full and Authentic Account of the Struggles of the American Farmers Against the Extortions of the Railroad Companies"—which will open any man's eyes who thinks that the regulation of railways, either as to their rates, or the issue of their stock and bonds, or the keeping of their accounts, or the prevention of their discriminations between persons or points of shipment or kinds of merchandise, is a new departure in statesmanship. Neither can it be said that the farmers of the Middle West did not gather some fruits of their labors. If they were compelled to hold their meetings without the auspices of the Republican party at the outset, they lived long enough to be invited back to the fold; to see the substance of their demands find a place in the statute-books of nearly every State, and in 1887 in the statutes of the United States. We are not yet up to the lessons with which these farmers of Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, and the States west of the Missouri made the period from 1870 to 1880 memorable in the annals of the National life. In their time they were thought to be extremists and fanatics; yet the opinions which they espoused are now seen to be moderate and worthy of all acceptation. Even the railway managers themselves admit the wisdom of the farmers who were at once their patrons and their judges, with no dissenting voice except the President of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, who still insists that a railway ought to be permitted to charge what the traffic will bear. These transgressions of party discipline in past times are referred to, not for the purpose of defending them, but for the purpose of pointing out some of the new conditions which have made the Republican party of to-day so hospitable to independent views of public affairs that it is no longer necessary for anybody to leave the party in order to get a license to think for himself, or to seek an audience for his opinions in a cold, unfriendly outside world.

It has been a little hard for old-time political leaders to understand the forces, now Nation-wide in their influence, which have undermined the authority of party bosses in nearly every State. Failing to understand, it is not strange that they have underestimated these forces. In-

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deed, some of them are so obscure and are spread over so long a time that they have naturally escaped the notice of professional politicians. It is now perfectly evident that a new public opinion has everywhere developed; but the agencies which have produced it are so remote and so numerous that they have easily escaped attention.

The universal spread of knowledge, in the sense of exact information as to the problems with which the Government is concerned, and the methods of dealing with them in legislation and in the administration of the laws, may be said to constitute a foundation upon which this new public opinion has built itself up, until to-day neither long service nor fame nor the prestige of great office is any longer able to protect a public man against the searching cross-examination to which he is subjected by his constituents. Without this new state of the public mind there could be no effective insurgency in either political party; and while it may not be the cause, it is the sure support of every protest which has been made against the dictation of a party leadership more zealous in the service of private than of public interests.

It is not surprising that the voice of this protest should have been heard in States remote from the capital before it had begun to make itself audible in Congress; and it is not remarkable that it should have reached its earliest and most fruitful development in those great communities which forty years ago foresaw danger, and in a grim, awkward way set about to protect themselves without regard to the ease and comfort of the political party to which they belonged. It may well be doubted whether the political movement now known everywhere as Progressive Republicanism could have been successfully inaugurated if it had not been for the long and desperate struggle to secure for the people the right to participate directly in the choice of candidates and to control the policy of political parties in States like Wisconsin and Iowa. In Wisconsin a young man, born upon a farm near the capital of the State, educated in the public schools and in the State University, trained in the profession of the law, gifted as an orator, with a natural aptitude for the public service, and, above all, endowed with a courageous heart and a genius for labor and research, awoke to the fact that the whole political life of the State had become a mere agency of great business corporations, many of them non-residents, and that no man, however qualified to serve the community, had any chance to do so without an alliance with the political machine which they controlled. The situation was intolerable to this eager student of popular institutions. It appeared to him to forecast the end, if not of our form of government, at least of its spirit and substance. When Robert M. La Follette locked up his law office, announced his candidacy for Governor of Wisconsin, and took the stump to state his views to the people, the old politicians indulged in derisive laughter and hardly took the trouble to find out what he was saying or doing at the county fairs. He was not nominated, but he waked up Wisconsin, and announced his purpose to renew his assault on the political rulers of the State. Nearly everybody said that it was a hopeless fight. The men whose control he challenged were multi-millionaires, while he himself was without money or influential connections of any sort. Yet he set out single-handed to overthrow a political machine so completely intrenched that his task seemed impossible, if not ridiculous.

There are few chapters in our political history more instructive than the record of this man's activities during the years following: With tireless energy he sought the attention of the people. He dealt with the stern realities of their case. He demanded the reform of the ancient system of nominations by caucus, and the substitution of the direct primary. He brought the great railway systems doing business within the State, together with their attorneys and other dependents, to the bar of public opinion for judgment; and while bribery and the hardly less odious corruption of railway favors defeated him in the next State Convention, he kept up the fight, enlisting under his standard thoughtful and intelligent citizens, and especially the young men, until at length he overpowered the oligarchy which for forty years had handed out the honors of a great political party, with the

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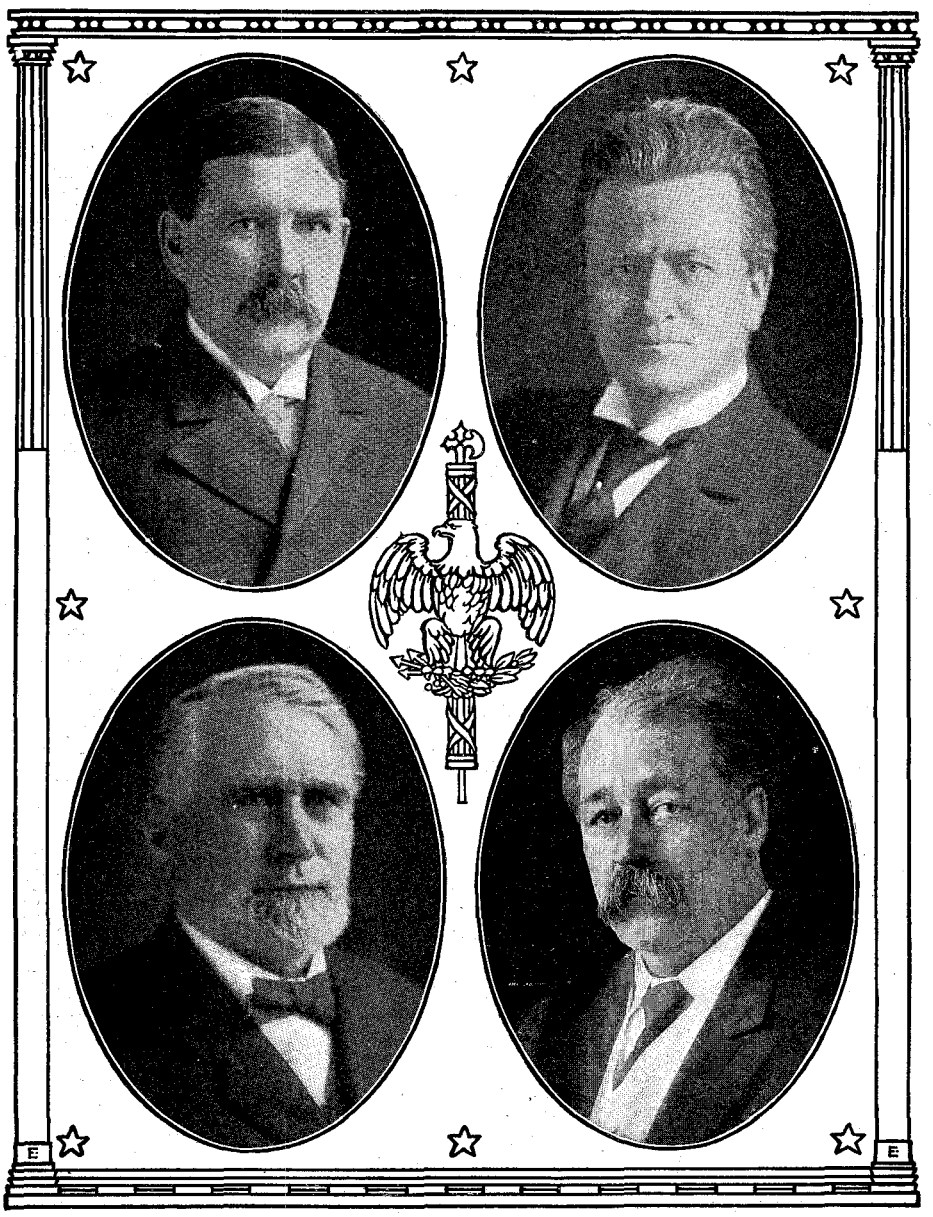

PROGRESSIVE SENATORS

JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER (IOWA)
KNUTE NELSON (MINNESOTA)
ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE (WISCONSIN)
MOSES E. CLAPP (MINNESOTA)

compliments of the private interests which directed the government of the State.

When he entered the Senate, he found hardly a friend there, and those who sympathized with his work in Wisconsin were so few in the Senate that they could be counted upon the fingers of one hand. He had behind him nearly ten years of constructive effort, the results of which could be seen on every hand: in the school system of the State, in the highways of the State, in the guardianship of the natural resources of the State, in the moderation of railway charges, and in a reform system of public taxation. Nobody in the Senate resented this record of good work well done, yet he was received with an open hostility poorly disguised under

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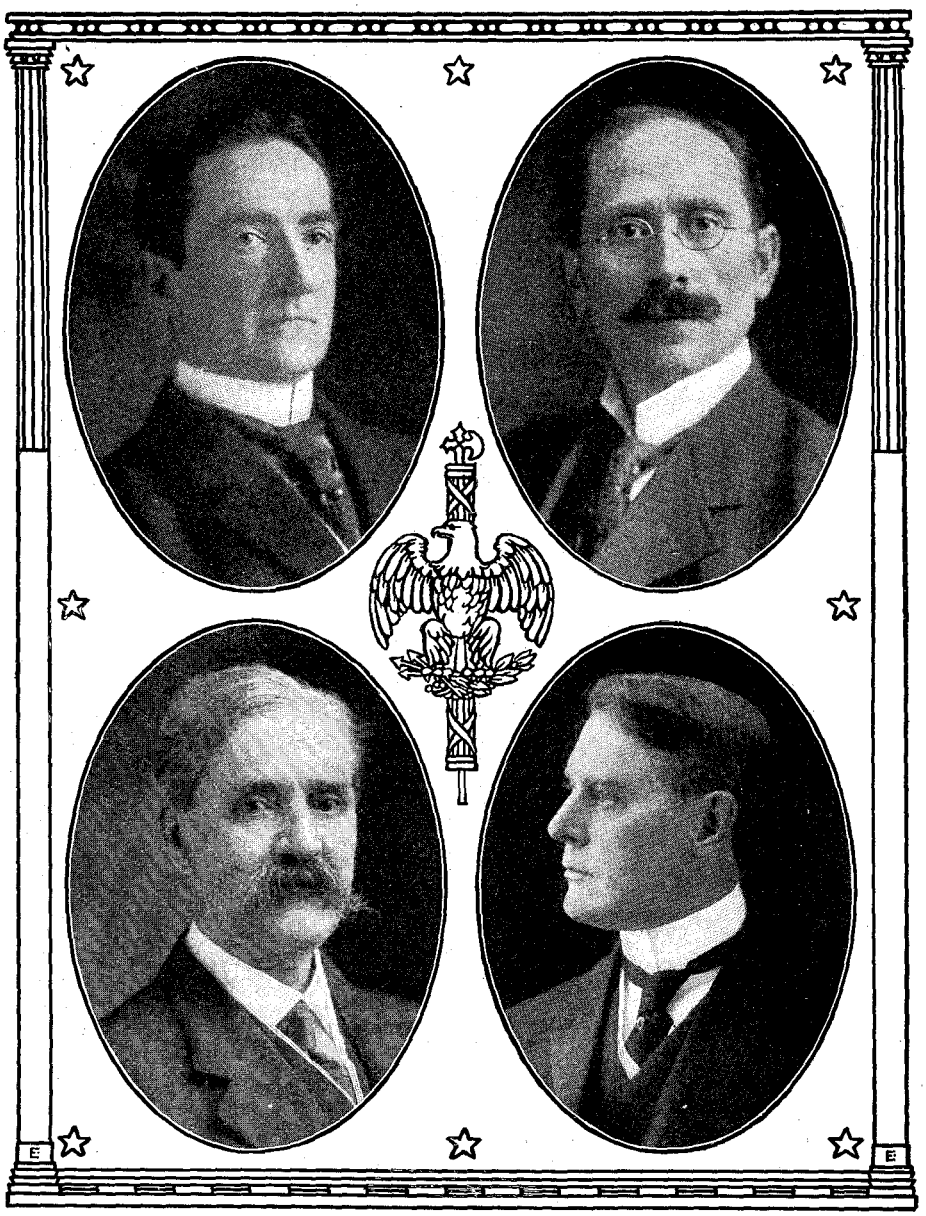

PROGRESSIVE SENATORS

JONATHAN BOURNE, JR. (OREGON)
ALBERT B. CUMMINS (IOWA)
JOSEPH L. BRISTOW (KANSAS)
ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE (INDIANA)

the cover of contemptuous indifference. Of what offense had he been guilty? He was among the first to discover that the permanence of the old political order rested upon the fact that the public takes it for granted that its representatives in Washington, being engaged in a mysterious, far-off task, may be excused on party grounds if they obey the orders which are issued there without consulting either the public will or public rights. Thereupon Senator La Follette did the meanest thing in the history of political intrigue. He not only read the "Congressional Record" himself, but he went out into Wisconsin and into nearly every State in the Union, reading to the people the continued story of the yeas and nays. Curiously enough,

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he made the old "Congressional Record," of which Speaker Reed used to say, "It is the safest place there is to put a thing," so explosive and destructive in its literary import that it has already begun to justify the expense of its publication. Experienced legislators said, "What right has this man to tell people how we voted?" and behind their anger lay a question which they did not dare to ask: "What right has the public to know what is going on in the Government of the United States?"

Inspired, in part at least, by what the people of Wisconsin were doing, a popular movement somewhat similar took root about ten years ago in Iowa. It did not find in that State as favorable a field for its growth as it had in Wisconsin, for the reason that the people there had been for a generation fairly successful in using the machinery of the Republican party to look after their interests, especially where the justice and fairness of railway charges were concerned. These questions had been fought out under the leadership of men like Governor William Larrabee, and the public had far less to complain of than they had in Wisconsin. In fact, Mr. La Follette began his crusade in that State by demanding the same treatment from the railways which the people of Iowa enjoyed. Yet a group of able railway lawyers had long been accustomed to attend Iowa State conventions, and to wait upon the sessions of the Legislature. They were accommodating gentlemen who acted not only as legal advisers of the railways but as assistant passenger agents, always ready to relieve worthy people of the burden of paying their fare. Their main interest in the convention was to see to it that nobody was nominated for a State office who had morbid views upon the subject of railway taxation, and they attended the Legislature in a body for the purpose of discouraging new legislation. They were also accustomed to take an interest in the choice of Senators of the United States, in order that nobody of an erratic turn of mind might find his way from Iowa into that ancient retreat of sane and safe statesmen. They had a comparatively easy job, and they managed it with such suavity of manner that their activities seldom produced a disagreeable impression upon the public mind. The fact that they managed it at all, that they were able and willing to take upon themselves all the responsibilities of the State government, did not apparently create any sense of humiliation in the dominant political party until the Legislature was called upon to choose the successor of Senator James F. Wilson. Among the candidates who presented themselves was Mr. A. B. Cummins, of Des Moines. He was one of the acknowledged leaders at the Iowa bar, a railway lawyer of high professional rank, and a Republican of well-known individuality of thought and speech. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth, brought up on the farm, though his family afterwards removed to Iowa, where his father still lives in the strength and beauty of a serene old age. He had fine advantages of education, both academic and collegiate, and, above all, has taken his degree, in a course very much longer than the customary four years, in what has been aptly called the university of hard knocks. He became a civil engineer, and was connected with more than one railway-building enterprise. After he came to Iowa he was an express messenger on the Milwaukee Railway.

Through all these years he was a student, with his ambition fixed upon the career of a lawyer, and when at last he opened his office at the capital of Iowa, he rose rapidly in the profession and became one of its most influential members. He was a diligent worker, an attractive public speaker, and with all these qualities he did not lack the pleasing and persuasive personality which enters so largely into the success of a political leader. He was popular in all the better meanings of the word. He had had a taste of public life, and when he became a candidate for the Senate it is not likely that he had in mind any elaborate scheme of political reform. The field was open, and he entered it as any ambitious man might, in his own name, and with no advantages except the general good will of the public. His course in the Legislature had, however, been far from satisfactory to the big business interests, and he had not gone very far in his campaign for the Senate before he dis-

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covered the location of the private offices in which, after mature consideration, it had been decided that he was an undesirable citizen. His defeat neither disappointed nor discouraged him. He called his friends about him, and announced his purpose, with their help, to keep up the fight. The successful candidate, in making his campaign, had been accustomed to say, as an argument in his own behalf, that he only desired the office of Senator to round out his career; but as the end of his term approached, the old Senator, whose experience in Iowa public life had already covered a period of nearly forty years, reached the conclusion that such a long career could not be rounded out by a single term in the Senate. Thereupon Mr. Cummins announced his candidacy, and a struggle ensued which has ever since been famous in Iowa political affairs. It ended in the re-election of Senator Gear by a margin so narrow that it showed clearly the change which had taken place in the public mind throughout the State. It became evident that Senator Gear was probably the only man in Iowa who could have defeated Mr. Cummins. In the meantime a new Governor had been elected, and when shortly afterwards Senator Gear died, the question of appointing his successor arose. Through an amendment of the constitution, providing for biennial elections, the Legislature which had come so near electing Mr. Cummins had its official life extended to the next regular session. Therefore some one had to be appointed who could either hold all the strength that Senator Gear had in that Legislature, or Mr. Cummins's election was sure to follow. In solemn conclave, the name of every conspicuous public man in Iowa was canvassed, the test of his availability being, not whether he had served the State faithfully, not whether he was prepared by training or experience for the high office, but whether, if appointed, he could hold his own in the Legislature already elected in which the strength of Mr. Cummins had been fully demonstrated. The appointment of Mr. Cummins was not considered, because he had offended and defied a power greater than the government of the State.

At this stage in his already stormy career Mr. Cummins made up his mind that, without the direct participation of the membership of the party in the selection of its candidates, high and low, the old system could be used to exclude permanently from public life any man who refused to make terms with the machine. He announced his candidacy for Governor of Iowa, and made his appeal direct to the townships, with a definite programme of primary elections, and the overthrow of the domination of railway agents in Republican politics. In announcing his candidacy he named the railway lawyers who had for so many years managed the political affairs of Iowa, and began his campaign by stating that he had not become a candidate at their request. They replied with bitter scorn that they would pound him into the earth; and thus the contest opened which gave to Mr. Cummins seven years in the office of Governor of Iowa, every one of them fruitful in the enactment of new laws in line with his programme and in the efficient administration of the affairs of the State.

The "Iowa idea" originated in the convention which nominated Mr. Cummins for Governor, although it did not originate with him. It was written by Mr. George E. Roberts, famous even then as a student of economic problems, and had the approval of the late Senator Allison and the whole Iowa delegation in Congress. It has enjoyed a remarkable celebrity, although it was a mere paraphrase of a National Republican platform, and was taken almost literally from the State platform of Connecticut of the same year, written by the late Orville H. Platt. It declared that the schedules of the protective tariff should not be so framed as to make them a shelter for monopoly—a doctrine neither new nor strange, and now received everywhere, except by a few leaders in the present Congress, as a rational and consistent interpretation of public rights as against private interests.

While these events, so briefly outlined, were rapidly changing the political ideals of States like Iowa and Wisconsin, similar signs of activity began to be seen in Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, the Dakotas, and even in far-off California, which for more than a generation had been a mere principality belonging to a railway

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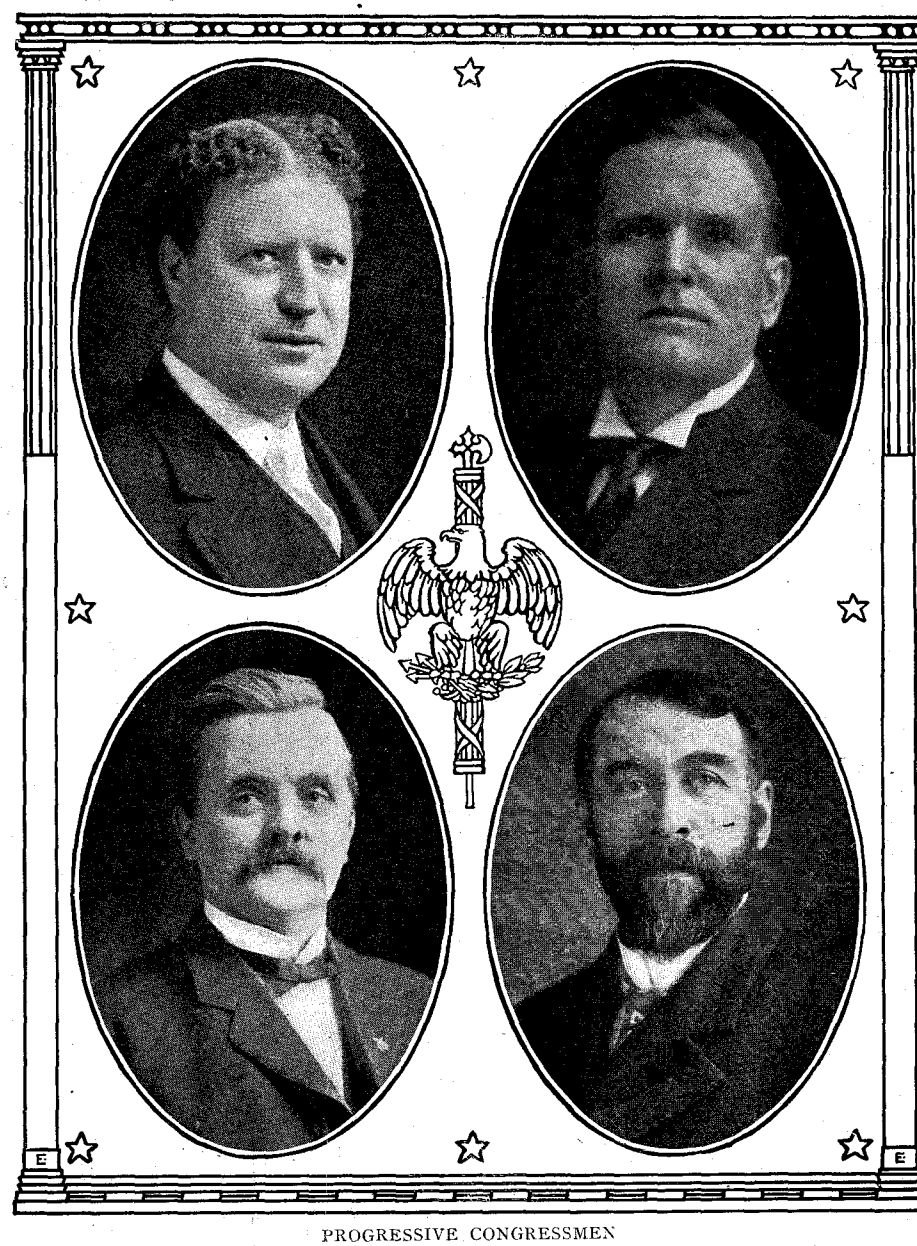

PROGRESSIVE CONGRESSMEN

VICTOR MURDOCK (KANSAS)
GEORGE W. NORRIS (NEBRASKA)
IRVING L. LENROOT (WISCONSIN)
EVERIS A. HAYES (CALIFORNIA)

company which detailed its own favorites to carry on the affairs of the commonwealth. It is not certain, however, that any of these movements, even when they were victorious in a local sense, could have made permanent headway against the inertia of our National political life, if there had not come upon the stage a militant figure, with epoch-making energy and an eye so single to the welfare of the American people that he not only attracted universal confidence, but has ever since kept it without limit and without terms. He came to the Presidency under grievous difficulties, amid the most pathetic manifestations of National sorrow. He bore himself in the great office thus thrust upon him with singular dignity and self-restraint.

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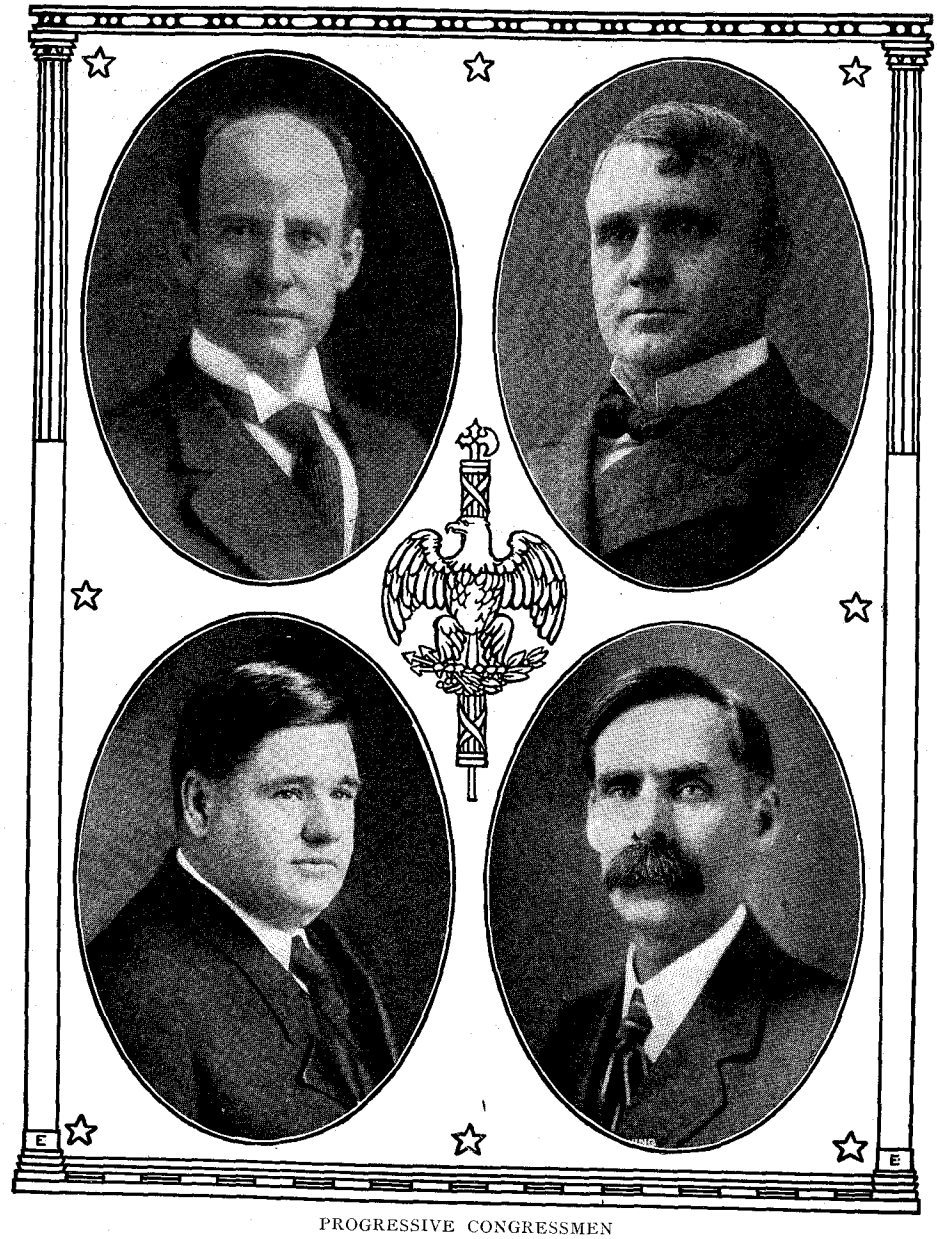

PROGRESSIVE CONGRESSMEN

MILES POINDEXTER (WASHINGTON)
EDMOND H. MADISON (KANSAS)
CHARLES N. FOWLER (NEW JERSEY)
ANDREW J. VOLSTEAD (MINNESOTA)

He retained the trusted advisers of President McKinley, and felt his way slowly and carefully in the unfolding of plans which he had cherished from his youth for the betterment of political conditions as well as for the improvement of the industrial and social life of the people. He hardly dared to expect to be nominated for President in his own right, since no Vice-President in our history had enjoyed such an experience. He did not, however, conceal from his friends his ambition to break that precedent. It did not take the public long to see what manner of man he was. When he ordered the Attorney-General to enjoin the violation of the anti-trust law in the Northern Securities case, the so-called business world of New

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York descended upon the White House according to their long-established custom, and informed him that his course was injurious to business interests, had already greatly depressed railway securities, and was likely to bring on a panic. The young President received them graciously, heard them with patience, and dismissed them with an irritating little question, which the American people may have occasion to ponder more than once in the future, saying: "Gentlemen, you see I am President, sworn to execute the laws of the United States. Do you expect me to put a ticker in the Department of Justice?"

The attitude of his mind struck the public favorably. On extended tours throughout the country he took the whole community into his confidence, outlined his plans, gave the people a glimpse of his aspirations and hopes for the future of democratic government in the world, and when he returned to the capital he was already President in his own right, with credentials so authentic that no National Convention of his party would dare to take them away from him even if it had the power to do it. After the election of Mr. Roosevelt as President, the forward movement within the lines of the Republican party became National. He succeeded in bringing the Government very close to the hearts and lives of the people. The working men and women of the United States found him in eager sympathy with their plans to regulate the hours of labor, to promote the safety of life, and to modernize the obsolete industrial code, borrowed from the common law, which left American workmen practically without redress when injured by accident in the course of their employment. The business world soon found out that the President of the United States had no quarrel with any honest man, nor with any legitimate enterprise of industry or commerce; while the petition of commercial bodies scattered throughout the country for the amendment of the Inter-State Commerce Law, a petition long neglected in both houses of Congress, found in the President not only an indorser, but a fighting champion unacquainted either with weariness or fear. The last four years of President Roosevelt's Administration set a standard for the public service which makes old-time political methods forevermore impossible in the United States. The American people not only approve the things he stood for, but his way of standing for them turned out to be attractive beyond precedent to the every-day citizen. He not only seemed to know how to fight, but how to make it easy for men to fight with him; and, what is still more to the point, he knew how to touch the sources of public opinion in such a way as to make it necessary for those to fight with him who did not in themselves have a very strong motive to participate. When he began the contest for the rate law, he did not have five men in the Senate with him, and few, if any, dared to believe that it was possible to overcome the indifference of the Senate and the open antagonism of its leaders. Yet before the warfare was over the opponents of the Administration were crying for quarter, and ready to make the vote for the measure unanimous. It is not recorded that he read anybody out of the party. On the contrary, by direct appeal to their constituents, he made every man an obedient servant of his party. He had a good many people opposed to him; but it is impossible to imagine him turning aside from the work in hand to debauch the public service, either by extending patronage as a bribe or withholding it as a penalty, to coerce the legislative department to follow a course contrary to the will and interests of the people of the United States. He put emphasis on party fidelity; but nobody ever accused him of thinking that the harmony of a party is more desirable than its integrity.

The so-called Insurgency of to-day is the protest in Congress and out against the failure of the Republican party, as represented by its official leadership, to follow the main road to good government in the United States which was opened and cleared of obstructions through seven years of struggle and sacrifice under a leader standing thus head and shoulders above his brethren. There were a few men in both houses of Congress who would infinitely rather retire from public life altogether than to see the old partnership between the speculative business interests of the country and the Government of the United States resumed under the

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auspices of the political party which has inherited the great traditions left to mankind by the life of Abraham Lincoln. These men have sought no quarrel with their political associates. They have demanded only the right to represent their own people in their own name. In the House of Representatives they fought for a measure of self-government in that great popular assembly, and, under the leadership of men like Victor Murdock, of Kansas, and Judge Norris, of Nebraska, both newcomers into the parliamentary arena, and more than a score of others, some of them veterans in the service, they have revolutionized not only the procedure of the House, but the spirit and motive of its deliberations as well. Now that the conflict is at an end, everybody will be able to see that their demand for an enlargement of the right of the people's representatives to express their opinions, to secure timely consideration of public measures, and to perfect proposed legislation by amendment, was not, after all, so revolutionary as to warrant the executive departments of the Government in declaring them aliens, unfit for the privileges of the household of the Republican faith.

The little group in the Senate, less than half a score in number, were equally within their rights as Republicans when they exposed the real character of the Aldrich tariff revision. They were not fighting the Republican policy; they were fighting a bill, the authors of which had treated the Republican platform, defining the just measure of tariff rates, as a practical joke on the public. It was not a measure which represented the wisdom of anybody in either house of Congress. No member of the Senate Finance Committee was able to stand up on the floor of the chamber and offer a reasonable explanation of any important details of the bill. Such members of the Committee as deigned to participate in the debate would have been absolutely helpless if they had mislaid the memoranda prepared for their use by persons who have not yet been elected to the Senate; although it is understood some of them are now candidates. No man can carefully read the hearings before the House Committee on Ways and Means during the last twenty-five years without seeing that the very language of our tariff laws, in all the more important schedules, including the punctuation, has been handed in to the Committees of Congress by interested parties on the outside. It is in vain for men like Senator Aldrich to justify what has been done by publishing certificates signed by so-called experts in the New York Custom-House. A resort to such witnesses only confirms the public in its suspicion that he has done, during the last twenty years, a very much larger tariff business than has been warranted by his capital stock of knowledge and direct familiarity with our industrial affairs. It has been a shock to the moral sense of Republican voters of all kinds to find out from the lips of Senator Aldrich himself that the sum total of the Senate's contribution to the new law is represented by the cheerful suggestions of two employees of the New York Custom-House, both Democrats, one of them a henchman of the late Senator Gorman, and the other a played-out politician from California. It might have been possible for some of us to have overlooked the source of the wisdom which found its way into our tariff revision if it had not been for a well-grounded suspicion that back of these over-advertised customs experts stood the lobbyists of the textile associations, with a more distinct influence over the opinions of the experts than they had themselves. The group of men who refused, even under the lash of party discipline, to swallow down the dose which was thus prepared for them, have no intention of leaving the Republican party. They intend to stay in the party; to contend against the evil influences which are seeking to use it for money-making purposes; and so far as the tariff is concerned they present an affirmative programme which will make future revisions of the law, if not easy, at least free from the scandal which arises from the interchange among our enterprising captains of industry, duly represented in both houses of Congress, of reciprocal benefits, in the distribution of which the rights of the public are altogether forgotten.

The contest against the use of the legislative power of the Government to promote private interests has already made such progress in both houses of Congress

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that in the recent session it was said with bitterness by the old leaders that there was a Republican majority in neither House nor Senate. If that be true, how does it come that the work of that session is now everywhere exhibited as a conclusive evidence of the wisdom and efficiency of the Republican administration? The conspicuous distinction of the recent session lies in the fact that it had the moral vigor to maintain the independence of Congress and to take the bills, prepared for it in advance, and rewrite them in plain English for the benefit of the public, which has the right to look to Congress for the protection of its interests. Thus it has happened that the forward movement within the Republican party has not only more than held its own in Congress, bringing to the side of the somewhat lonesome pioneer from Wisconsin men like Moses E. Clapp, whose judgment of things as they ought to be is almost intuitive in its precision; Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, versatile in resources, powerful in debate, with a moral courage so invincible that when he went home last spring to give an account of his stewardship, the young men of Indiana put on a badge with these words, "He fights for the right, and votes as he fights;" A. B. Cummins, who in the railway debate exhibited a knowledge of the law so profound, an acquaintance with the practical problems of railway economics so intimate, and a storehouse of energy and enthusiasm so inexhaustible, that he was able, without seeming to intrude too much into the discussion, to dominate for months the proceedings of the Senate; and Joseph L. Bristow, the new Senator from Kansas, a veritable crusader for righteousness, armed with modern weapons, of whom it has been said by one who listened to him when he pointed out, standing before a map on the walls of the chamber, the injustice of the railways in their dealings with the intermountain towns of the West, "This man is an enigma; he seems to be a composite of John Brown of Osawatomie and the French detective Vidocq."

One after another the young men in Congress are enlisting under the banner of Republican progress; but, rapid as are the changes taking place in Congress, they are slow and hesitating compared to the swift movement of events throughout the United States from one ocean to the other. These changes, so startling that we have to rub our eyes before we can believe, involve no portent of evil either to the Republican party or to popular institutions in America. They are preparing the way for a larger usefulness for public men and for political parties. Condensed into a single sentence, they mean the freedom and independence of the market-place for American business and the freedom and independence of the Government for the service of the whole people.

THE SPUR

BY IREL MARLAT

I fear no afterwhile—no punishment
Of flesh—no torture of my body part!
Incentive this to climb the heights that start
With breath and do not end? I am not bent
Unto the Higher Will by means like this.
He loved me, first—and planned that I might be
A full expression of the power to see
And know and be! And, feeling this, to miss
My good would be the agony of hell.
A few have loved me here and spared the rod,
In patience, pledging me anew to God.
To fail them—who the bitterness can tell?
Wouldst guide a soul to peaks far, far above?
Learn truth—remove thy hands; kneel down; and LOVE.

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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

The Lady-in-Chief

By Leon Addison Harvey

AT a dinner given to the military and naval officers of the Crimean War it was suggested that each guest write on a slip of paper the name of the person whose services during the late campaign would be longest remembered by posterity. When the papers were examined, each bore the name of "Florence Nightingale." With this incident Sarah Tooley begins her biography of Florence Nightingale. And now, after four and fifty years, just as that heroine has passed to the great majority, that prophecy has been wonderfully fulfilled. For few have heard the names of Lord Raglan, the commander of the British, or Marshal St. Arnaud, who commanded the French.

There is something romantic about the very name of Florence Nightingale. It sounds like the name of the heroine of a fanciful story rather than that of a real woman. This impression is strengthened by Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Santa Filomena." For in that poem we see a figure flit from room to room in a "house of misery," and she seems a creature of the imagination. For most Americans it

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is this fanciful figure which has long been associated with Florence Nightingale. The Crimean War, in which she played her wonderful part, has become a part of history, and most of the actors in it have passed away.

But the world is now reminded that not only was Florence Nightingale a real woman, but that up to August 13, 1910, she was still living in her quiet London home. Nightingale was a title which fell to her father, who inherited it with an estate from a great-uncle, Peter Nightingale, a few years before the daughter's birth; his real name was Shore. She was christened "Florence" because she was born in Italy, near to that beautful and classic city.

Her childhood and youth were spent on the ancestral estates in Derbyshire and Hampshire, the first being the summer and the second the winter residence of the prosperous country squire, her father. Though gently reared, she was much out-of-doors, and horseback-riding was a daily exercise.

We are not concerned especially with the incidents of her life, except as they are related to the great work she came to do. She was a born nurse, bandaging her broken dolls and nursing their imaginary ills. Her first live patient was a dog with an injured leg, whose remarkable recovery brought her many more patients of a like sort. As she grew older, the patients became the poor people in the neighborhood of her home. She visited the hospitals of England and on the Continent, and at twenty-nine took a course in a training-school for nurses in Germany. This she supplemented by a stay at a Roman Catholic hospital in Paris, where she saw the work of the most skillful surgeons of the time.

In London she became interested in Lord Shaftesbury's Ragged Schools, and then turned to the "Harley Street Home for Sick Governesses," of which she became superintendent. Meantime her work had twice been interrupted by illness occasioned by overwork. But she had demonstrated her remarkable efficiency. She had saved the Harley Street Home from the financial ruin that threatened it, and she had made it efficient and comfortable.

But meantime she had done something else which has proved of far greater consequence to the world: she had shown that the work of a nurse might have all the dignity of a profession—that a lady of position and refinement might adopt it, just as a young man from such a family might enter the profession of medicine. That was a great triumph in 1850, when the "nursing in English hospitals was largely in the hands of the coarsest type of women, not only untrained but callous in feeling and often grossly immoral." Such a stigma attached to the work of a nurse that no self-respecting woman cared to take it up, "and if she did it was more than likely she would lose her character."

When we contrast this picture with that of the modern nurse, whose kindness and skill play such a part in modern life, we realize how great was the reform in which Florence Nightingale was a pioneer.

In 1854, at the age of thirty-four, she was recovering from the strain of her London work when the daily papers brought tidings of the terrible condition of the hospitals in the Crimea. It was October, and the Crimean War, in which England and France were pitted against Russia, had been declared the previous March. The battle of Balaklava was fought on October 25, in which occurred the famous charge of the Light Brigade. That battle, and especially that charge, illustrated the splendid courage of the English army and their French allies. Probably no war in history has shown finer discipline or greater courage and power of endurance than were shown by the soldiers of the Crimea. When only one hundred and ninety-five of the Light Brigade came back of the six hundred and seventy-three who made that twenty-minute charge, and the commanding General said, "There has been a great blunder," they called back, "Never mind, my lord; we are ready to go again." Such was the splendid spirit of those English troops, displayed again and again throughout that terrible and unfortunate war.

But more terrible foes than Russian bullets faced these brave men. Their food was ill cooked and insufficient, though ample supplies were sent from home. Stores were missent and left to rot, or even when they arrived were left unopened for lack of proper orders. A

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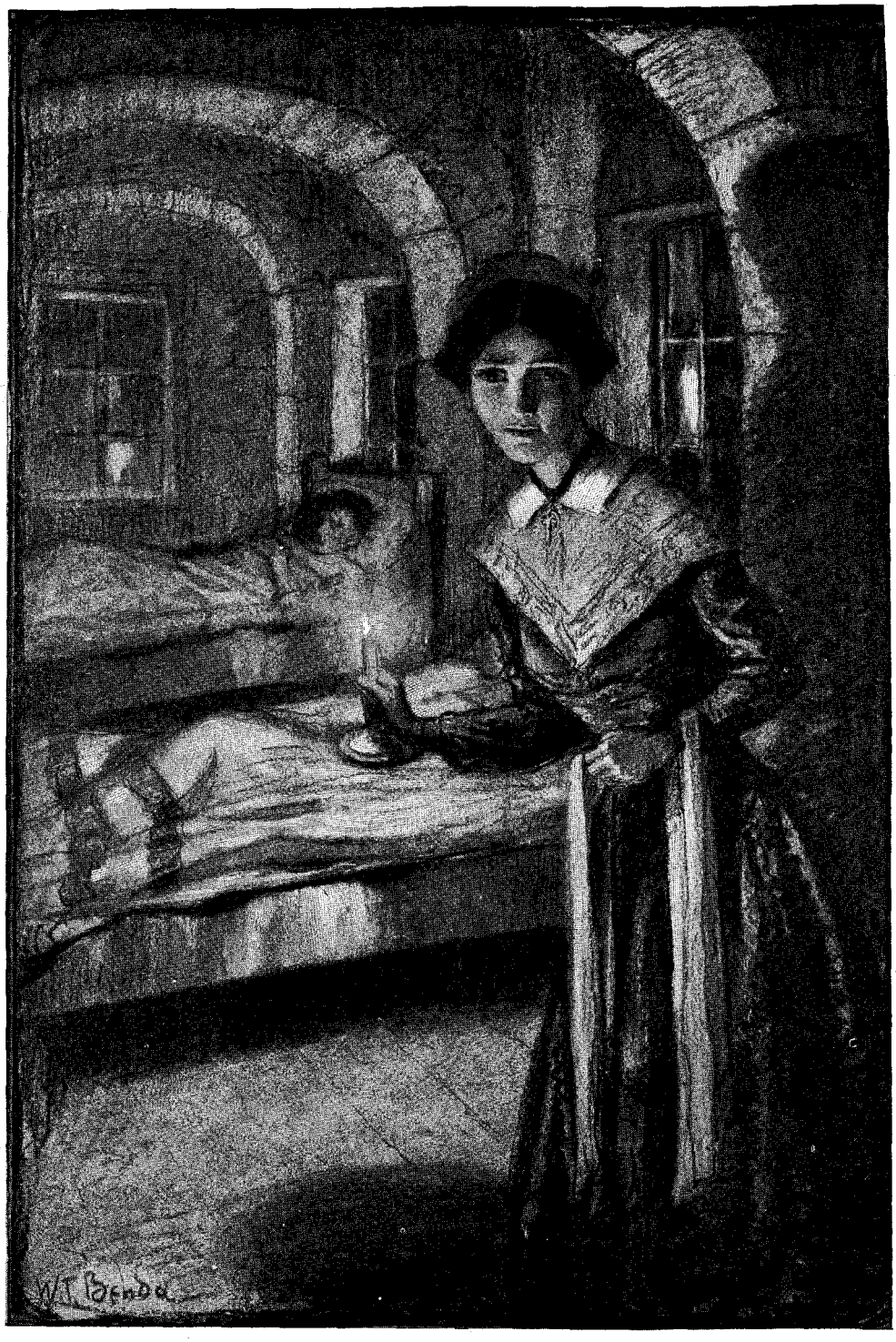

MISS NIGHTINGALE IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI

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consignment of boots for the army was found to be all for the left foot. The hospital supplies were left unpacked and covered with munitions of war in the holds of vessels.

Picture, then, the condition of the great hospital at Scutari which Florence Nightingale found on the 4th of November, 1854. It had been built as barracks for Turkish soldiers. The walls of the quadrangle were a mile in extent, and within there were four miles of corridors, in which lay eighteen thousand sick and wounded soldiers. The rooms were filled with vermin and filth, and the helpless soldiers were tended by untrained orderlies, many of whom were ill. There were only thirty-four of the nurses, and the situation seemed hopeless. When the Lady-in-Chief—a title which signified the admiration and respect with which she was looked up to by her associates in this hospital work—made the first round of the wards, the beds were reeking with infection, and the sheets of canvas were so coarse that the wounded men begged to be left in their blankets. Add to this picture the statement: "In this vast caravansary of wounded, sick, and dying men there was no proper provision for washing, no kitchens, culinary conveniences or cooks suitable for hospital needs, and no sanitation, and some conception may be had of the Augean stable which this little band of nurses had to cleanse." As if the problem which faced the Lady-in-Chief were not already great enough, the wounded from the battle of Inkerman were brought in by hundreds within twenty-four hours after her arrival. It was the testing-moment of her life, and because she met it with a skill and genius for organization and leadership which history does not surpass, she is forever enshrined in the hearts of the nation she served. Her command of the hospital was absolute, and she knew that her only hope was to enlist a small army of helpers. This she did with lightning-like rapidity. She unpacked supplies, and appealed instantly for more. Even the Queen and her daughters were soon making bandages for the wounded. She became a general, fighting with disease and death, and she knew it was her first business to inspire and direct her army. She knew that England only needed to know the truth to pour out her treasures at her feet.

And here is the real secret of Florence Nightingale's wonderful success and enduring fame. She understood the power of organization, and knew how helpless is individual service in a great national trial without it. There was no organization necessary when the only task was to bind up the leg of an injured dog. Her own devotion was sufficient when there was only one sick patient to be cared for among her father's tenants. But her London hospital work had taught her the value of leadership, and of arousing public sympathy. And now at Scutari this knowledge was utilized on a colossal scale. A nation must be at her back, and her little company of nurses must be made department commanders. This is why order began to come out of the chaos at Scutari.

The suffering and waiting were of course still terrible, but the poor fellows knew that they were no longer the victims of inefficiency. Knowing that, their patience was wonderfully increased. Indeed, the reverence of these rough soldiers for the Lady-in-Chief has hardly a parallel in history. Behind her organizing genius there was a woman's heart which inspired that genius. It was not simply as inspector that she went through the corridors at night after the infinite details of the day had been attended to. As she glided, lamp in hand, to the bedside of those in sorest need, she seemed less the directing genius of a great enterprise than the gentle friend and helper of those to whom she ministered. At two o'clock one morning a visitor, passing through those crowded corridors, found her writing down the dying words of a soldier whom the doctors had given up. To her this soldier committed his watch and trinkets, and then, with her hand upon his forehead, he passed quietly into the sleep that proved his last. Another visitor told of how the men would turn to kiss her shadow on the wall. It is scenes like these which Longfellow has immortalized in his "Santa Filomena:"

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

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As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

One wonders how it was possible for this frail woman to endure such terrible drafts upon her sympathy in addition to her tremendous labors. For such scenes we are indeed grateful, but we must not let them hide from us the larger tasks which gave to her life an epoch-making significance. Others might have carried the lamp, smoothed the pillows, and taken the words of the dying. But it would seem that Sidney Herbert, England's Secretary of War, was right when he invited her to take the post, that she was "the one woman in England" who could do the work of organizing and directing which the crisis demanded. From the work she did there in the Crimea not only England but the world learned the great lesson that men and women may be organized to save life, as armies had long been organized to destroy it.

From the time when ancient armies counted their wounded a total loss and left them on the battlefield to die, to the middle of the nineteenth century, the means of caring for such sufferers had been painfully lacking. But with the coming of the modern newspaper, sending by telegraph the story of the sufferers to the very homes from which those sufferers came, such neglect seemed no longer bearable. After describing the conditions at Scutari, the correspondent of the London "Times" had roused England by asking: "Are there no devoted women among us able and willing to go forth and minister to the sick and suffering soldiers?" In response to that appeal Miss Nightingale and her helpers had gone. It was plainly time for a change of front. The sick and wounded must be cared for. It was here that the organizing genius of the Lady-in-Chief found its opportunity. What she did astonished not simply England but the world. It was the revelation of the power of organization in a new field—that of philanthropy. Others, indeed, had seen the vision of this power before her, but she was called to do her work with the eyes of the civilized world upon it. That is why the story of philanthropy in every field has been a different story from her day to ours.

She returned to England in 1856; five years later our own Civil War began. A brief period of our armies in camp made it evident that the same experience of suffering and loss which had befallen England in the Crimea was in a fair way to be repeated here. The scattered organizations for the relief of the soldiers seemed helpless. It was then that a few men of insight and genius saw that our hope lay in organizing the humanitarian forces of the North into an effective organization to cope with this tremendous problem. The Women's Central Relief Association of New York was organized, and for this Dr. Henry W. Bellows, pastor of All Souls' Church,[1] drafted the Constitution. It was quickly discovered that little could be accomplished except through some organization which should receive official recognition by the army. It was Dr. Bellows who appealed to the Secretary of War for the appointment of a Sanitary Commission, that philanthropy might be made effective. As a result the Commission was appointed, with Dr. Bellows as President and a corps of distinguished physicians and surgeons among the members.

In his letter to the Secretary of War Dr. Bellows referred especially to the work of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War. He said that the success of her work made clear both our opportunity and our duty.

I cannot dwell upon the work of that Commission, nor tell how the $5,000,000 raised through its agency was expended, and how the clothing and supplies furnished by it were systematically distributed throughout the war. The story of our nurses, with Dorothea Dix at their head,

[1] The edifice of All Souls' Church, of which the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer is now the minister, is a familiar landmark at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, New York. The church has a dome but no spire, although the original plans provided for one; for the money with which the spire was to be constructed, about $40,000, was given by the church to the newly organized Sanitary Commission.

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duplicates the heroism of that "angel band" in the Crimea under Florence Nightingale I cannot tell how camp sites were inspected and pestilence avoided, how miserable hospital buildings were abandoned and new ones erected, as a result of the clear reports and persistent appeals of this Sanitary Commission. But many best able to judge have said that without its aid the struggle for the Union must have failed. Because Florence Nightingale contributed thus unconsciously to the saving of this Union by inspiring those who organized the Sanitary Commission, Americans owe her an incalculable debt of gratitude.

While our own war was still in progress the losses to the Italian army from the neglect of the sick and wounded were so enormous that Henri Dunant, a citizen of Geneva, succeeded in drawing together an International Congress in October, 1863, to consider how a neutral body might be formed for the relief of the wounded in battle. The result of that Congress was the organization of the International Red Cross Society. This meant the extension of Florence Nightingale's Crimean work not only to one nation but to the civilized world. True, the work of organizing this splendid dream of world-wide mercy and beneficence fell to other hands, for our heroine went back to England, after her herculean task was over, a hopeless invalid. But to her the leaders of the Red Cross went for advice, and frankly acknowledged their work to be but the flowering of the seed which she had planted.

What that wonderful organization has meant, not only in times of war, but in times of pestilence, famine, earthquake, flood, and fire, we all know. It has meant a body of trained and consecrated experts in every quarter of the globe, ready to answer to the call of suffering and need whenever that call should come. It has meant the breaking down of national prejudice, and the steady advance of that spirit of universal brotherhood which is the harbinger of "the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

But, though an invalid, the work of Florence Nightingale did not end in 1856. Through her books and her advice she has ever since been a teacher of teachers. The work of district nursing among the poor she began before she went to the Crimea. The testimonial of $200,000 raised by a grateful people on her return was devoted to a Training School for Nurses, and this school has fostered her ideals. And now throughout Europe and America district nursing among the poor is recognized as one of the most beneficent of charities.

I need hardly call attention to the fact that organized war against such a plague as cholera, against such a scourge as tuberculosis, is only the application of our heroine's methods against the cholera and the fever with which she fought in the Crimea: Remove the causes, make clean and sanitary the surroundings. And this can be done only by organization, by the co-operation of all those affected. We must fight disease, with its invisible hosts of death-dealing germs, as we would fight a visible enemy on the field. Modern science continually supplies us with new weapons for this warfare, and it is our own fault if we do not win the day.

See, then, the tremendous significance of this clear-thinking and devoted woman's life. Through her example the business of nursing the sick has been raised to a dignity which no other profession can surpass. The nurse's cap is everywhere the symbol of knowledge, efficiency, and devotion. In the Crimea the women nurses were heralded as "the angel band," and, despite exceptions, the modern nurse belongs to that company still; before Florence Nightingale she did not belong to the respectable classes of the community. This gracious woman by her work revolutionized the treatment of wounded soldiers on the battlefield, and of the sick and wounded in hospitals, not only for England, but for the world. She inspired the Red Cross movement. Her work heralded the day of organized resistance to disease, which seeks to prevent rather than suppress the scourge and pestilence of the past and the tuberculosis of to-day.

As, with Longfellow, we see his "Lady with the Lamp" in that house of misery flitting from room to room, we seem to see that lamp grow to the brightness of a star to which the nations look, and in whose benignant light they all rejoice.

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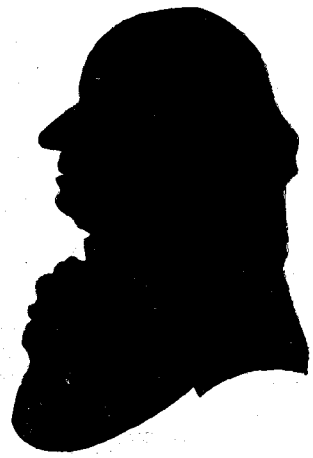

COLONEL LOAMI BALDWIN

Golden New England

By Sylvester Baxter

THEY talk about the golden West, the golden North. In the West a responsive soil yields treasures convertible into gold. In the North, with infinite toil and hardship, golden treasure is extracted from the frozen ground. New England, too, is a golden land. She draws her riches from manifold sources: from the beauty of the land, from the glory of the sea; from the multiform fabrics wrought by her busy children; and yet, as elsewhere, from the fruits of a fertile soil. In golden New England one industry alone, the caring for summer visitors, amounts to more than $60,000,000 a year—a sum greater than the annual yield of the gold mines of Alaska and the Pacific slope. It means that more than 300,000 people go into New Hampshire every summer and more than 400,000 into Maine to spend money and enjoy themselves, not to mention the other hundreds of thousands who visit Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut for like reasons. Altogether the summer population of New England is thus increased by not less than twenty-five per cent.

Long ago it was said of two of New England's principal exports, ice and granite, that the one was significant of the harshness of her climate, the other of the sterility of her soil. But more than a million and a half visitors attest the excellence of the New England summer. Furthermore, even as in Switzerland, the weeks of frost and snow likewise have delights for strangers. The railway companies circulate fascinating booklets about winter sports in the White Mountains and the Berkshires. Lenox and Stockbridge have their midwinter season; hearth-fires glow in the great houses and the tingling air resounds with the gayety of house parties. Many inns, elegant and cozy, all the way from Cape Cod to the Canadian border, no longer confine themselves to the brief summer season, but keep open the year through.

As to "barrenness," a word coupled with New England the country over, it has been so harped upon that even at home it has long been accepted with resignation. Yet what will sons of the prairies say to facts like these? In New England the average in corn and potatoes is so far above that of the West as hopelessly to outclass the latter. New Hampshire ranks as the first State in the country in corn, and Connecticut a good second—the former with 42.1 bushels to the acre and the latter with 40.3 bushels. Massachusetts, with 39.4 bushels, is ahead of Illinois, with 38.8 bushels. And in Kansas the yield is only 27.8 bushels. Again, the first prize for flint corn at the

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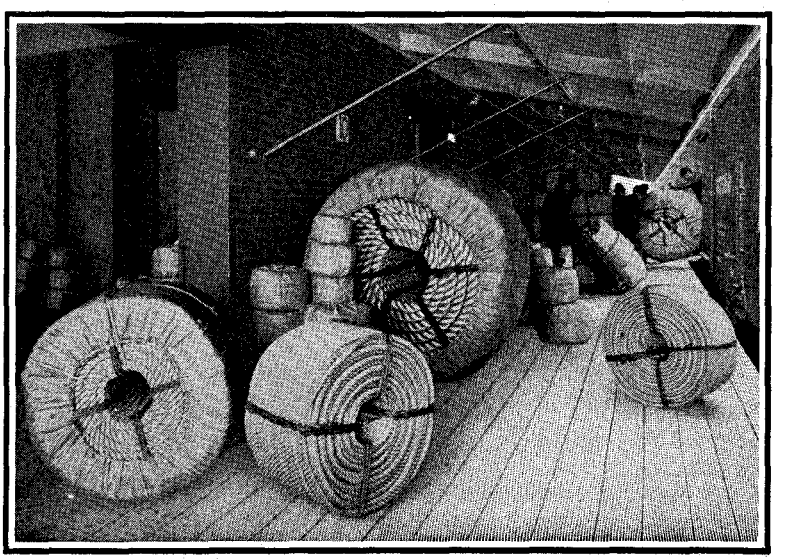
National Corn Show in Omaha last year went to a Massachusetts man. Another, a Brockton shoe-cutter, raised 132½ bushels of shelled corn to the acre, or only one bushel less than the crop which took the grand prize at the same exposition. Still more significant are the comparisons of crop values. Massachusetts is a great manufacturing and commercial State. In 1905 her manufactured products had a value of $1,172,808,782. Should not this eminence suffice? Is not agriculture something "on the side"? Would not any real comparison with any of the great agricultural States be ridiculous? Let us see: Secretary Ellsworth, of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, has a few notes on his desk about such things. ("But what can little Massachusetts be doing with a Board of Agriculture? It must be about as useful as a navy would be for Switzerland!" Somebody out in Iowa says this. Well, she has not only a Board of Agriculture, but a Department of Forestry as well. Fancy! Room for forests in that little land!) Mr. Ellsworth will point to some of the typical agricultural States in the Middle West, the Far West, and the South: Iowa's farm lands are eleven times the area of those of Massachusetts, and yet the value of her agricultural products is only nine times as great. Illinois has ten times the area and eight times the value. The tilled lands of Kansas are thirteen times as large as those of Massachusetts, and her crop values are only four and one-half times as large. Those of California are nine times the area, and her agriculture, with all her intensive fruit-raising, brings her in only three times as much money. Massachusetts would make hardly more than a respectable county for Texas, so far as area goes, and Texas has forty times more land in cultivation, yet the crops of Texas are worth only five times as much. In 1905 the agricultural products of Massachusetts had a value of $73,110,496—an increase of more than 38 per cent in ten years. Is not a State that can make such a showing a great State agriculturally as well as commercially and industrially? Can a soil be called barren that yields such values?

A curious thing is that few people who travel through New England would ever suspect such a thing. Even most of those who spend summer after summer there because they can find nothing so good anywhere else would say that it could not be. From the looks of the land it seems absurd to think that such returns could come out of it. Traversing the country by train, or even in the well-peopled sections where the trolley lines run, one sees from the car windows mile after mile of rocky hills either covered with woods or with what might be woods if it were not brush (forestry, yes; there is a chance for that if they can coax the trees to grow up



A PRODUCT OF PLYMOUTH

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J. LEWIS ELLSWORTH
Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture

PROFESSOR F. W. RANE
State Forester of Massachusetts

again!), and with pasture-land intervals here and there—pastures beautiful to see, but studded with boulders like a pudding with plums. It is about like that everywhere, all the way between the humming mill villages and the bustling cities. Even around the biggest city it is largely so. Within fifty miles of Boston there is said to be enough land uncultivated yet suitable for farming to feed the entire population of three million or so within the same radius and yet have a surplus for export. And such land sells as low as $50 an acre, or even less.

Somewhere around the corner, or beyond these hills, there must be lots of patches and stretches where pretty big crops are growing. Indeed, one glimpses them occasionally even from the car windows. A half-acre strawberry patch, for instance, yields 5,000 quarts, worth $625. Eleven hundred dollars have come from an acre and a half of cantaloups. There are thousands of acres in asparagus in Massachusetts alone, with profits of $300 to even $600 an acre. An Italian makes from $4,000 to $5,000 a year off of four acres in market gardening. Five acres in peaches have yielded $2,500 in one year. Apples? That is a story in itself. And flowers? Well, there is a lady on Cape Cod who makes $200 or so every summer on a patch of sweet-peas little bigger than a city back yard. As for potatoes and corn, there are numerous big records.

New England cities are growing as never before. Expanding industries call for armies of immigrants. In the past century only one urban center has undergone a shrinkage. A hundred years ago Nantucket, surpassed in population only by Boston and Salem, was practically a city; now it is a village. Quite otherwise with its mainland rival. New Bedford, instead of falling asleep because fleets of whale-ships were rotting at her wharves, turned to producing high-grade textiles. It is now one of the most rapidly growing cities in the world. In three years its population has increased from 80,000 to 110,000. Not far away, at Sagamore, on Cape Cod, the nucleus of another great industrial center has formed itself around enormous car-building works, and the approaching completion of the canal seems to assure a second New Bedford at that point. A little northward lies

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HOW NEW ENGLAND GIRLS ARE TAUGHT HOUSEKEEPING

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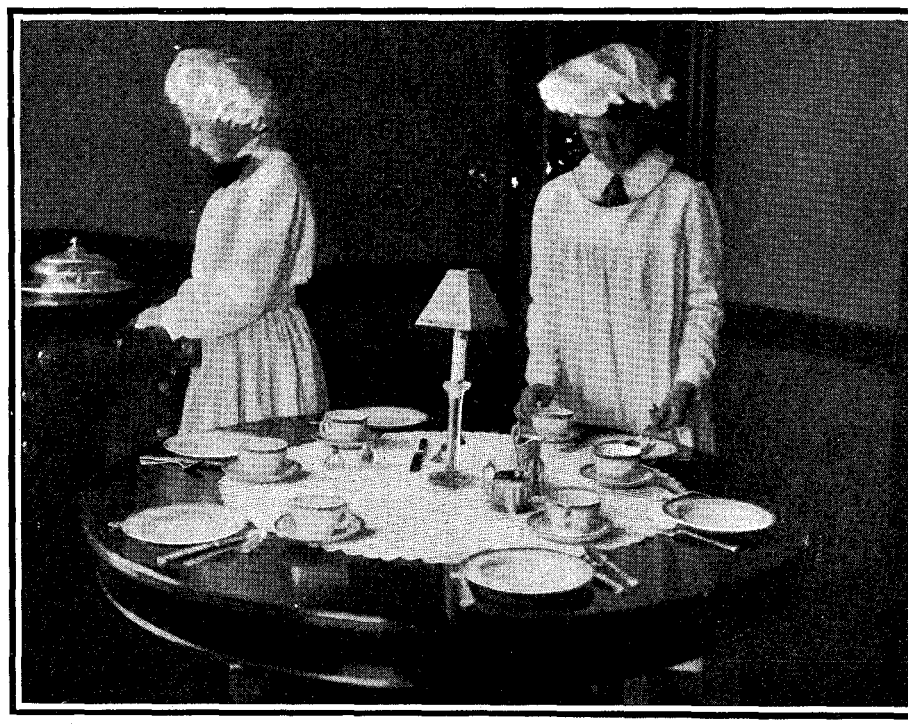
Plymouth of the Pilgrims, already the seat of important industries that have brought Germans and Italians and Portuguese to commingle their blood with the Mayflower strain. Here harbor improvements will open the door of the historic town upon the main current of canal commerce flowing past, and an accelerated development is promised.

There are brand-new cities even in New England. Early in the nineteenth century Lowell and Lawrence, in Massachusetts, and Manchester, in New Hampshire, were born of great water powers on the Merrimac. So at the beginning of the twentieth century other New England cities are springing up out of the wilderness for like reasons. In Maine we have Rumford Falls on the Androscoggin, Millinocket on the Penobscot East Branch, and Woodland on the St. Croix; in New Hampshire, Berlin on the Androscoggin. These are for paper-making, but they no longer waste the woods to feed their huge digesters. Under modern forestry principles hundreds of thousands of acres of spruce lands are carefully tended to assure crops in perpetuity.



A LESSON IN TABLE-SETTING

In all these things development means more development: more population, more crops, more transportation, more power, more manufacturing. On the Blackstone, the very stream where the first textile mills in America were built, where the mill-dams descend like steps all the way from Worcester to the sea, engineers are planning to impound the storm waters in great reservoirs, and thus double the amount of available horse-power. New England's immense water-power energy, under the possibilities of electric transmission, is only at the beginning of its development. Near Brattleboro a great dam has transformed that part of the Connecticut into a beautiful lake—a new attraction for the summer residents—and the electricity there generated is transmitted to cities as far away as Worcester and Fitchburg. In such ways New England's "water-fuel" lies at command on all sides awaiting the new uses that range from the working of spindles to the running of railways.

Various potent factors are now at work, each along its own lines, to realize this renascence of New England. Boston's

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big Chamber of Commerce has taken a deep interest in the agricultural as well as in the manufacturing possibilities of the section. A great New England fruit show was held in Boston last fall. This year a great corn show at Worcester will demonstrate what New England can do in that line.

New educational methods are promoting industrial efficiency. Vocational training is coming to the front. Boston has a High School of Commerce for boys; a School of Practical Arts trains girls to become either good housewives or to earn their own living with better effectiveness. Public continuation schools are training boys to proficiency in special trades; they study part of the day, while the rest of the time they work for wages in factory or shop near by. In rural centers agricultural high schools train both boys and girls for farm life. Their studies are shaped to these ends, and manual training largely takes the form of practical work in model farms and gardens. The capable boy, alert, energetic, enterprising, wants to make the best of himself; he aims to get on in the world. In the agricultural high school his attention is focused upon the circumstances of his daily life; they are made interesting, the why and wherefore of things is explained and made fascinating; their practical possibilities are shown. If the boy lives in the Connecticut Valley, he sees that Poles have bought up farms and are making good money. He believes that with his trained intelligence he could make more money than they do, for he learns many new wrinkles that his good father had no idea of. He starts in at home along the lines of the new knowledge, so far as he can, while he is still at school. So the city cry, "Back to the land!" is reinforced in the country by new incentives to "stay on the land."

The Massachusetts State College of Agriculture at Amherst is taking a new lead in developing the possibilities of a soil whose reputation for sterility is altogether without justification. New England's soil is no more barren than that of Old England is, or that of Germany.

Under President Butterfield—one of President Roosevelt's most admirable selections for his Country Life Commission—the college is beginning to do for Massachusetts what Mr. Lincoln Steffens and other writers have been telling us the great State University at Madison is doing for Wisconsin: taking the college to the people and also taking the people to college. By lectures and practical demonstrations in various parts of the State the college carries itself to the people, and by offering special opportunities it brings the people to college. "Farmers' Week," held at Amherst in the middle of March, has already become an invaluable institution. On the latest occasion more than five hundred men and women from all parts of the State came together in the beautiful old town.

This year the College and the State's Department of Forestry have co-operated in two remarkable "better farming specials," instituted by railway enterprise. Under Professor F. W. Rane the work of the Forestry Department has in various ways become of great value to the general public. The car devoted to forestry in the "Better Farming" specials proved an important feature for a part of the world so predominatingly wooded. Its exhibits were instructive not only for the community at large but for the railways themselves. To the latter it was brought home how to a great extent they might either grow their own ties or in some practical way encourage the growing of them close to their own lines. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company, for instance, spends over eleven hundred thousand dollars a year in ties for its primary system alone. One of these specials was run by the New York Central over its Boston and Albany lines. The second had a peculiar interest as the first enterprise of the sort instituted by a trolley company. The street-railway lines of the third largest system in Massachusetts serve populous communities through the length and breadth of the State. Connecting cities and large towns all the way from North Adams and Pittsfield to Great Barrington, and from Springfield and Worcester to Attleboro and Fitchburg, they also run through long stretches of rural and sylvan territory. The management, alive to the value of developing this rural territory, had done much in that direction by instituting a remarkably low-priced trolley express service and making it worth while

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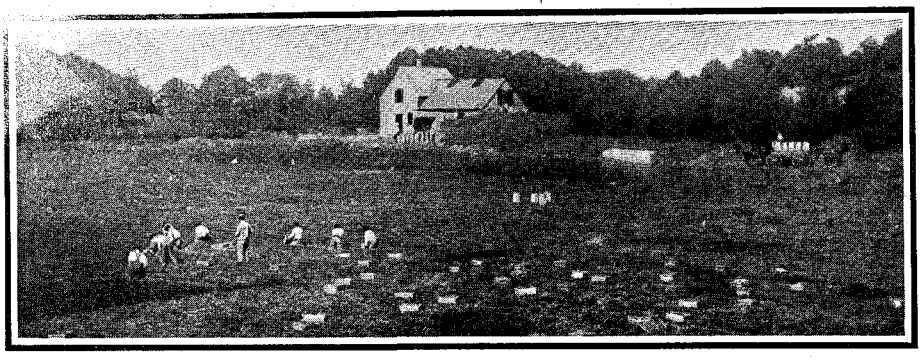
BEL D. MAKEPEACE, THE "CRANBERRY KING"



CRANBERRY-GATHERING ON CAPE COD

for the country population to do things that they could not have afforded to undertake without cheap transportation facilities—such as dairy farming, sending milk to the cities, cutting timber and producing lumber.

The possibilities of more systematic rural development were first indicated by an experience in a little mountain community in the Berkshires. At Huntington the trolley line came to an end in a valley where the farmers had always raised apples in the old happy-go-lucky fashion. It had cost too much to get the apples to market. The trolley line management made a start by sending an expert to give the farmers some simple instructions in harvesting and in improving their trees. The company then carried in barrels for the farmer at cost of transportation. The first year five hundred barrels of apples were taken out of that valley. The next year the number had increased to fifteen hundred. The third year there were three thousand barrels, a gain of six hundred per cent in two years.

The management next consulted the College of Agriculture. President Butterfield saw how the influence of the college might be extended by co-operation with the railways. A working programme was arranged, with the first "Better Farming" trolley special in the country as one feature. It was composed of four large cars, each devoted to instructive exhibits for the demonstration of better farming possibilities. Lectures by professors from the College of Agriculture were given at various villages along the

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route. A striking juxtaposition of the old and the new in spirit and institutions was presented when this train had been drawn up in front of the meeting-house, the town hall, and the public library on the village green of Brimfield, a quaintly typical Massachusetts hill town.

Another feature was the establishment of three model farms of ten acres each at suitable points on the trolley system. These are intended to demonstrate the possibilities of improved methods, and are located where they can best serve the regions that will profit by them. A number of properties had been offered for the purpose by their owners. Given wholly into the charge of the College of Agriculture, they will be planted with a diversity of crops best adapted to the local conditions. After cultivation for a given term of years they will be returned to their owners, highly developed and correspondingly valuable.

A similar course has been taken with the Faunce farm at Sandwich, on Cape Cod. The village physician at Sandwich had felt that a lasting benefit for the people to whom he had devoted a life of faithful service would come from practical instruction how to make the most of the land on which they lived. He held that nothing would better assure permanent prosperity for the community. So he left to the town his homestead with a small greenhouse, seven acres of improved land, 150 to 200 acres of unimproved land, and a fund of from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars—the whole left in trust to be used to benefit the people agriculturally or in industrial pursuits adapted to local conditions. The trustees took counsel with the College of Agriculture. An advisory committee from the faculty was given charge. An expert farmer was selected to manage the place. Small fruits and vegetables will be grown, there will be a model poultry plant, and the entire estate will be gradually developed by the most approved methods but in ways never beyond the means of any person who might desire to profit by the examples set. School-children are encouraged to come to the expert in charge for instruction in work that they can do at home. With their interest thus aroused they will naturally see opportunities for profitable occupation on their native soil.

All Cape Cod will benefit from the work here done. The "sandy peninsula" is far from the barren place it is reputed to be. Cranberry-raising has made it one of the most productive of regions. The development of this industry in the course of a half-century from the harvesting of a wild native berry to a highly specialized branch of horticulture, wholly by local skill and intelligence, makes one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of intensive cultivation. And speaking of horticulture reminds us of how deeply the world is indebted to New England for the development of many of the best and

A HALF-ACRE STRAWBERRY PATCH

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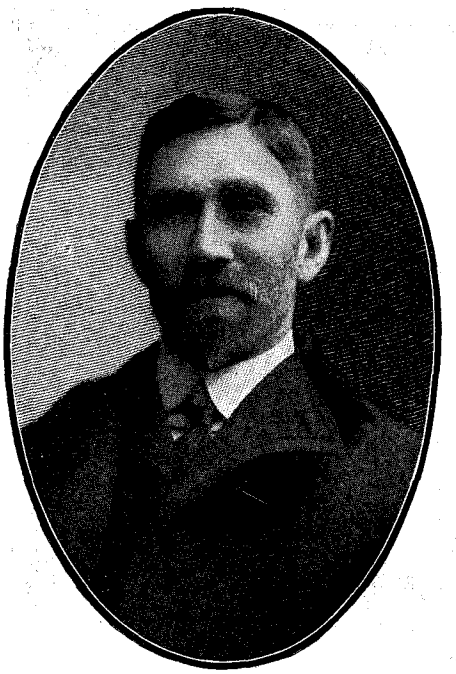

A. J. BLAISDELL, THE "APPLE KING"

most popular varieties of apples, pears, grapes, and strawberries that America has produced.

Cranberries by no means exhaust Cape Cod's possibilities. Two generations since the Cape grew all the corn its people consumed, and its crops were large. A fish or two in each hill did the business. To-day Cape Cod offers one of the best fields in the country for profitable farming. It is a great pleasure-ground; the summer residents, half famished for fresh vegetables, are willing to pay any prices in reason to be well served. Back from the shore are acres upon acres of cheap vacant land, ready for cultivation, with abundant water for irrigation not far from the surface.

The great West can hardly offer an instance of better success in farming than Cape Cod does in the person of Mr. Abel D. Makepeace. Fifty years ago young Makepeace was the village harness-maker at Hyannis. His well-made harnesses lasted so long on the few horses that braved the sandy roads of that day (to-day Cape Cod has hundreds of miles of the best stone roads, built by the State and the towns) that his trade left him no little leisure. So he took to farming "on the side." It was his nature to do everything well, and he soon developed a farm that for fertility and productivity would be a model anywhere. He turned to cranberries, and became the "Cranberry King" of the United States, the leading grower of the fruit in America, and the head of large companies for its cultivation, both on Cape Cod and in other parts of the country. Mr. Makepeace holds the record for reclaiming more acreage of comparatively worthless lands for a special line of fruit-growing than any other person in the United States.

Instances of equal success in various fields of New England agriculture are practically innumerable. There is Mr. J. H. Hale, of Glastonbury, in Connecticut, the most famous peach-grower in the country; his results from big orchards there led him to organize the greatest peach undertaking in the world at Fort Valley in Georgia. On this side of the Atlantic nothing else compares in flavor with the best New England peaches. And the peach belt runs well up into southern New Hampshire, with a late market that commands the cream of prices—a circumstance appreciated by an enterprising grower who bought a deserted farm at Wilton, New Hampshire, and shipped

J. H. HALE, THE "PEACH KING"

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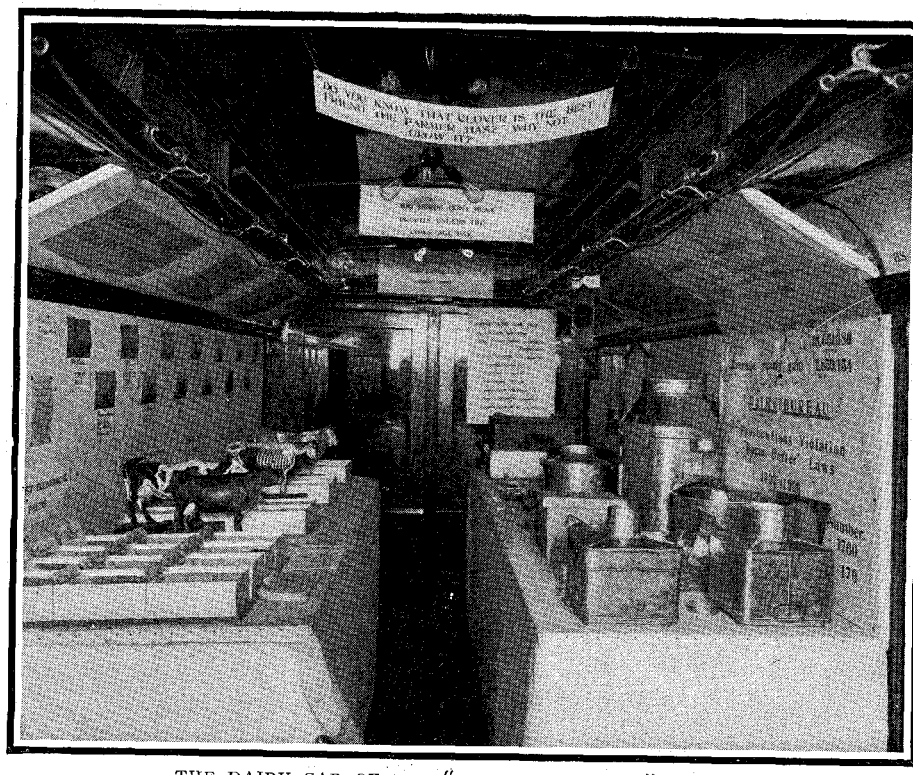
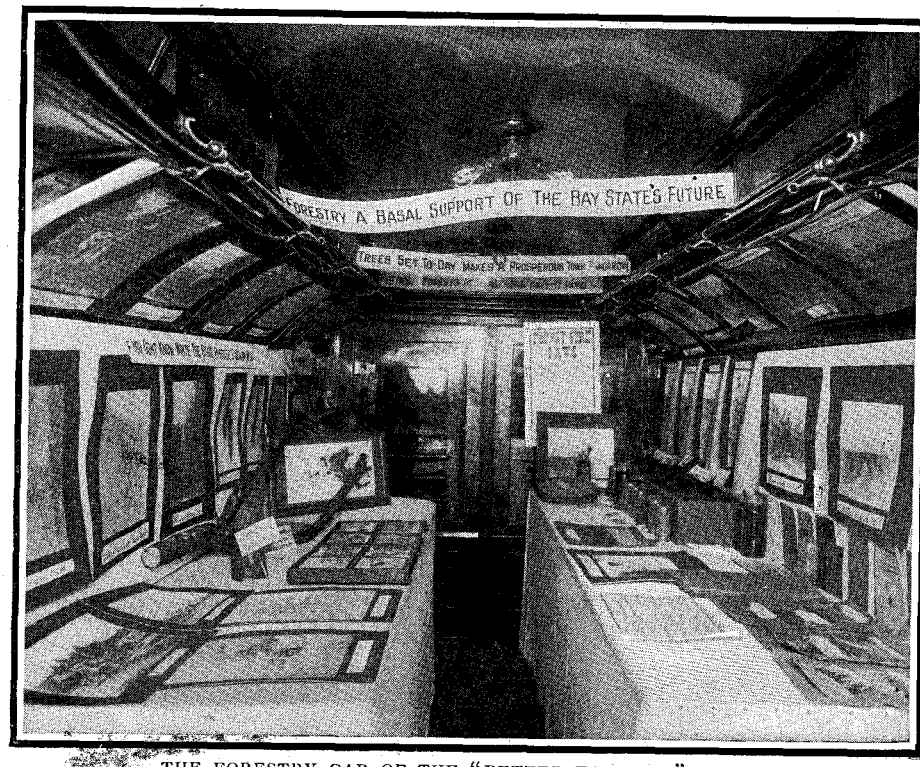


THE DAIRY CAR OF THE "BETTER FARMING" SPECIAL



THE FORESTRY CAR OF THE "BETTER FARMING" SPECIAL

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10,000 baskets of prime fruit his first productive year.

The railway companies are beginning to appreciate the importance of systematically promoting a knowledge of the manufacturing and agricultural resources of New England and the opportunities for taking advantage of them. In thus encouraging new enterprises and increased activity the railways profit by new business and share in the increased prosperity. The activities of the land and industrial departments of the Southern railway systems have promoted diversified industries and attracted new capital amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars added to the productive wealth of the Southern States in the past decade. In the West and South the Industrial Department of the Illinois Central alone was the means of locating 281 new industries, with 12,967 employees and a capitalization of $17,140,700, along the company's lines in one year. Productive and prosperous though New England already is, there are opportunities for equally gratifying returns from corresponding activities. New England's new railway development will, in efficiency, be commensurate with her industrial possibilities. It is in northern New England that there has been the greatest lack of commensurate development. As an example of the great opportunities there we have the increase of the potato crop of Maine from 6,514,235 bushels in 1899 to 29,250,000 bushels ten years later. Maine might easily be made to supply the entire United States with potatoes. Adequate railway facilities are now assured. The unified system that now serves nearly all New England has started its campaign of industrial promotion on its subsidiary lines in the north—the Boston and Maine and the Maine Central. A capital idea in demonstration activities is the model orchard on the fair grounds at White River Junction. Here, by request of the Vermont State Fair Association, the Boston and Maine s Industrial Department has planted an acre in apples and will maintain it as a yearly object-lesson in care and development, harvesting, and marketing. Near at hand a small railway company, the White River, is encouraging potato cultivation along its line by offering attractive prizes for the best results.

KENYON L. BUTTERFIELD
President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College

From all over the country people write that they are considering settlement in New England, attracted not only by prospects of advantageous industrial openings but by social benefits and facilities like public libraries, good roads, and urban centers never far away. These inquiries come not only to the railway offices, but to institutions like the Massachusetts College of Agriculture and the Boston Chamber of Commerce. These inquiries largely relate to the apple. Even from the "wonder orchard" irrigated regions of Oregon and Washington practical growers inquire for available land; from what they have heard they feel that New England has superior inducements to offer in their specialty. Again, large real estate operators inquire for tracts of suitable wild land to be improved for orchards and disposed of in parcels.

So there is something like a boom on in New England apple-growing. This interest chiefly dates from the Boston fruit show and the year of discussion that preceded it—discussion derived from the practical experiences of progressive men in advanced methods. The apple has long been the second staple in New

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England agriculture, ranking next to hay. It has been grown, as a rule, with deliberate neglect; no cultivation and little care. Trees have been left to grow as they might. Except for planting, apples have practically been a wild crop, like blueberries. Kindly nature shows how suited are climate and soil for apple-growing when such results have been obtained on a purely go-as-you-please basis. New England apple men woke up and took notice when they learned what scientific cultivation and business methods with thorough organization were doing in the irrigated regions of the Northwest. They applied the lesson to domestic conditions, and found that equal pains produced equally favorable results. Moreover, they saw the immense advantage they had in the strategic position of New England: immediate neighborhood to the greatest and best domestic markets; the seaboard close at hand for the big export demand. Where it cost the Northwest from $200 to $300 a carload to market its fruit, the transportation charge for them was not over $30 a carload. Everybody began to talk apples, and there was an uncommon tendency to translate talk into action. Even consumption increased; in their hues of ruby and amber the handsome pyramids on the fruit-stands acquired a new fascination for eye and palate. Good judges say that New England's "orchard population," so to speak, was increased by some millions of new trees this year. Whatever the number was, it would have been many times multiplied had it not been for the apple-tree famine which an unlooked-for demand caused at the nurseries. Men who began with ordering by the hundred had to come down to buying by the dozen.

Two or three years ago the possessor of an orchard of several hundred neglected trees proposed to cut them down, but was advised to consult a "tree doctor." He was informed that it would pay to have them treated. A figure was given. The cost seemed too great, but finally a bargain was made whereby the expert was to put the trees in good condition and take the crop in payment for the next three years. The first year's crop not only sold for enough to have met the cash payment originally asked, but it netted a very considerable sum in addition. The thought of the two crops yet to go to the other man made the owner wish he had paid cash.

In 1889 Mr. A. L. Blaisdell, a manufacturer in Houlton, Maine, bought a deserted farm in Winterport for $1,600. He devoted it chiefly to apples. In 1909 it was paying 5 per cent interest on $60,000. The owner estimates that in five years more his profits will amount to the same rate on $300,000.

Throughout New England luxurious country seats are becoming as typical of the landscape as are the homes of the gentry in the mother country. Extensive apple orchards are valuable adjuncts for many of these estates, and the income goes no little way towards offsetting the cost of maintenance. On a certain Essex County place a Boston business man has gone into apples in a way that ranks the undertaking as a great business enterprise. A single place with something like fifty thousand apple trees not only cuts a large figure for Massachusetts; even in the great West it would mean "going some."

The apple has recurred from time to time throughout this article with the persistence of a *leitmotif* in a Wagner opera. Countless is the posterity of the seedling that the famous engineer Colonel Loami Baldwin found growing wild on his place in Woburn. That and other standard varieties went out from New England as bread cast upon the waters. Now, after many days, they return themselves in ways which suggest that for the land of our title a fitting symbol to go with the traditional pine tree would be "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

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A TALK ABOUT THE THEATER

BY J FORBES-ROBERTSON

I HAVE seen some remarkable changes in the drama and its representation in the past thirty-five years. There has been a gradual development, a gradual improvement. By degrees writers have learned that the general public seeks something more than a love story, a sensational episode, something more than merely a story of incident, of adventure. There was a time, some fifteen years ago, when there were signs of a great revival of the romantic drama, but it never really came to anything. It appeared only in very feeble guise, and the romantic drama never developed.

The man who has had an extraordinary influence upon playwrights has been Ibsen; and the curious thing about that—I do not think any one will deny it—the curious thing about it is that writers have not been inspired to emulate him because of his financial success. I think it would be no exaggeration to say that there was never any money made by Ibsen's plays; not in England, at all events. So that the mere financial impetus was not there. It was rather the feeling that this man had something to say and was saying it in a very wonderful and direct manner. Ibsen's plays had enormous influence in spite of the fact that very few went to see them. The great public never went. It is true he touched on morbid subjects; sometimes, to my mind, subjects quite outside the pale of the drama; he dealt with troublesome questions—social questions of all kinds; and, as I see it, they made a deep impression upon the dramatists. They said, "Here is an outlet for our ideas, here we can exploit our opinions and convictions." Shaw was one of them. He looks upon the stage as a vehicle to propound his views and hammer them into society, and so with Sir William Pinero. Not that either of these men was in any sense an imitator, but they came under Ibsen's influence in the same way as did Verdi under Wagner.

The recent tendency to introduce symbolism into plays and to give them a spiritual aspect has gained much ground of late. Perhaps dramatists might not be willing to admit it, but I think the production of "Everyman," that old morality play, was their inspiration. Mrs. Burnett's "The Dawn of a To-morrow," "The Servant in the House," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," would seem to be cases in point. I remember being at the first performance of "Everyman." It was given in an open quadrangle in my old school, Charterhouse—a quadrangle of the time of Henry VII. There was an interesting audience of about three hundred people. The play made a very deep impression, and a lasting one. It was simply done; in the kind of way in which plays were given in the courtyards of inns. It may be that dramatists have said, "Why should not the same sort of motive be displayed in a modern play?" So there has been a strong tendency in the direction of the spiritual play ever since that morality play was given, and they certainly have made an appeal; they have been successful; people have responded to them; and it matters very little what the literary merits of these efforts may be, good, bad, or indifferent. Some are good, some are indifferent. Still they have that element which makes its appeal to the people. The people have answered, and it is interesting and delightful to behold. Take the

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case of Mr. Jerome's play, for instance, and "The Servant in the House." They are not definitely similar, yet there is in both a certain leaning in the same direction. I think they are very fine efforts. I do not insist that "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is a great play; but Jerome had a sort of inspiration—a sort of genius, one might say—for exploiting this spiritual element, and he has done it with great sincerity.

This tendency to deal with spiritual matters in plays is curious and interesting, and it certainly is very definite. It is obvious that it is very helpful; it is drawing to the theater the sort of person who never dreamed of going to the play before. There is still, by the way, some of the old prejudice against the theater. It is dying hard; sometimes I come across it; some narrow-minded person occasionally makes a declaration against the play and the players, but it does not amount to anything. There will always be people who will make ridiculous, sweeping statements about a thing of which they know nothing. It is the old story, prejudice and ignorance. Not long ago an old man in England, a prominent Churchman, made some foolish statement which showed that he was entirely ignorant of the real state of affairs. It turned out that he had never been to a theater in his life. On that occasion I took up the sticks in defense, but as a rule silence is better. Traces of the old prejudice still linger in a feeble sort of way here and there, not to amount to anything, however. The great majority of Churchmen know the value and the power of the stage.

We read a good deal about the decadence of the drama. I have seen the most amazing improvement, the most amazing advance, in everything in connection with the stage. I am not prepared to say that we have, just at this time, great individual interpreters—two or three pinnacles, so to speak, who stand out above all others, as there were five-and-thirty years ago; but the general level of all theatrical work is far higher. Everything connected with the stage is on a higher plane now; things have to be better done, actors have to be better equipped. The support of the leading character or characters (that is, the minor parts) is far better. Every attention is given to details, infinite pains are taken. Such attention to detail is now being given in London and New York as has been given, of course, for generations in Paris, where they reached an advanced state in regard to the drama long before any of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. And so, while we have not now a group of exceptionally gifted actors, as was the case when I was a very young man (but they will come again), the general average is far higher. Acting and the drama have risen with the other arts out of a hopeless time into a better. Take the early Victorian period, for instance, and see the advance of the arts. How universally is good music appreciated to-day! When I was a boy, you could hear hardly any great music. In painting the general standard is far higher than it was in the sixties. In sculpture you find the same thing. The sculpture of fifty or sixty years ago won't compare with the sculpture of modern days—with the French work, the work of your own great Saint-Gaudens, and of two or three men in England. It is idle to say that the decadence of the drama is shown by the enormous popularity of the music hall entertainment and the musical comedies, for these things have nothing at all to do with the question. Musical comedy is not the drama. And why should not musical comedy have its appeal? Here is a light entertainment; the people can go in, smoke, spend half an hour or so and hear or see something more or less funny, and then come out and go into another similar place. This form of entertainment has nothing to do with drama. It is as far removed from drama as chalk is from cheese. There will always be a great number of people who will go to that sort of entertainment. It appeals to them, just as I suppose a flaring chromo would appeal to a person without culture more than a Botticelli. It is folly to say that the drama is declining because the circuses and music halls are more numerous and better frequented than the playhouses.

Those who think that the art of acting has degenerated think it due to the disappearance of the old stock company. I recall the stock company time. It was a rough and tumble school, little cultivation, little education. What sort of education was

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MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK"

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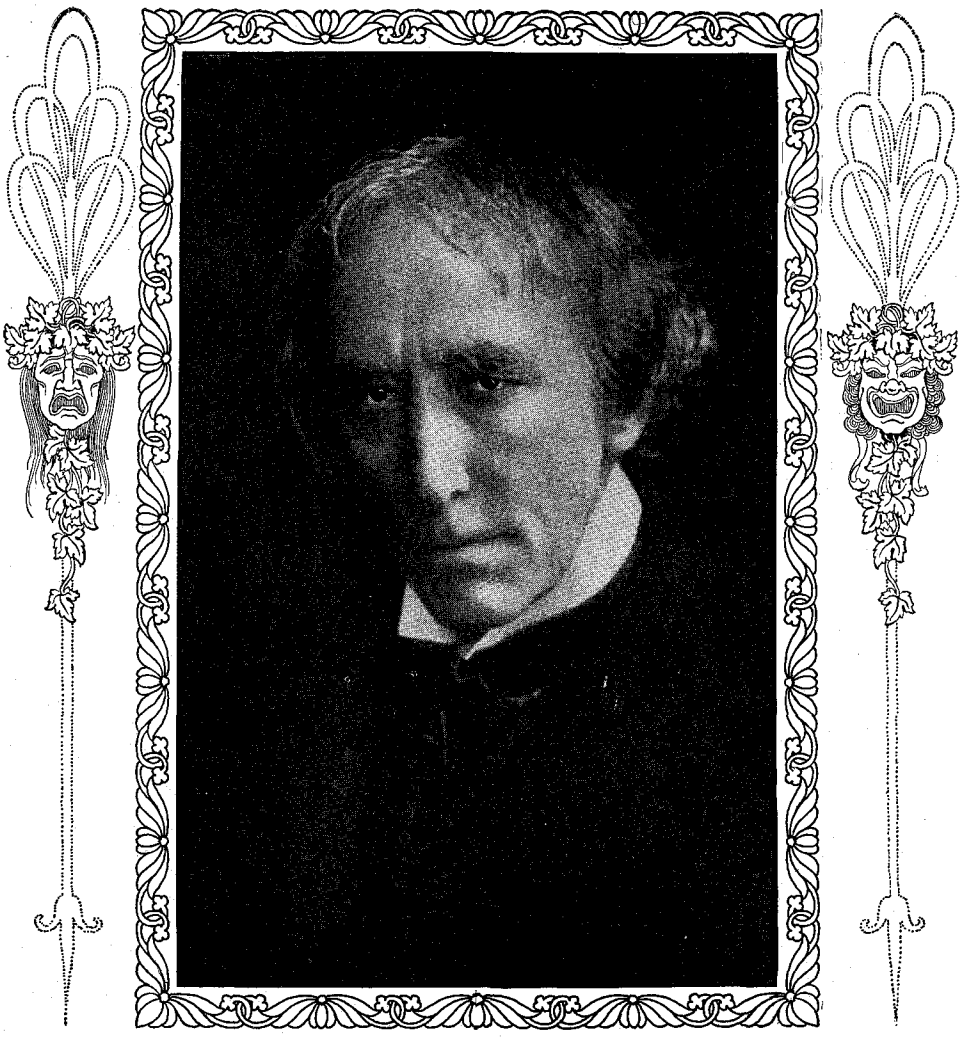

SIR HENRY IRVING

it for me, for instance, to play five or six parts in a week? It was a mere floundering about; committing to memory a quantity of words as best I could and doing the parts in a haphazard fashion; it was a very doubtful advantage. Of course the long runs that we have now have their detrimental side; but the long run is necessitated by the conditions as they exist to-day. The cost of productions is so great, service of all kinds is so high, that unless a manager gets a long run out of a play he cannot go on. He must have a run of a few months or he will have to give up. The long run is bad for the completing of a versatile actor because he can get hold of very few parts, but there are many ways in these days in which an actor, if he or she chooses, and is in earnest about the art, can get tuition and preparation for the stage. There are still several good stock companies that play a variety of plays at reasonable intervals. There are schools and societies. And so, while there may be certain disadvantages under the existing order of things, there are also compensations.

People are realizing the value of the drama, and how necessary it is to foster it. All arts need fostering and assisting. You have made a splendid beginning in this respect in New York. You have built that magnificent temple, the New Theater. It is a young child; it's going to have the

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ADELAIDE RISTORI

measles and the whooping-cough, but that doesn't matter. I believe the thing is going to succeed, and we in London hope soon to follow your example by the foundation of a National Shakespeare Memorial Theater.

When I first went on the stage, actors were recruited from a very different class than is the case to-day. Educated men and women now take up acting as a calling, and everything is done on a different basis. If I could place before an audience a play as it was done years ago, and as done to-day, presenting it in quick succession—1870–1910—they would not believe their eyes. There were many crude, even ridiculous things done by actors in former times that could never happen now. There were some great figures, however—wonderful figures—that were dominant on the stage when I was a boy, in London, and pre-eminently in Paris. I am thinking now of Ristori; people like Aimée Desclée, whose name does not mean anything now, but who was the greatest tragedienne in modern drama that I ever saw; Salvini; and my master, Samuel Phelps, who was linked to a great line. He had supported Macready, and it was acknowledged that when Macready retired from the stage in the height of his career his mantle fell on the shoulders of Phelps. Later came Modjeska, a noble woman as well as a great actress. I was

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THE NEW THEATER FOYER

with Modjeska for some time. It seems to me that nobody could play certain parts as she played them. Her histrionic position was in some respects unique. She made a most extraordinarily deep impression in London in the '80s. She was a great interpreter, and had a rare individuality apart from her acting. She possessed the most extraordinary power of application, and was devoted to her calling, and can be compared only to Duse. With Irving, too, I was associated. I was never a member of his company, but I joined him on three special occasions for certain parts. He was a remarkable figure, and he came, as it were, at a psychological moment. The public was ready; he had no rivals, no opponents; and, moreover, he had the welfare of his calling greatly at heart. He, too, had an individuality bound to succeed. It so happened that he followed the groove that led to the stage, but he would have been a success had he followed almost any groove. For instance, he would have made a great diplomatist or a great Churchman. I found my association with him delightful, and I loved the man.

The great stars of the stage (and of other arts as well) shine periodically. They come in waves, so to speak. The Comédie Française, for instance, in the days when Coquelin first joined them, had a very remarkable company. I cannot say that we have to-day any such brilliant group. But others as great will come. The tide will flow again. The pioneers in the field did good work—ambitious work—and have been the cause of all the improvement that has come. In my time were men like Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir John Hare, and Sir Henry Irving. To

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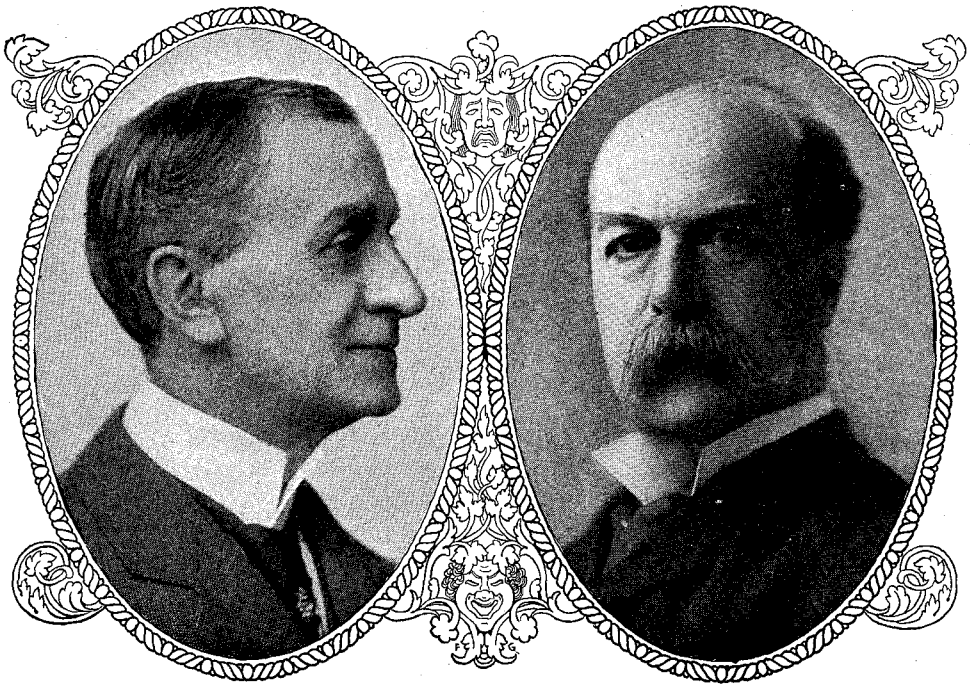
the actor-manager we owe everything. Squire Bancroft and his wife, the inimitable Marie Wilton, first started in a small obscure theater in London. They gave mainly the Robertson comedies; there was nothing else in the town like them. The old Haymarket Company was on its last legs; an excellent company still, but no longer what it had been. So the Bancrofts plowed the ground, so to speak, for a new movement. They drew about them all the finest young people in the calling, and fostered them. All the best men and women who "arrived" later passed through their hands—men like Charles Coghlan, who was rather before his time, women like Ellen Terry, and others. Coghlan did pioneer work, and probably was not appreciated as he should have been. But you always find that sort of thing. Pioneers are always before their time.

There is rather a new kind of play coming to the fore just at present—plays dealing with social subjects, political problems and situations, for instance, rather than personal problems; like Galsworthy's "Strife" and Sheldon's "The Nigger." But these things are not really new. You will find social and political questions of all kinds touched upon in the Elizabethan drama. The drama of protest has always existed. It is more to the fore at times when some outspoken dramatist, suffering under some wrong or impatient at some vulgarity of the day, flings it before the public in the form of drama. But it is always there. In "Hamlet," for instance, there is a very definite case in the reference to the child-players, which shows that Shakespeare must have been very sore on the subject. The same conditions have practically always existed. We talk a good deal about changes in different directions, and all that sort of thing, but fundamentally human nature is exactly the same as it was in the days of Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

The theater is a great educational force if rightly used, as all forms of art must be. Going to the theater can be overdone, like everything else, especially by the young. But the problem of the *jeune fille* and the drama should be solved by parents rather than by a censorship. There are many plays which have a lesson for the man or woman which might be extremely harmful to the young or immature; but it would be foolish to try to exclude from the stage all drama of moral conflict because of the possible harm to



SIR JOHN HARE TOMMASO SALVINI

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the young. In England we have a censorship of the drama; but what does it result in? Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," for instance, a perfectly moral play, and on a high plane, is put under the ban. This is disheartening, of course. It is refusing nourishment to a great art. I look forward to the time when the public will be trusted in England in these matters as it is in America. There always will be drama; there always will be acting. Acting is an instinct. There is not a child in the world who does not "make believe" from the age of a few months upward; it is the great joy of its life. The thing to do, it seems to me, is to foster and nourish the art; to put it and keep it on the highest possible plane.

I am sometimes asked whether audiences vary in their effect on me and on my acting. It seems to me, as I look back, that audiences in different countries are very much alike. They are moved by the same things. In the great fundamental matters I have found audiences in Germany, Scotland, England, Ireland, Canada, America (the countries where I have played) much the same. And I have watched audiences in France and Italy; there is very little difference between them. Perhaps on certain nights they will be more demonstrative than on other nights, and one may feel himself more *en rapport* with his hearers one night than another. Perhaps they make more uproar in London when they are pleased, and they make a great deal of noise also when they are displeased. My impression is that what is known as "booing" when a play does not please is dying out in England. It was very bad at one time. Here in this country I gather that they do what saves a lot of friction: if they do not like the play, they simply walk out.

Most actors have some special part they would rather play than any other. If I wanted to do my best—make an impression, so to speak—I should elect to play Hamlet; and I think the secret of its success and popular appeal, apart from the interest of the story—and the story moves with extraordinary rapidity—lies in the fact that every thoughtful man or woman has just a little of Hamlet in his or her composition. He reflects their own conscience; they have a personal feeling for Hamlet's point of view, Hamlet's fear, Hamlet's tentativeness, Hamlet's ambitions. You will always find a little of Hamlet in any person who thinks at all. Hamlet is a part that taxes one terribly. It is a hard day's work. I can never do anything else when playing Hamlet.

Perhaps the dominating characteristic of my impersonation of Hamlet is that I play him as though he were absolutely sane. That is what I try to convey to my audiences, that he is perfectly sane, but of a highly strung, nervous temperament. He is, too, a procrastinator. He postpones action from time to time for good reasons, and I think his procrastination is perfectly natural. He tries to find out, he ponders, he hesitates. "This is not the moment," he thinks, and then suddenly the moment arrives, as it so often does, when we are forced to do the thing we have long had in our minds. He wants the truth; he is thwarted by being sent here and there, until at last the great moment arrives, almost by accident. But enough of this. I very much doubt if it is an actor's business to talk about "the this or the that" of the part he interprets. His duty is just to play it.

What I should like to do now would be to play repertoire—"Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Othello;" I am also very fond of Kipling's "The Light that Failed." But I cannot touch them at present. I have twelve plays lying in my rooms in London, and of course it would be much more interesting to change about and play different rôles, but one must not fly in the face of Fortune by exchanging a certain success for a venture. When one keeps repeating a play, the very monotony of it becomes an ordeal. One must guard against becoming stereotyped; one must keep the part fresh and vital, and speak the lines every night as if speaking them for the first time. This in itself is an ordeal, and becomes an effort, even though the part may not impose much physical or mental strain. I have been playing "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" for eighteen months, and I shall take it to Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and other cities, where audiences have practically been created for this play from the fact of its New

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HELENA MODJESKA

York run. And yet these great cities have their own view, too. They are independent, and it is an interesting thing to watch. Even in England they are depending less and less on the great metropolis. Indeed, there are certain things that have been done in places like Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool; the like of which did not exist in London. For instance, many years ago in Manchester they had classical music played by a fine orchestra when there was nothing of the kind in London. They had in Manchester a theater producing Shakespeare; no such theater was in London at the time. These things have their influence. They all help to nourish and to perfect art outside the great centers; they all work toward the millennium of a trained, intelligent public ready to receive the best we may have to offer them.

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The Dead Hunter

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi

All through the Summer days I tranquil lay,
  Filled to the lips with utter peace and rest—
The warm, sweet, slumberous breezes did not stir
  The stark hands folded weary on my breast;
All through the Summer nights I loved to dream
  While moonbeams wove a ghost-lore on my grass,
Nor longed for dawn nor any restless change,
  Nor that this trance of Summer death should pass.

But now the Autumn stands with lifted horn
  To call the hunter and the wild things all,
My satin ceiling cramps me—I would forth,
  Were there a door set in my narrow wall.
O Nature, free this prisoned child of thine!
  Rest irksome grows and heaven is too far!
Bid me come back to wander in the rain,
  Or shine at nightfall in the first faint star!

Call me to mingle with the valley mists
  That cling about the hills when harvest wanes,
Or lie in sunshine 'neath old cottage eaves,
  Or shine in cresting corn-fields on the plains!
Let me sing seaward in the rising streams,
  Fumble my wonted latch in wistful wind—
Let me arise in color's leaping flame,
  Or brief renewal in the gentian find!

Help me elude this guarding monument
  That prates my peace in eulogistic strain;—
When Autumn sounds her scarlet reveille,
  The hunter's heart harks back to earth again!

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Some Old-Time Beggars

By Hamilton W. Mabie

Illustrated with Old Engravings

THE lover of the beautiful in Italy, like all other pilgrims, must bear the penalties of his quest; in one form or another he pays the price which always goes with the privilege. He does not wear pebbles in his shoes nor a hair shirt next his skin; he fares excellently well by the way, and is served, not grudgingly by an untrained but wholly emancipated Hibernian who expects to be an alderman, but by an Italian whose function it is to smile as well as to wait. The railways are a great and sore hindrance to joy, and give occasion at short intervals for the remark of the irate American, that when the Lord got tired he made the Italians. It is hard to take any real interest in State ownership while one is struggling with baggage and tickets in an Italian railway station, or trying to find places on an Italian train, or spending three hours on a twenty-mile journey.

The burdens of travel are assumed, however, only at intervals; there are other and more intimate sources of discomfort. One of these is not to be mentioned even in the most impolite society. Another is the small boy in the small town to which the traveler goes for a fresco, a picture, an old church, or a view. In the narrow streets or little squares the small boy swarms like the mosquito, and is as persistent in his attacks. He is often of a fascinating beauty; clear-cut features, olive complexion, eyes of a starry brightness, wonderful mobility of feature.

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He is a born actor, with that genius for expression which goes far to explain the art of Italy. He divines what you want to find and has taken possession of you before you are aware that you need a guide; he knows all about the picture for which you are searching, and is as fluent as the professional gentlemen who wait at the doors of the churches and galleries. He turns handsprings for you on the way to your goal, and the other boys emerge from the little streets and join you until you become a large party personally conducted through a deeply interested village. The little rascals are swift to note your moods; if you are unsympathetic, they are devastated by despair; if you are appreciative, they draw the *lira* out of your pocket with an irresistible smile.

There are also the guides, licensed and unlicensed, well informed and densely ignorant. Guides are often indispensable and admirably equipped to fill in the historic background as well as to give order

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and meaning to the apparently unrelated objects which surround you; but the guides who besiege you at every turn are an intolerable nuisance. They invade your privacy when you want to be alone with beautiful outlooks or works of art in whose presence their glib and shallow tale is a profanation. They are often mines of misinformation, more ignorant of the value and quality of the things they describe than the victims who have fallen into their hands. In galleries one often hears them discoursing at great length before some panoramic picture of no importance, while the little masterpiece that hangs next and is of inimitable beauty is passed in silence.

The guide and the small boy who waylays the pilgrim in the little town are products of the latest barbarian invasion which has swept over Italy during the last half-century and, instead of despoiling, is enriching the country. They are the rank growths of a soil over-fertilized, so

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to speak. The beggar, on the other hand, is a native product as truly as the olive and the orange. He has been a familiar and characteristic figure for many centuries, and his profession long ago attained the dignity of an art. Side by side with architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, mendicancy has risen, flourished, and is now, like the other arts, declining. The beggar still besets the traveler in every part of Italy, but the scene of his greatest histrionic triumphs is in the south. Naples is still a great school of beggary, and the highways and byways of the peninsula, of Capri and Sicily, are infested by him; but the profession has become commercialized; the beggar has lost the old artistic instinct in matters of dress and background; the unsophisticated kindness of the tourist has made him indifferent to those subtle touches of misery, those calculated effects of disease and dismemberment, that once made him a master of pathetic appeal. His un-

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trained audience has insensibly lowered his standards; he has become a crude realist who wears old clothes and holds out his hands.

A delightful story is told of Dupré, the sculptor, which illustrates the decline of the art. Looking out of his window in a hotel one bleak wintry morning in the good old times, Dupré saw an old beggar sitting barefooted on the stone steps below. His heart was moved with his compassion, and he began to search for a pair of shoes. He found two pairs, one of them new. "Do not give the new pair away; you will need them yourself," urged his prudent wife. "No," said the sculptor, "I shall find the old pair more comfortable. Moreover, if I am to give anything away, I am going to give the best I have." So he hurried downstairs and put the new shoes in the hands of the barefooted old man. The next morning the beggar sat on the steps as usual, and, as usual, his feet were bare. Dupré hurried down to him. "Where are the shoes I gave you? You are not wearing them," he said. "No," replied the old man; "I could not wear them, Excel-

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lency; if I did, nobody would give me anything. I have pawned them." There was the touch of the artist eager to sacrifice himself for the pure love of his art! To-day the beggar wears the shoes; the whole story of fallen greatness is told in these few words.

Let no one imagine, however, that beggary has disappeared and venture forth on any Italian road without a goodly supply of coppers in his pocket. In a country in which for centuries mendicancy was a form of religious discipline; in which ignorance, the mother of poverty, was nourished with zealous care; and in which, until recent years, economic conditions were tragically bitter, beggary dies hard. In some places it is seriously discouraged; in some places those who are unable, by reason of age, blindness, or other disability, to earn a living are licensed to beg, and the appeal of these unfortunates is rarely unheeded. One is often rewarded by a rare smile, sometimes by muttered thanks, at times by ominous silence. The blessings which once greeted the generous and the curses which once followed the obdurate are largely things of the past.

Many years ago the Spanish Steps in Rome were haunted by a beggar of great vigor of body but of no legs, who moved about on his hands and leather pads with the agility of a spider. A young American painter who afterwards attained eminence in his profession had occasion to use the Steps daily, and was continually importuned by the beggar. One morning, wearied with much asking of alms, the American spoke sharply and raised the ire of the legless man, who set out after him down the Steps with many and terrible curses. The sound of the pattering of the furious torso became uncanny, and the American ran faster, possessed with the idea that some monster was in chase. The beggar increased his pace, and dropped down the broad stairs with such incredible rapidity and fury that at the bottom the American incontinently took to his heels and fled. For years afterwards his nightmares were haunted by that uncouth, dreadful creature running without legs.

The striking studies of beggars in this article were made when the art was in its prime, and dirt, rags, disease, and deformity were studied and arranged with the nicest sense of histrionic values. Jacques Callot, the engraver, was born in Nancy in 1593, of a noble French family, and very early was consumed by a passion for designing and engraving. There were mountains in his way as formidable as the Alps which separate France from Italy, but he was a born climber. At the age of twelve he was eager to get to Italy in order to study the arts; but, entirely lacking the means to make the journey, which was long and expensive, he turned adventurer and made the voyage with a troupe of bohemians to whom he attached himself. On arriving in Florence he found a home with an officer of the Grand Duke, and soon made great progress in the study of designing. From Florence he went to Rome, where he was recognized by some merchants from Nancy, who promptly sent him home. The obstacles thrown in his path gave definiteness to his aim and vigor to his will, and he started again for Italy, only to be turned back at Turin by his brother. A third time he escaped, and was successful in reaching Rome, where he found employment and instruction with two engravers of distinction. In 1625, after a second residence in Florence, he returned to Nancy and married. Under the commission of Louis XIII he executed several important works. He died at the early age of forty-two, after a career of singular energy and fertility, the number of his works exceeding fifteen hundred. His earlier pieces especially were notable for their picturesque quality, freedom of manner, and spirit; "*plein de feu*," to quote M. Basan, who published a sketch of Callot late in the eighteenth century. The accompanying illustrations show the acuteness of his observation, the alertness of his hand, and the vitality of his manner. He divined the art of the *straccioni*, or ragged people, as the Italians called them, and has happily made a record of a once great profession now fallen upon evil days.

Florence, Italy.

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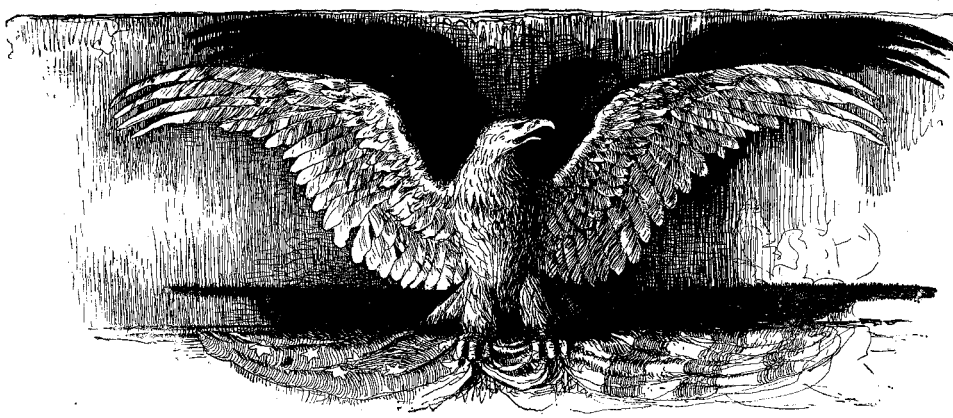

The Café of the Eagle

By Ernest Poole

With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

THEIR dreams of America were dead. Five years ago, from an old town in Bohemia, Anton, Jan, and August had come to New York. They had come with vague dreams of a land of wonderful chances. But a New York sweatshop, year by year, with machines that in rush seasons buzzed from before daylight until many hours after dark, had ground the life out of the dreams they had brought. And they had but one grim pleasure left. Each night, in Kusaky's Café of Two Worlds, a brand-new, glittering place, at the table by the window, they had supper together for twenty cents each, and then over Kusaky's bitter beer they smoked black cigarettes and "knocked." They called themselves "the knockers." Anton, thin and swarthy, could read the New York "Journal." He read it aloud, with a savage sneer, stopping to comment now and then. August, short and very fat, would join in with an angry cackle or snort; while Jan, a heavy-shouldered giant with a mass of yellow hair, would sit silent and attentive, gloomily nodding or shaking his head. Their hopes of a rise in life were gone. Their dreams of America were dead.

So they believed. But the spell of America is strong. And these were all young men.

One night August came into Kusaky's excitedly waving a letter.

"Read this!" he cried. "Fritzy is coming to New York! His old blind aunt is dead at last, and he has left Bohemia! In two weeks more he will be here!"

When Anton and Jan had read the letter, they chuckled in unholy glee. For back in their Bohemian town Fritzy was the editor and poet of the place. And he had dreams, this Fritzy—dreams of a great America, with boundless wealth and fresh ideals and an equal chance for every man. In a certain old café at home, down by the river, under an ancient bridge of stone, this dreamer had held forth at night. It was called the "Café of the Eagle." From one of its walls an enormous eagle, clumsily carved out of old gray wood, spread wide his wings and glared down into the little room as though fiercely impatient to fly away. And, telling them that this great bird was "the emblem of free America," Fritzy had drawn vivid pictures of what the American Eagle could see in his flight across his native land—California gold mines, mountains ribbed with silver, prairies dark with cattle, wheat-fields far as the eye could reach, railways, mighty rivers, cities with buildings high as the crag that overlooked their Bohemian town. When they

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had doubted what he said, he had proved it all with solid facts from a book a ship agent had given him—a thick red book with stars and stripes.

So Fritzy was to blame for their coming to New York.

"He got us into this," they chuckled. "Now we'll see how he likes it himself—this fine free eagle's country! We'll see what happens to his dreams!"

Their evening talks grew almost gay. Each night as Anton read from the paper the stories of graft and high-life scandals, murders, mine explosions, strikes, the bread line, and the unemployed, the worse this "eagle's country" looked, the livelier grew their anticipations of what would happen to Fritzy's dreams.

"We won't tell him," they decided, "how rotten his America is. We won't tell him about our sweatshop jobs. We'll just look on and see the fun."

So eager they were to see the fun that they became anxious lest he had changed.

But no. When at last he arrived and sat with them in Kusaky's Café, they found with delight that he was the same old Fritzy. He rumpled his black hair just as before, his eyes behind their glasses had their familiar twinkle, his mustache its dashing upward curl, and in his voice and his laugh you could feel the same old fires of youth. For on the long journey Fritzy had seen with his eyes the thing he had dreamed—the peoples of the earth all moving toward New York.

"It was like a great river of peoples," he said; "a river fed by a thousand brooks. When we left home, we were only eleven, but at Prague we were over a hundred. Then our train started off for the sea. Hungarians got on the train, and Slovaks, and Rumanians, Bulgarians, Italians, Greeks. At the ship we were over two thousand, and most of us young men! Off we started; the band struck up! And from Naples, from Paris, from Hamburg and London, more bands struck up, more crowded ships were starting! And here in New York those ships all met! In the crowd at Ellis Island you could see all the nations, hear all the tongues, and the voices were glad! The peoples are coming to America! They are coming while we are talking—on foot and on wagons, on trains and on ships, they are coming to-night from all over the world!"

Anton winked at August.

"How they will enjoy it!" he said. Fritzy was lighting a fresh cigarette.

"You remember the old Café of the Eagle?" he asked. "The one by the river, down under the bridge? Remember all the talks we had? Well, those talks are going on, sometimes half the night. The crowd is new. Fellows are there who were only little shavers when you left. But the talk is the same. Soon the whole crowd will be ready to come! Only the eagle will be left."

"Tell us what they say about America," said August. "I forget." He gave Jan a delighted nudge. But big Jan took no notice. As though slowly coming under some old familiar spell, he was looking intently at Fritzy.

Fritzy began to tell them. And as he talked a strange thing happened. In the minds of these three "knockers" New York and its hard realities little by little dropped away. Their memories went back five years; their questions lost their irony, became intense and eager. And the picture of the old café grew vivid in their minds. They could almost hear the murmur of the quiet stream below. The gray stone bridge loomed above. Inside the quaint three-cornered room the huge wooden eagle, "emblem of freedom," glared down from his place on the wall, his wings outspread, fiercely impatient to fly away. And they sat again at the big center-table, a dozen restless youngsters under the spell of America, with Fritzy leading them on.

Kusaky brought them back to life. It was nearly two o'clock, and he was closing his place for the night.

"Come on, you bums," he snapped. "Clear out!"

Anton, Jan, and August rose and looked about in a dazed sort of way at the brand-new, glittering room with its blue painted walls and its mirrors. In one of these mirrors Anton caught a glimpse of his face that made him start and scowl. He threw a quick glance at the others to see if they had noticed. But they had not. And what he saw in the faces of

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"FRITZY BEGAN TO TELL THEM"

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Jan and August made him break into a bitter laugh.

"And here we are at last!" he cried. "In America!"

Jan and August turned sharply around. They, too, had come to their senses. The three "knockers" were themselves again. The "fun" was about to begin.

In the street outside Anton pointed up to a shadowy bridge that loomed high above the tenement roofs, between them and the stars; no quaint old bridge of stone, but a colossal bridge of steel.

"In three hours more," he said impressively, "before daylight, the crowds will pour over up there, pour down by thousands into New York—and go on making their fortunes."

"Like us," said August, smiling. "But you will not see our money. We keep it in the bank."

"You are right," continued Anton, as they walked back to their tenement, where Fritzy had taken a room over theirs. "It's a country of wonderful chances. How are you going to make your start?"

"Get work," said Fritzy, promptly.

"Where?"

"On a Bohemian paper here, until I can learn to write English. Already I can read it a little. I will soon learn more. And I'll look around, see the city while I'm fresh, and write down what I see. I want to see life."

"Good," said Anton, grimly. "See life. It's fine."

For the next few weeks Fritzy was busy seeing life. From early morning he roamed the streets, not knowing where he went. The Ghetto, Little Italy, the Tenderloin, Fifth Avenue, Broadway, Central Park, all passed in endless panorama before his hungry eyes. In the papers he read astounding accounts of heroic deeds at fires, mysterious murders, dazzling weddings. With these stories as guides and spurs to his active imagination, he watched the people that passed him in crowds. And in Kusaky's at night he sat at the table trying to write down what he had seen.

"It is just as I thought," he said; "a country of wonderful chances!"

Fat August jumped half out of his chair.

"Chances for whom?" he demanded.

"For me!" cried Fritzy. "A writer! Never in the world has a writer had a chance like this! Here are four million people, all nations, all kinds, good and bad, young and old. Each day in this city hundreds are born and hundreds die. And between—who knows what happens? You see thousands go by in the street. What makes some of them laugh so hard? And in their rooms, shut in alone, what makes some of them clinch their hands? The funniest and the most terrible stories are here all around you, crowded close, never meeting. And most of us never see or hear. If a man could only see and hear and write it down, his books would soon be famous!

"And let me tell you this," he went on. "In New York a man gets famous fast. In an hour his name and his picture can be put into many big papers at once and be seen by millions of people."

"You are right," said Anton, gruffly. "In New York a man gets famous fast. All that he needs is to get his start."

Anton scowled. He forgot that he was enjoying the "fun." For he had gone in secret many times to the three Bohemian weekly papers; he knew that Fritzy had tried them all, again and again, and that all had refused to give him work.

"The fool can't get his start," he told Jan and August that night in their room. "He can't even get a job in this fine eagle's country. And already he is getting scared. This big talk of his is bluff. Watch him close and you will see."

But Fritzy's talk went on. He had brought from Bohemia that red book with stars and stripes. With the book under his arm he found his way one morning down to the Wall Street region, went past imposing buildings with thousands of office windows reaching tier on tier to the sky, entered the Stock Exchange at last, mounted to the gallery, and there with the old book on his knees he looked down and held his breath. For he had read in the book that the mountains ribbed with silver, the prairies dark with cattle, the wheat-fields far as the eye could see, the railways, factories, mills, and mines—all somehow had their center here.

He took the book to Kusaky's that

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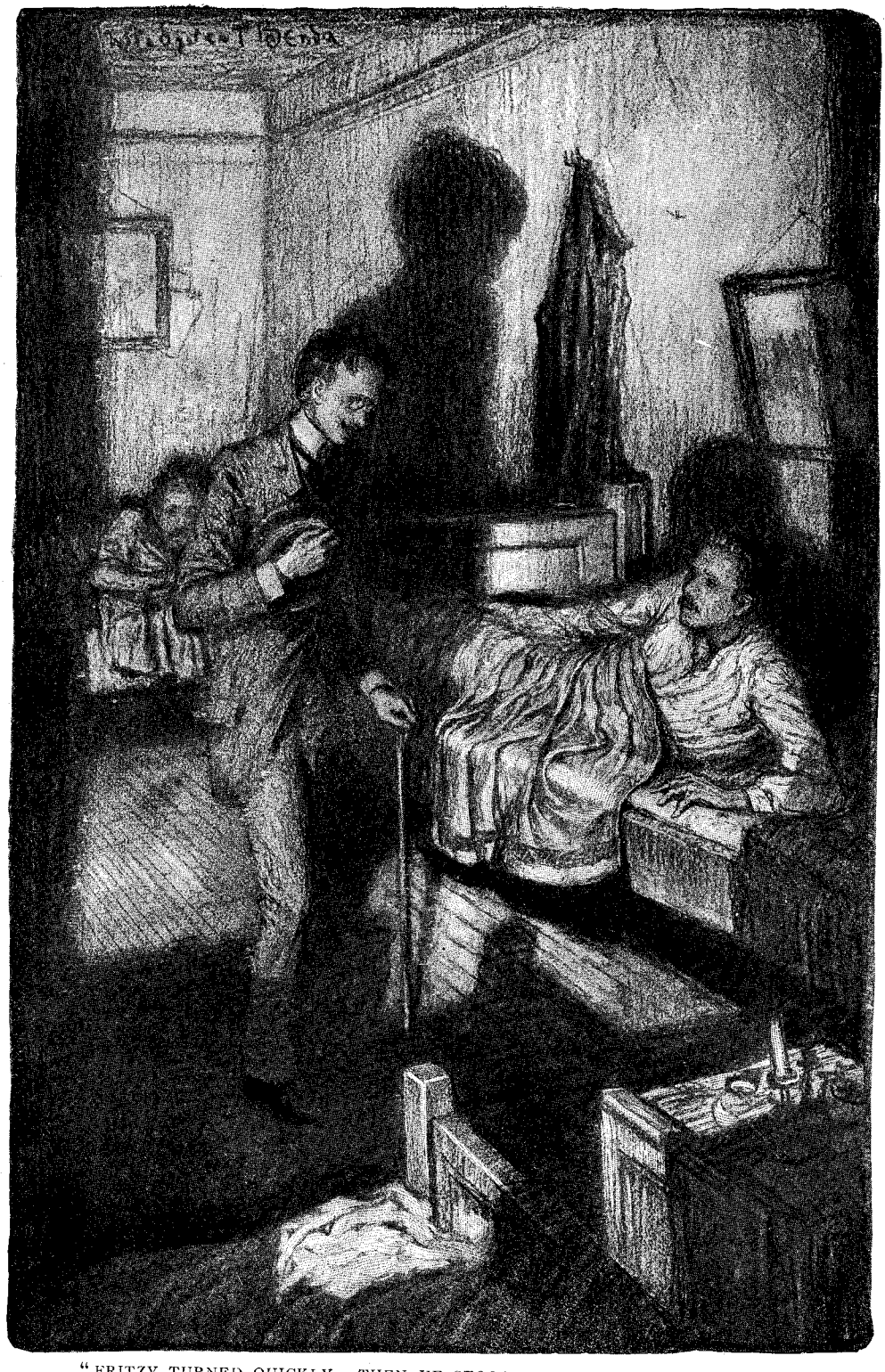

"FRITZY TURNED QUICKLY. THEN HE STOOD STOCK STILL IN THE DARK"

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night. The book was worn and thumb-marked now, for it had done duty in hundreds of evenings back in the old Café of the Eagle. But to Fritzy the things that it said had suddenly taken on new life. And, swiftly turning the pages, he talked of what he had seen come true—the boundless wealth of America.

"The book was right," he declared with an almost desperate eagerness. "It is here! I tell you the wealth is here!"

Big Jan had been listening hard, with a curious, anxious look on his face. He too had forgotten that he was a "knocker." Now he drew a deep, slow breath.

"How much have you?" he asked. As though awakened with a shock, Fritzy looked up from the battered book and met three pairs of eyes. In that instant they saw in behind his "big talk," saw Fritzy facing America, saw Fritzy "getting scared." Then again the veil dropped.

"How much have I? We'll see." With an easy twinkle in his eyes, he was counting his money. "Eleven dollars and seventeen cents," he announced at last.

"If you are careful," said August, gravely, "that wealth will last you quite a time." Fritzy smiled. From his pocket he drew an envelope and tossed it on the table.

"And I have a ticket home," he said. The others leaped to their feet.

"A ticket home!" cried August. "You mean that you've decided to give up and go back?"

"Oh, no." Fritzy was now enjoying himself. "Sit down," he said. He smiled again and curled his little black mustache. "I won't tell who she is," he went on. "But, when I left home, she made me promise to come back and bring her to New York. And she made me buy a ticket back. She wanted to see it with her eyes, so that she could be sure I would come." He paused a moment, his eyes on his glass. "But I won't go back," he said quietly, "until I have money enough for a wife."

That night in their room the three chums talked over this new turn in Fritzy's case. Until now their talk had been awkward, restrained, for each had found, to his surprise, that he was not enjoying the "fun," that his thoughts kept going back to the old Café of the Eagle, and that he actually dreaded to see America shatter Fritzy's dreams. And this dread each "knocker" had hidden as a thing to be ashamed of. But now they had a good excuse for showing their anxiety.

"That ticket home," growled Anton. "If the fool doesn't soon get a job, he will give up and go back to Bohemia. And our fun will all be spoiled."

The "fun" grew swiftly more intense. Each night they watched him closely. He was working harder now, and his face was growing lean. Every few days he submitted some new article to the Bohemian editors—who promptly rejected each in turn. But still he kept on writing.

"Never in any city on earth," he said one night, "have there been such chances for learning things. Here in one town are a thousand schools. Every night there are hundreds of lectures free, and hundreds of library rooms all free, all packed with books by the million! All these places are crowded full. And in the great Broadway cafés the American people gather at night to discuss the wonderful things they have learned. The title of my article is 'America's Feast of Knowledge.'"

The "Feast of Knowledge" did not sell.

"Speaking of feasts," said August, "have you noticed how small his supper is? Last week he began to skip the soup, two nights later the pudding, now the beer. Already he looks starved. His money must be going fast. In another week he will not even be able to pay his rent. They will put him out."

There was a dead pause. The picture of the old café rose vividly in their minds.

"Look here." Big Jan's voice was rough. "My bed is big enough for two. Why not take him in with us?"

Jan's two chums looked quickly up as though they had had the same idea.

"Why not?" cried August. "Why not lengthen out the fun?"

So Fritzy moved into their room. And once more the "fun" went on.

The three Bohemian papers all had their offices in the same block. Late one night, as August was coming out of one,

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he met Anton going in. Both started guiltily.

"It's all right," snapped August. "The fun isn't over. He hasn't a job." They looked at each other suspiciously, but neither asked the other how many times he had been there before. As they walked away they saw big Jan come out of the third newspaper office. Jan's face was black as a thunder-cloud. He strode off down the street.

Another week dragged by.

"That ticket to Bohemia," growled Anton. "He thinks about it half the time. He keeps it in his pocket; a dozen times I have seen him feel to make sure it was there. He is homesick for his girl. The dreams are all ground out of him. A few days now and he will go."

One night the next week Fritzy came into Kusaky's with a queer, strained look on his face. He ate little supper. Twice, as though by habit, he felt in his pocket. And each time that he did so the strained expression appeared again.

"I am writing an article," he said, "about the chance to travel."

August gave a sudden start.

"From New York," continued Fritzy, "a man can go anywhere in the world. All that he needs is a ticket."

He paused. And the three "knockers" sat motionless, tense.

"You can go on," he said, "out to the West—to the farms, the plains, and the mountains. Out there they still have room for tens of millions of young men. You can go on."

"Or you can go back," said Anton. His voice was gruff, unnatural.

"Yes," cried Fritzy, "you can go back. This morning, at her river dock, I saw the greatest ship in the world starting out to sea. The band crashed out its music, the people laughed and shouted and waved. They were off to the Old World to have a good time, to spend their money, to see life."

"In the steerage," said Anton, "I have seen men who did not laugh. They were ragged, they were busted, they had given up, were going home."

Again there was a pause.

"For one like that," said Fritzy, "there are hundreds in the steerage who go home well off. Why do they go? To say to their wives and sweethearts at home, 'It is a splendid country. I have a good start, I have money enough. Come to America with me.'"

He struck a match and held it a moment, watching the flame until it went out.

"That is the kind of men they are," he said. "They stayed in America till they had won. They would not have gone home beaten. Thousands of them even died."

Late that night August slipped noiselessly out of bed and looked through Fritzy's clothes.

"He has sold his ticket home!"

When he gave this news to the other two the next morning, some moments passed before any one spoke.

"He is crazier than I thought," said Anton, softly.

In the next two weeks Fritzy's talk about America stopped. He ate little, slept little. He sat in the room and wrote. And his face looked drawn and old. Only his little black mustache retained its upward curl. And the three "knockers" watched him closer, steadily closer. For the "fun" had come to a climax. And the dreams were dying hard.

One night Anton was awakened by a slight sound. He saw Fritzy dressing by the window. An arc light from the street below showed Fritzy's face, hard and set. And it also showed August and Jan in their beds, their faces turned toward the window, watching. Fritzy finished dressing, went out, and softly closed the door. Anton jumped out of bed, lit the gas, and began to throw on his clothes.

"You needn't go," said Jan. "For five nights he has done the same. Twice I have gone behind him. But he only walks—and he keeps away from the river."

Anton stood scowling over at Jan.

"It's the same thing," he muttered. "It will kill him in the end."

"And then the fun will be over," said Jan.

For some moments nobody spoke. Once more their thoughts had traveled back to the Café of the Eagle, to the great wooden bird glaring down from the wall—"emblem of free America."

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"Look here," said Anton, roughly, "I think I have a scheme to keep the fool and his dreams alive."

August and Jan sat up in bed.

"Franz Hubberman," said Anton, "is starting a new Bohemian paper."

"No use," growled August. "I've been there. He says he has hired one writer already, and he can afford to hire no more."

"But he told me to-night," said Anton, slowly, "that he would take some of Fritzy's stuff and pay him six dollars a week—*if we would supply the six dollars!*"

Jan and August stared. Anton could feel his face grow hot. Angrily he cleared his throat.

"Well," he cried. "Why shouldn't we do it? Can't you see what a joke it will be? The fool will write his dreams of a rich and free America that gives a chance to every man. He will believe that this fine country has given *him* a chance. But we will know that this is a lie. For we ourselves will pay for this stuff that he writes, just so we can have it to laugh at each night, this stuff about America, this stuff we know is made of lies."

Jan and August were both out of bed, and Jan was gripping Anton's hand.

"You are right," he said. "We will do as you say."

"We will," cried August. "And then we will laugh." And they laughed then and there, long and unsteadily, as though each were feeling immense relief.

Then they discussed the joke in detail. All except one part, the raising of that six dollars a week. For each "knocker" knew in his secret heart that he was about to pinch and slave for the sake of the old Café of the Eagle, in order to keep alive those "lies." And the knowledge was disquieting.

An hour later, when Fritzy came in, the light was out, and his three chums were back in bed. For a time all was silent. Then from Anton's bed there came a loud yawn.

"Say," he drawled sleepily, "I forgot to tell you. I know where you can get a job."

Fritzy turned quickly. Then he stood stock still in the dark.

"A job?" he whispered.

Anton gave a tremendous yawn. August yawned too. He was so excited he forgot that he was asleep, and his yawn became a stifled roar.

"Yes," said Anton, drowsily. "On Franz Hubberman's new paper."

"He told me that he had no work." Fritzy had come close to Anton's bed. His voice was still a whisper.

"Well, he lied," said Anton, crossly. "I saw him to-night. He said he'd been thinking it over, and that he would take a part of your stuff and pay you six dollars a week."

Fritzy's two hands gripped the foot of the bed. Again fat August forgot he was asleep.

"A fine job!" he snapped. "Six dollars a week. Fine American job. Fine American pay."

"It's enough." Fritzy's voice was thick and strained. "I can live on it fine. I can pay my share. I can learn to write. I can get my start."

All at once he went to the window, leaned out. They could see his shoulders shake and twitch. They could hear his low, convulsive laugh as he looked down into the city.

And back in the room, in the darkness, as though to make clear to each other what a huge joke the whole thing was, Anton, Jan, and August chuckled, chuckled long and hard, at this fool in whose soul lived all their old dreams of an America rich and free, the dreams they knew were "made of lies," the dreams they were going to keep alive.

For these were all young men.

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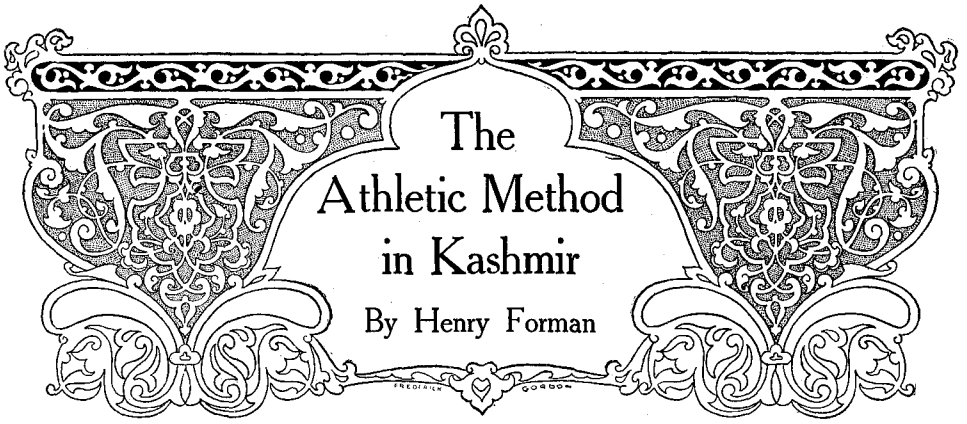

The Athletic Method in Kashmir

By Henry Forman

TO teach the "three R's" in Kashmir is easy work. The boys are willing to squat over their books and grind away for as many hours a day as nature makes possible. To get an education means sedentary employment *cum* rupees. And that to the Kashmiri is living.

But to *educate* is a very different matter. To make men of a thousand or more boys who care nothing for manliness; among whose ancestors, for hundreds of years, chicanery, deceit, and cruelty had been the recognized and honored paths to success, while generosity and honesty had been the mark of the fool; to try to quicken and develop the good in such boys—boys coming from impure homes, squatting in unclean rows, with bent backs and open mouths—was flatly pronounced folly by many a visitor to Kashmir.

And yet at the beginning of our era Kashmir was one of the greatest Indian states. There was a time when its rajahs ruled North India from Kabul almost to Cawnpore. And this race, which has in later centuries been trampled upon by Mogul and Tartar, Afghan and Sikh, and suffered untold cruelties, whose very name has become a byword for cowardice, ruled the warlike tribes to east and west. As one goes through Kashmir and first sees the people, and then stands at Avantipur or Martand, and looks at the massive ruins of the great temples built more than two thousand years ago—temples that stood in great populous cities, of which now not one stone stands upon another—he cannot but feel that not more surely and completely has the glory of the ancient state disappeared than have the character and force of the people who built up that state disappeared also.

The chief aim of the missionary educationists in Srinagar is to make true men. The Principal of the Mission Schools is the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, M.A. (Camb.), who came to India twenty years ago.

He tells how depressed he was when he took charge of the Mission Schools in Srinagar. The boys were dirty, of ill odor, full of pride (for almost all are Brahmans), and full of contempt for all persons of lower caste. But depression was followed by the throwing of the whole strength into the conflict. Talk and persuasion would be pitifully inadequate, as they always had been. First, clean bodies and clothes must be secured. Abhorrence of dirt can come only through being accustomed to cleanliness. Boys appearing with dirty clothes were ordered to go down to the river flowing under the walls of the school and wash their clothes. Boys whose bodies as well as clothes needed washing were at times thrown into the river, clothes and all, a rope being tied around the waist, for few of them could swim. Or a bath was given in public, with dog-soap and scrubbing-brush, the school janitor acting as washwoman. Such drastic measures soon bore fruit, and did not have to be long continued. It is enough now to announce that the boy and his form-master will be fined for any relapse, to secure the desired cleanliness.

Then, caste prejudices had to be met and conquered in order to the making of true men. At least Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe so thought, though the English Government and English educationists throughout India have yielded to caste as to an enemy

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intrenched and not to be assailed. As the new principal came into the class-room one morning he saw one lad standing while all the others were seated. The explanation given was that the boy was of low caste, while the others were Brahmans. When the youth was told to sit down, there was not only a chorus of expostulation, but some of the young Brahmans grew insolent. Suddenly the Principal seated the boy forcibly in the lap of the most insolent. A chill of horror ran through the class. But more was to follow. As the low-caste and high-caste youths jumped up together, the Principal caught their heads and rubbed them together thoroughly. Then, turning to the pupils, he told them forcibly of his hatred of caste, which is a curse to the country, and that the Mission School would never tolerate its assumptions. "If you do not like this," he said, "there is a door to the right of the room, and another to your left—Go!" Not a boy left the school either then or later as a result of this action. And boys of every caste attend and stand on an equality in the school.

Sana mens in sano corpore is "writ large" on all that one sees in the Mission School. We may row down the river to the school any morning, getting there a half-hour before the opening roll-call. As we get off our boat on the school steps we see a number of boys busy with their ablutions. They have been sent to wash by their form-masters, who carefully inspect them, each his own charge, as uncleanness brings a fine on both master and pupil. Passing these lads, we go up to the hall, where promptly "call-over" begins. Promptness is almost fetishized, in order to correct the absolute indifference of the Kashmiris to this virtue. The boys sit in rows and by classes on the floor, their shoes having been left outside. As the roll-call proceeds each boy is looked over as carefully as the circumstances allow; and any who are not clean, or who seem unwell, or whose appearance suggests in any way that things are not going right with them, are noted, and called later in the day to the Principal's office.

The preparation of boys for passing the entrance examinations of the University, which so many advertise as if it were the whole purpose of a school, the Principal insists on treating as of importance wholly secondary to the making of men. The teaching of languages, mathematics, and science is not neglected, and there is an honorable record of passes in the final examination conducted by the Punjab University, called in India the entrance examination, as passing it admits to any college in the province those boys who plan to study further. All that the Kashmir youth or his parents desire is that he be crammed with sufficient knowledge to pass this examination. They do not at all object to studying the Bible in addition to the curriculum required by the Government. It is but a piece in the line of work they like; and its study makes possible their attendance at the Mission School, which is easily the best school in Kashmir. But the Principal wants more. He insists on obedience, good manners, honesty; on gymnastics, swimming, boating—and these things are one and all foreign to the Kashmir students, and were not wanted, as they have no visible money value. What most of the people want is sons who will make money, preferably dishonestly, but if necessary honestly, but make money. I put it this way because it is literally true. It is to save the Kashmir boys under his care from dishonesty, pride, uncleanness, and unmanliness that Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe is making his long fight—a fight with which the parents have little sympathy, and on which the community looks with jeers.

Pride and conceit are attacked from the start. Pride is an ancient heritage of the Brahman. And almost all the pupils in Kashmir schools are Brahmans, which is not at all the case in British India. Kashmir is a Mohammedan State ruled by a Hindu rajah. There are in the city of Srinagar, the capital, 135,000 Mohammedans and 30,000 Hindus. Yet in the schools of the city there are only a few hundred Mohammedan boys out of a total of 5,000. The words Brahman and Pundit are used with much greater latitude in Kashmir than on the plains of North India, many being so styled who would not be recognized as Brahmans in India proper. Yet the pride of caste is perhaps even greater in Kashmir. And the first

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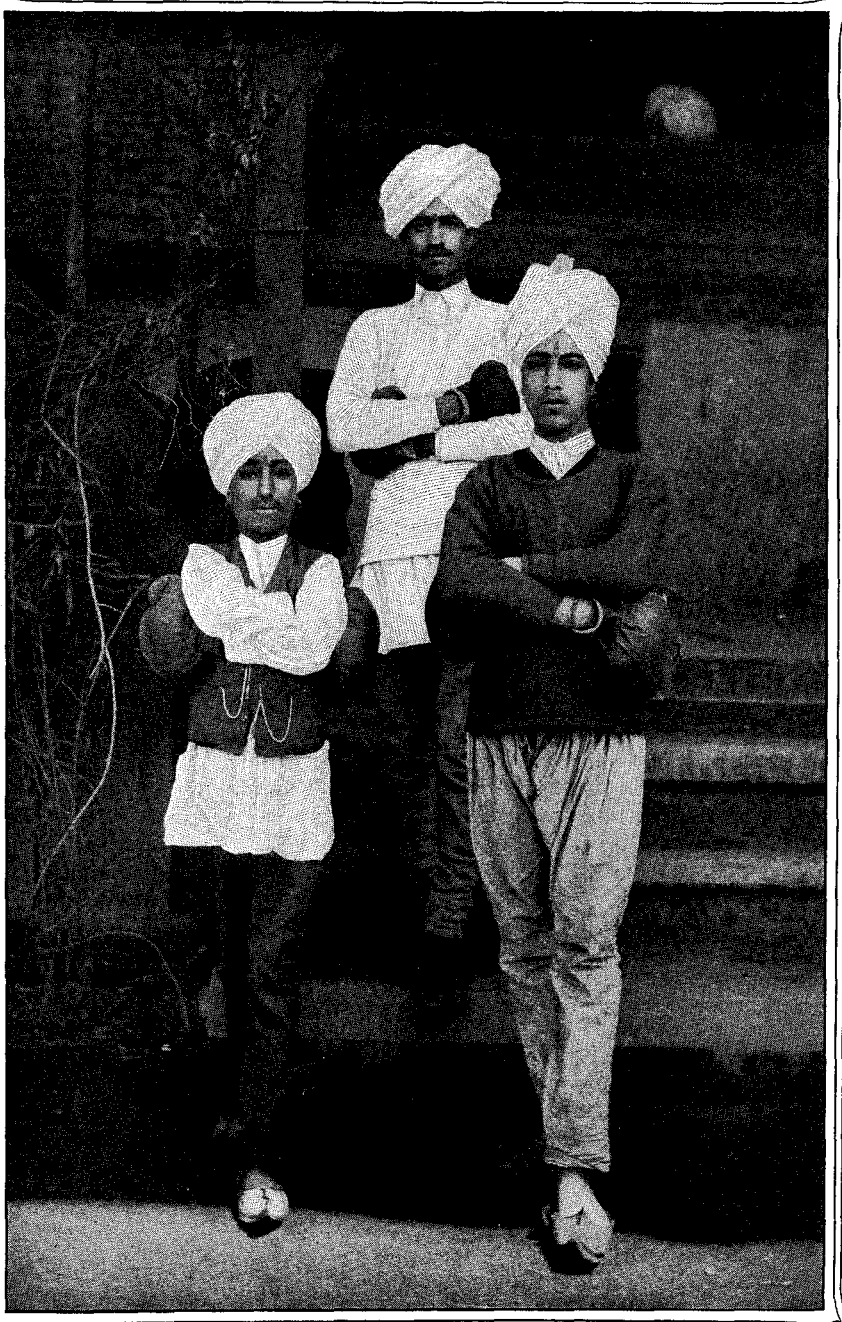

"I FIND BOXING USEFUL"

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MORNING ROLL CALL

effort of the Mission School is to rid them of this handicap in life. It is very difficult to teach Kashmiris that they are ignorant, or do not understand, or are sinners. They will not acknowledge that they are wrong, or that they do not know, or that they cannot do this or that. "Here," writes Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe, "I find boxing useful. Example: Govind Ram, after saying he could do everything, is asked: 'Can you box?' 'Yes, Sahib.' 'Where have you learned?' 'I have not learned, but I know.' 'All right; then put on the gloves.' 'Now defend your nose.' He gets a whack. 'Defend your nose.' Another whack. Eyes get watery. 'Now, for the third time, defend your proboscis.' Tears flow. 'Now, sir, can you box?' 'No, sir.' 'Well, then,' still standing in boxing attitude, 'do you know English?' 'No, sir.' 'Will you ever say you know everything again?' 'No, sir.' Nor does he."

"*In all things be men.*" This motto of the Srinagar Mission School was not chosen as a pleasant platitude, or with an eye to wall-decoration, but with the determined purpose that these boys of Kashmir should grow up to it. It was a bold purpose, for the whole body politic must be antagonized and overcome. First, Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe, ex-coxswain of a victorious Cambridge crew in the Oxford-Cambridge race of his year, built and brought to the school one morning a row-boat of English pattern. "Come on, boys, row with me," was the invitation. But the boys drew back. "We cannot, sir." "Why?" "There is leather on the oars, and it would break our caste to touch it." "But I don't want you to touch the leather. In fact, you must not, or you cannot row well. Keep your hands above it, and let the leather rest in the oar-locks." "But, sir, it will put muscle in our arms. And only vulgar boatmen have that. We cannot." "Nonsense. You must pull with your legs and backs. I don't want you to pull with your arms." "But it will then put muscle in our backs, and that is for coolies, not for Brahmans." Then the Principal turned to the younger teachers and said, "You come on." But they went over the same objections, one by one. They were standing on the school steps leading to the river, the Principal standing above them. Suddenly he descended on them, and four of them found themselves with the Principal in the boat, floating rapidly down the stream. Now it is pull or be carried away by the river. And carried they are for a time, till, in response to the impact of knuckles on their backs, they begin to pull. And so in time this Brahman crew brought the boat back to the school steps. It had been done, actually done. Brahmans had rowed a boat. A

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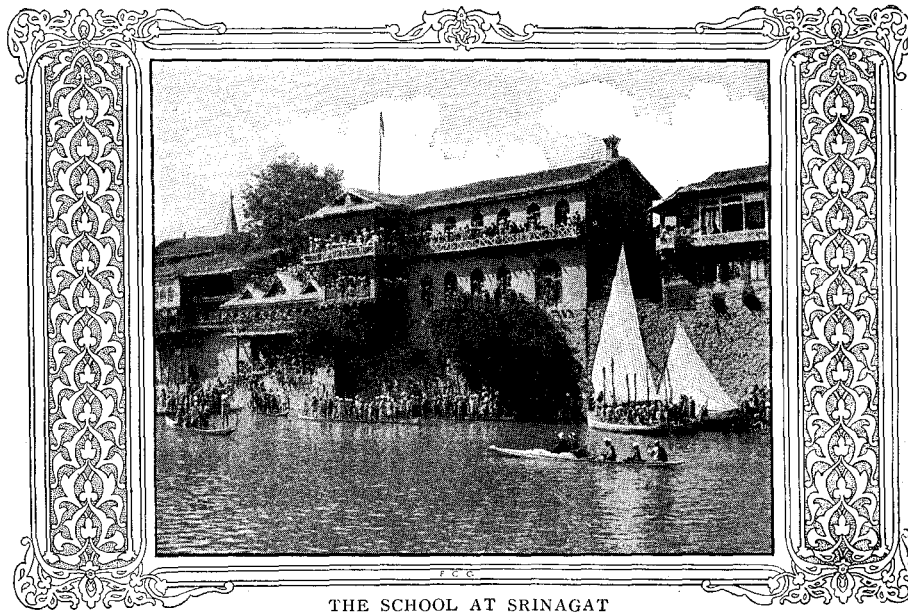

THE SCHOOL AT SRINAGAT

beginning was made. A long struggle followed. But in it was one of those Englishmen who never know when they are beaten. And so it was a winning struggle. And to-day regattas are held on the beautiful Dal Lake; boats with English oars and boats with Kashmir paddles eagerly race on the old Jhelum. It took another and longer struggle to bring the boys to use the country paddles, associated with the low-caste boatmen. But this, too, was accomplished. Monthly regattas are held during the season. There are all sorts of interesting events. And the boys take as keen interest in it all as American boys would. One race I saw, that of half a dozen boats with from eight to twenty-five boys in each boat. Around the turning-point and back to the starting-place they went, and then each crew must overturn its boat in deep water, and, after righting it and bailing it out, row it to the goal. There was much shouting and splashing. The boys swim like fish. The boats were righted and bailed, only hands and oars being allowed for the baling. It was an interesting sight, but far more than interesting.

The swimming was the fruit of another of Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe's numberless struggles. The Kashmiris are constantly on the water, yet few of them can swim. Every boy should—the Principal said must—learn to swim, in order to his own safety, and to be able to help others. But the parents feared their boys would be drowned, and many took their boys from so outrageous a school. But that "must" did not change. And the teachers and boys learned and taught swimming till every one connected with the school could swim. About three hundred new boys are taught every year. And a boy gets as many marks for swimming as he does for Persian and Sanskrit combined—and uses it more. In the swimming matches some lads swim across the lake and down the river into the city, a distance of over five miles. They get marks according to endurance and pluck.

And not only have ugly caste prejudices and abhorrence of honest work received a shock by this boating and swimming, but some superstitions have been laid. Every year now the boat crews are taken to the Woolar Lake, thirty miles down the river. This lake has long been held in great fear because of the goblins, demons, and monsters believed to infest it. None dared to swim across it till Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe and one of his masters did so. Now many swim this lake each year. And this and the crossing of the lake on stormy nights have put a quietus on many a goblin.

Here is an account of a Woolar Lake expedition. Six years before only forcible persuasion could take the boys on the

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Woolar. But now so many want to go that a selection must be made. The crew is chosen.

"We start off on a lovely spring day and row to our camp on the Woolar Lake, thirty miles, in a few hours. These fellows are a capital sort to take on a trip, as they are like the renowned Mark Tapley, 'always jolly,' no matter what happens. When an Englishman has to go without his food, and his arrangements turn out opposite to his wishes, he is apt to be a bit 'dicky,' and let some one have the rough side of his tongue. But not so the Kashmir school-boy. He seems to be utterly indifferent to circumstances. And here, I think, you see the best side of Kashmir character. Let me explain. We had most dirty weather from start to finish the whole time that we were under canvas. One night a mighty hurricane came down the hillside upon us, and left only one of the five boys' tents standing, the water running riot down the steep slope through the tents. It was a pitch-dark night, and no light was possible. Some boys were trying hard to save their things; others hanging on to the tent-poles; a few were buried beneath wet and clammy canvas. Nevertheless they were shouting to and chaffing each other. And when they managed to get a pole to hold up the soaked canvas they sat under it and sang in parties to keep their spirits warm, as it was impossible to get heat into their bodies. In the morning the Mohammedans of the village turned their mosque into a dormitory for the Hindu boys for the rest of our stay.

"On another occasion we started in rain and heavy wind for Bandipore, seven miles distant. We soon had our jigger mast smashed in half and our mainsail blown away, but we held on our course with our twelve oars. When within about two miles of our destination we stuck on the shallows, and, not knowing the navigation of those parts, had half an hour's uninteresting punting in soaking rain, trying to find the channel. However, we kept up our spirits with the thought of hot tea and cakes in Bandipore, and as soon as we got ashore made tracks for the shops. But, alas! we had fallen among 'Nabals.' The holy Brahmans of Bandipore swore by all the gods they knew (and they know a good few) that there was no Hindu food in the place. It was useless to ask them how they lived, etc. For some reason best known to themselves, they would not supply any. There were plenty of Mohammedan shops, but the boys, being chiefly Hindus, could not, on account of their insane laws, touch any food from those. So they made their way back to the boats, soaked to their skins, and tired and hungry, but in no way out of spirits, still jolly. I said to them, 'What is the good of your being hungry when there is plenty of food around you? You cannot think that God made such a foolish law?' They answered, 'Our lawgiver evidently was not a traveler, but had his meals regularly, and therefore made no provision for hungry travelers!'"

Of the recess hour Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe writes: "The classes are marched into the playground—then before you is an animated scene, two or three hundred boys at one time swinging the Indian clubs, twirling on trapeze and rings, circling the horizontal bars, smashing and whacking with the gloves. . . . In Srinagar there are hooligans and scoundrels of all sorts. These animals have to be met at their own game." The police count it no part of their duty to disturb or to help others against these blacklegs. "So the boys are taught to hit hard and straight, and to defend themselves when attacked. . . . There are times when we should turn our cheek to the smiter; and also times when we should use the knuckles on a scoundrel. Boys who are timid and weak are especially encouraged to use the gloves for their souls' health." "Our aim in all our sports is to impress upon the boys that athletics are only a means to an end, and that end is not in winning prizes, pots, or honors for themselves, but to make muscle and increase strength for the sake of their weaker neighbors. And what is more, many of the boys are gripping the ideas to some purpose. Now it is cold weather, many of the boys are learning to saw and chop up firewood, so that they can go to the aid of people who are too poor to pay wood-cutters, and to those houses where there are only women. When one thinks of the days when they looked aghast when I suggested such

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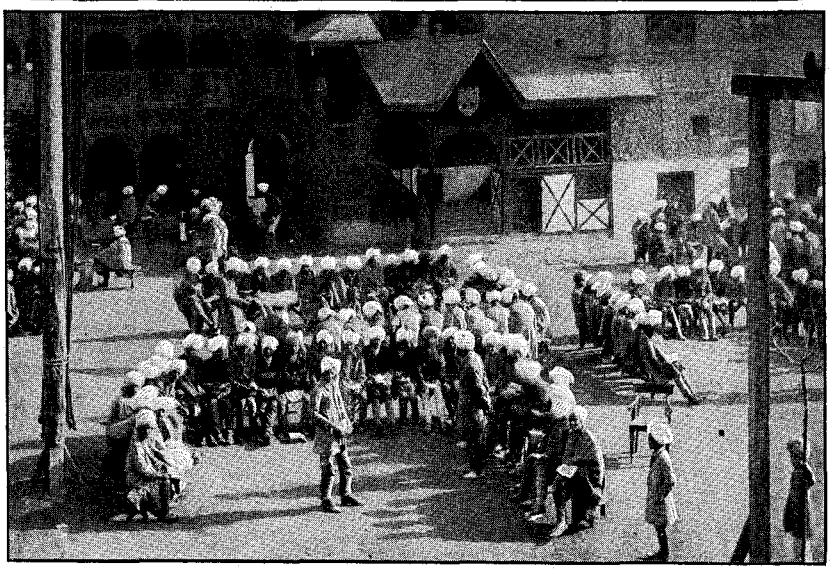
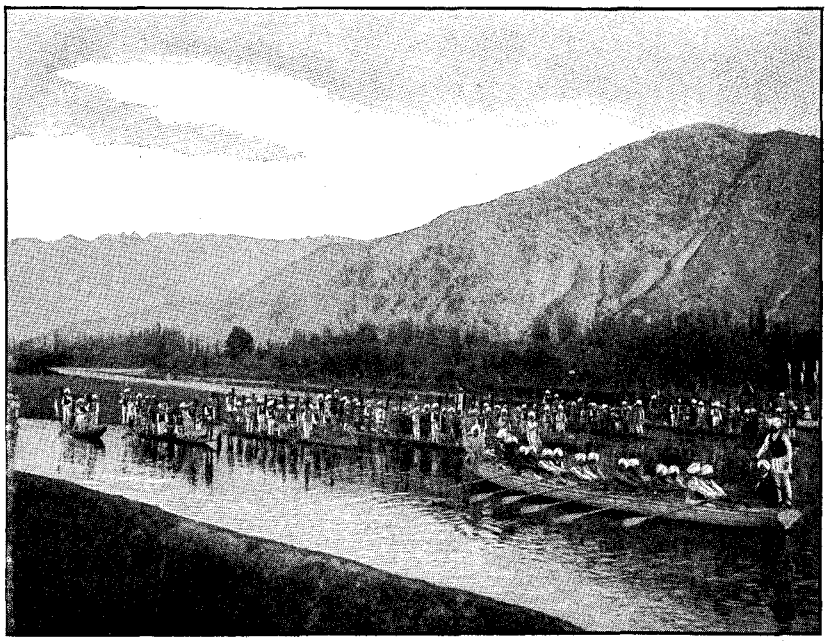


RECITATIONS IN THE SCHOOL COURT



REGATTAS ARE HELD ON
THE BEAUTIFUL DAL LAKE

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work to them, and informed me that they were gentlemen and not coolies, and to-day, when they beam all over when a job is suggested to them, I just thank God and take courage."

By means of subscriptions two of the teachers were sent each year to see the world (as few Kashmiris go outside of Kashmir), that they might come back and help on the truth with their testimony to such facts as that the sea is salt water and not milk (as the priests declare). Two traveled as far as Aden. And some have seen Calcutta and Bombay, and gazed on a new world. Two traveled to Ceylon, and so proved to their neighbors and to the boys the falsity of the assertion of the priests that it cannot be reached by men, because it is the home of the gods.

Let me relate one incident that shows the loyalty of these teachers to their Principal, and how the Kashmiris can respond to a true leader. During an epidemic of cholera one of the teachers, a young man much loved by the Principal and his fellow-teachers, was stricken and dying. Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe went to him early in the night and found two of the teachers massaging his legs and arms, this being necessary to keep up the circulation. The Principal stayed for a time, and just before leaving gave the patient some medicine. The teachers remained all night massaging the body. On hearing from them in the morning of the young man's death, Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe asked when he died. "Immediately after you gave him the medicine in the evening, Sahib." "Then why did you massage the body all night?" "Why, Sahib, because if the family had known that he died when he did, they would have believed, and reported everywhere, that you poisoned him. Besides, it was better for the family to tell them in the morning. People can bear bad news better in the morning."

The more important of the committees which prepare for citizenship, into which the school is divided, are the following:

The Knight Errant Society, the members of which pledge themselves to help those in need, especially women. A member, a Brahman youth, saw a poor sweeper woman being beaten, and delivered her. Another lad carried a water-pot for an old woman. Two lads saw two Mohammedan young men riding a poor little donkey and attempted to pull them off. But the young men turned on them and smote them hip and thigh.

When during a great flood several families of despised sweepers pleaded in vain with passing boatmen to be rescued from the roof of their houses and from imminent death, it was a boat manned by these Knights that carried them to safety, in the face of jeers and taunts and curses.

These Knights also turn to social reform. They pledge themselves to work in their homes, and wherever and however they can, for the abolition of child marriage.

The Sanitation Committee. This is a long story of imperative, successful work, beset throughout by almost insurmountable difficulties. Almost the whole school has in times of pestilence been drafted into this Committee. No one who has ever taken the pains really to see the city can ever forget the smells of Srinagar. The Kashmiri is as indifferent to filth and foul smells as to the South Pole. The crusade against dirt naturally resulted in a Sanitation Committee in the school. Then, a few years ago, when cholera was raging in the city and plague was at the borders of the State and the city lay in an apathy of filth, the whole school was organized into bands, the teachers and boys loyally responding to the appeal for volunteers who would go and clean streets and alleys, and the courtyards of those who would permit it. But on the Tuesday morning appointed, when the Principal came with a boat-load of picks and shovels, a changed school met him. With downcast faces they told him that the leading pundits of the city had issued an edict that any boys taking part in this work would lose caste. Argument was useless. With scorn the Principal called again for volunteers, and only twenty dared respond. The rest ran away with covered heads so that he should not see who they were. The small party jumped into the boat and went quickly to their work, being jeered at by a great crowd on the bridge, which was waiting for them. They began vigorous digging and removing of filth in a yard near the Mission Women's Hospital. Soon they were joined by some teachers and boys who had slipped through the streets and

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come to them. Then an English colonel and some young subalterns, passing by and appreciating the situation, took shovels and picks and fell to work.

The whole city was stirred. Horror filled the Brahman community that their sons should be led to do the despised sweepers' work. To live in unspeakable filth was of almost less than no consequence. But to clean courtyards of this filth, and carry in fresh, pure sand, was intolerable. Public meetings were held and public opinion aroused against this missionary who was doing so much more than preaching and teaching. But the work of sanitation has never been dropped by the Mission School, and the city is learning, as well as the boys, that Christianity means more than doctrines. And the number of boys in the Mission Schools now amounts to fourteen hundred, being more than ever before.

Committees to help the weak, committees to attack with hard knuckles and trained arms the bullies who insult women on the streets, committees to use pick and spade in cleaning the city, committees to nurse the sick, to care for those stricken during cholera epidemics, committees to look after waifs and strays (little ones deserted or driven out by their parents)—these and many others make this school a power in training a higher manhood for Kashmir in coming years.

The whole purpose of this school is to produce honest, honorable, practical, God-fearing men. The desire for such in Kashmir is nil. The need for them is pitiful. It is this purpose that runs through everything—the studies, the play, the forms of athletics, the religious teaching. The boy is taught to box that he may be feared by the defilers of men and the insulters of women; to swim, that he may be of help on the river. Read such oft-repeated records in the school log as: "Kanth Nath saved a girl of three years from drowning. . . . Lachman saved a boy from drowning. . . . Mohendro Ram and three boys saved a boy of fifteen years from drowning." And compare with these the sight of a callous Kashmir boatman striking over the knuckles with his oar a drowning man who has caught the edge of his boat to save himself, and letting the man sink.

We read on: "Mahadeo and party visited thirty houses with the purpose of encouraging sanitation. . . . Vidu Govind carried a water-pot for an old woman. . . . A boy found a man in the street who had been seized with cholera. He, with the help of another, carried him home. . . . Houses of refuge have been established in different parts of the city by teachers and pupils, to which boys may escape when followed by hooligans. . . . One boy looks after an old widow and an aged shopkeeper, no relation to him. . . . Sona Rajdar jumped into the river at Sumpora and saved a little boy from drowning."

But what of the more definite religious instruction? Is this neglected or given a secondary place? What is religious instruction? I ask before replying. Teaching the Bible and praying with the pupils? This is done daily in the opening exercise for the whole school, and in every class separately. But this does not cover the idea of religious, at least of Christian religious, instruction, which the school stands for. We read in one of the reports: "As all the boys are non-Christians, the principle of 'Come on' is most important. It is little use teaching Scripture day by day in class, and of their hearing it, if it ends there. To be of any use, it must be practical. The one who teaches and says only, Do this, Do that, and Do the other, is a useless log, if not worse. It must be, Come on, follow me. We have volunteer corps in each school, whose duty it is to carry the sick and cripples from their houses to the school boats and then paddle them off for an outing on the lake or river, and take them back cheered up. You will often see a Hindu carrying a Mohommedan on his back, being laughed at as he goes down the street. You will see others carrying loads for weak women or old men, or defending the weak from the strong, or digging a drain for the public good, each trying in his own way to live out this teaching hitherto utterly unknown to them. Hence we need men to teach God's word, and not manikins or orators. We are making citizens, of what sort it remains to be seen. But we hope, without wavering, that these citizens will be Christian citizens, for Christ is our ideal."

Jhansi, India.

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KERSEY COATES TERRACE, KANSAS CITY

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An Object Lesson in Landscape

By Charles Phelps Cushing

SOME day the story of this country's long battle against ugliness will be written, with a leading chapter on the triumph Kansas City has achieved in turning its barren hillsides and shanty-littered hollows into beautiful parks. A notable paragraph of this chapter will be upon the transformation of a supremely unprepossessing bluff which overshadowed the city's union station. That bluff was the traveler's most lasting impression of Kansas City, for beneath the shadows of its sheds and shanties, weeds and trash heaps, the trains always stopped—with sighs, moans, and dismal whistles. No wonder!

But to-day this cliff is a terrace which is becoming famous the country over for its picturesqueness. Its steep sides are planted with shrubs which make the bare stones have artistic value. Half-way up the slope a broad boulevard traverses a shelf circling the hill; and above that is a flight of white stone stairs climbing sinuously to a high wall which is surmounted with two red-topped lookout towers. From these may be seen a striking panoramic view of one of the city's manufacturing and wholesale districts, the Kaw (Kansas) and Missouri Rivers, and half of Kansas City, Kansas. After a recent visit to "Kersey Coates Terrace," Lorado Taft, the sculptor, compared it to the appearance of the hill towns of Italy. He declared it was "very close to the most picturesque thing of Europe."

From the ugliest sight in the Middle West to something very close to the famed beauty spots of Europe is a record in jumping. In scraping the blots from this scene and retouching it with new colors, Kansas City appears to have produced a picture with a moral—an object-lesson in landscape.

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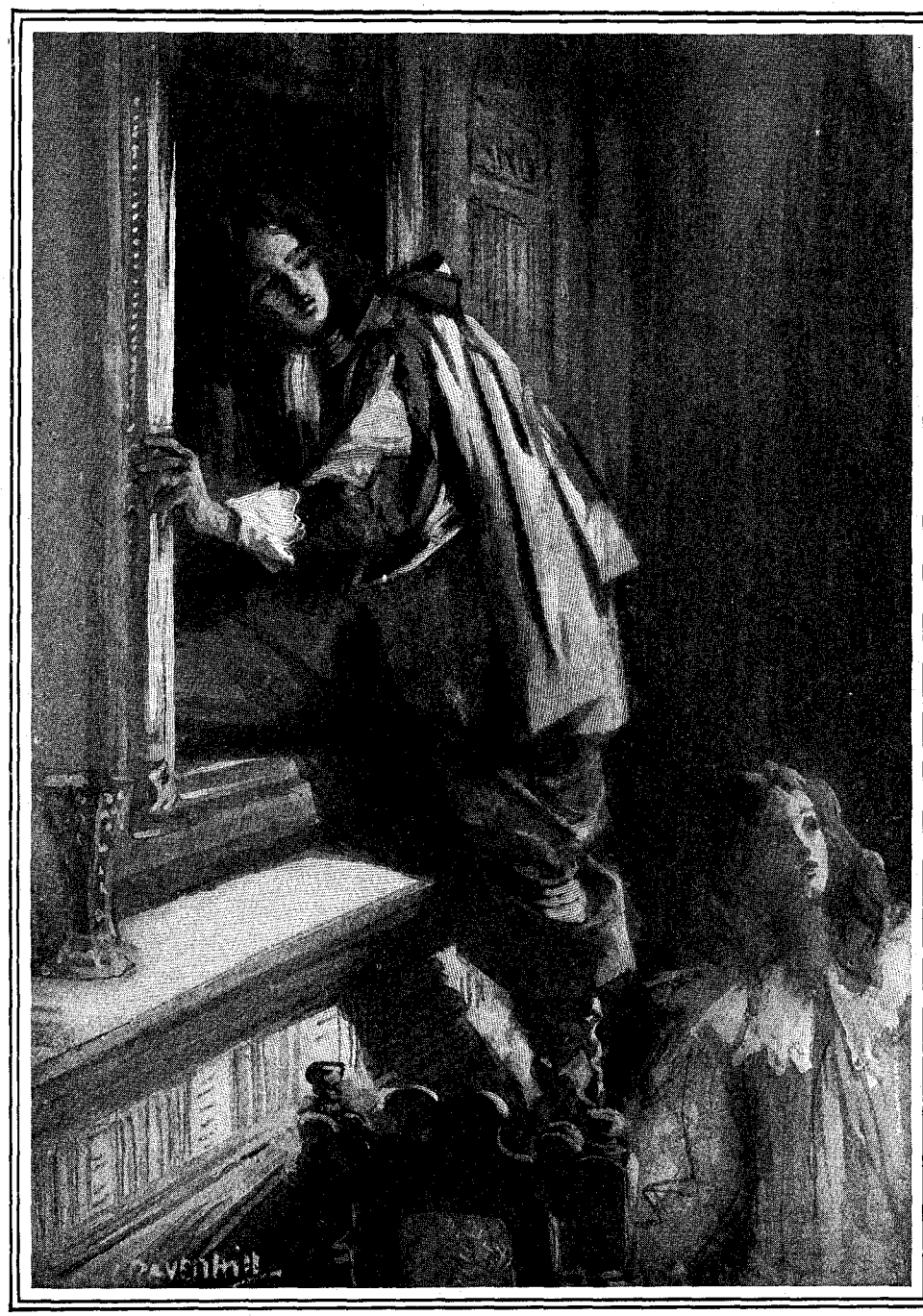

"HE RETURNED TO HIS HIDING-PLACE FOR THE REST OF THE WEARY DAY"

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The Slowcoach

A Story of Roadside Adventure

By Edward Verrall Lucas

Author of "Anne's Terrible Good Nature"

With Pictures by L. Raven-Hill

CHAPTER XIV

THE ADVENTURE OF THE LITTLE OLD LADY

THEY left the weir very early the next morning, after a breakfast from the cold ham which Mrs. Avory had bought them at Stratford. On their way through the village they stopped at Salford Hall, because Hester and Gregory had had an argument as to whether or not it was possible to hear the breathing of the person in the hiding-hole. The farmer allowed them to go upstairs and try, and, as it happened, Hester was right, and you could hear it, if you had patience. Gregory came out again as purple as a plum through holding it in so long.

Then they said good-by to the farmer and strode on through Harrington and Norton, and a little beyond this Robert took those that cared about it to see the obelisk on the site of the Battle of Evesham, at which Simon de Montfort was killed in 1265. And so they came through the orchards of plum trees, on which the fruit was now forming, to Evesham itself.

It was while they were walking through Evesham, beside or behind the Slowcoach, in the middle of the road, that Janet felt a hand on her arm, and, looking round, perceived a very small and very neat and very anxious little servant.

"Please," she said, "Miss Redstone, my mistress, says will you all step into her house and partake of refreshment and do her a very great favor?"

Janet could hardly believe her ears. "All of us!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said the little servant, "all, please."

Janet thought very hard for a moment or two. Who was this Miss Redstone? What would Mrs. Avory do under the same circumstances? she was asking herself. "Which house?" she inquired at last.

"That one," said the little anxious servant, pointing to the neatest and brightest little house you ever saw, with dazzling steps and a shining knocker, and a poor little pathetic face peering hopefully over the blind.

The pathetic little face settled it. "All right," Janet said at once, and, calling the others together and telling Kink to wait for them outside the town, she led them in.

They were shown into a tiny and spotless parlor, with woolwork footstools, where after a moment or so they were joined by Miss Redstone, the little old lady whom Janet had seen at the window, but whose face was now smiling and contented.

"You must think me very strange, my dears," she said, "but I will explain. I am Godfrey Fairfax."

A dreadful silence fell on the room. The children looked at each other shamefacedly, and almost in fear, for they thought the little old lady must be mad.

As for her, she again looked the picture of woe. "Oh, dear," she said, "is it possible that none of you have ever even heard of me! Surely *one* of my stories must have found its way to your house?"

"Do you write stories?" Janet asked.

"Yes, I have written lots, but I'm afraid they don't sell as they ought to. Of course Godfrey Fairfax is not my real name; it is just the name I take as a writer, because people prefer that books should be written by a man rather than by a woman. I am really Miss Redstone. Why I called you in was to ask if you

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would be so very kind as to sit down and have some cake and milk while I read you my last story—quite a short one—and you can tell me what you think of it. There are so few children that I know here, and it makes such a difference to get some real criticism. Do you mind?"

They all said they didn't mind at all, and after the cake and milk had been brought in by the little servant, Godfrey Fairfax cleared her throat and began.

"It is a story," she said, "of Roundheads and Cavaliers—a very suitable story to write here so close to the battlefields of Tewkesbury and Marston Moor. It is called 'Barbara's Fugitive.' Now listen, my dears."

Barbara's Fugitive

On a bright June morning, early in the Protectorate, Colonel Myddelton, followed by a groom, rode through the gates of the old Hall and turned his horse's head towards London. At the bend in the road, half-way up Sheringham Hill, he stopped a moment and waved his hand in the direction of the house. A white handkerchief fluttered at an upper window in reply.

"My poor, lonely Barbara!" said the Colonel, smiling tenderly as he passed again out of sight of his daughter.

"Dear father!" said Barbara, as the Colonel disappeared from view. She did not, however, at once leave the window, but remained leaning out, with the warm touch of the sun on her head, drinking in the morning sounds.

The village, half a mile distant, was just visible to Barbara through the trees—red-roofed, compact, the cottages gathering about the church like chickens round the mother hen. On a summer day like this any one listening at the Hall could hear the busy noises, the hum of this little hive of humanity, with perfect clearness; the beat of the hammer on the anvil in Matthew Hale's smithy, the "Gee, whoa!" of the carter on the distant road, the scrunching of the wagon wheels, the crowing cocks, and now and then the shouts of boys and the laughter of children. These audible tokens of active life were a comfort to Barbara. A moment before, on parting with her father, she was aware of a new and disturbing loneliness, but now she felt no longer with the same melancholy that she was solitary, apart from her fellows.

It was the time when the country was divided between the followers of the Throne and the followers of Cromwell; the time when sour visages, who were for the moment in the places of authority, glowered beneath black hats, and the village games were forbidden; the time when Royalist gentlemen dropped a crumb into their wine-glasses after dinner and, looking meaningly at each other, tossed off the red liquor, saying fervently as they did so, "God send this *crumb well* down." But actual fighting was over, and the country on the surface peaceable again, although a word often was sufficient to draw forth steel among the high folks or set an inn full of villagers to fisticuffs. There was not a Royalist in the country but awaited the moment when he could strike another blow to avenge his dead master and reinstate his young prince. Among these loyal gentlemen Colonel Myddelton was not the least.

Colonel Myddelton was a widower, and Barbara, young though she was, had long acted as the mistress of the household. Yet, in spite of her good sense and caution, Barbara had been the obstacle to the Colonel's departure. She was, he considered, unfit to be left alone with no more stalwart companions than old Digger, the maids, and the children; but her repeated assurances that she felt no foreboding at last conquered, and that morning, as we have seen, he had ridden off.

"You know, father," she had told him again and again, "Philip is close at hand, and truly I can see no danger. Was not I alone for days and nights together when you were with the king and the prince?"

"Well, well," the Colonel had responded at last, "but I shall speak a word to Matthew as I pass the forge to-day, and he will keep his eye on the place." Matthew Hale, the blacksmith, had served under Colonel Myddelton in more than one campaign, and he rang as true as his own anvil.

Thus it was that Barbara was left alone in the great house, with none to bear her company but Jack, who was but twelve, and Marjorie, who was but eight, and little Alys, and old Digger, the odd man,

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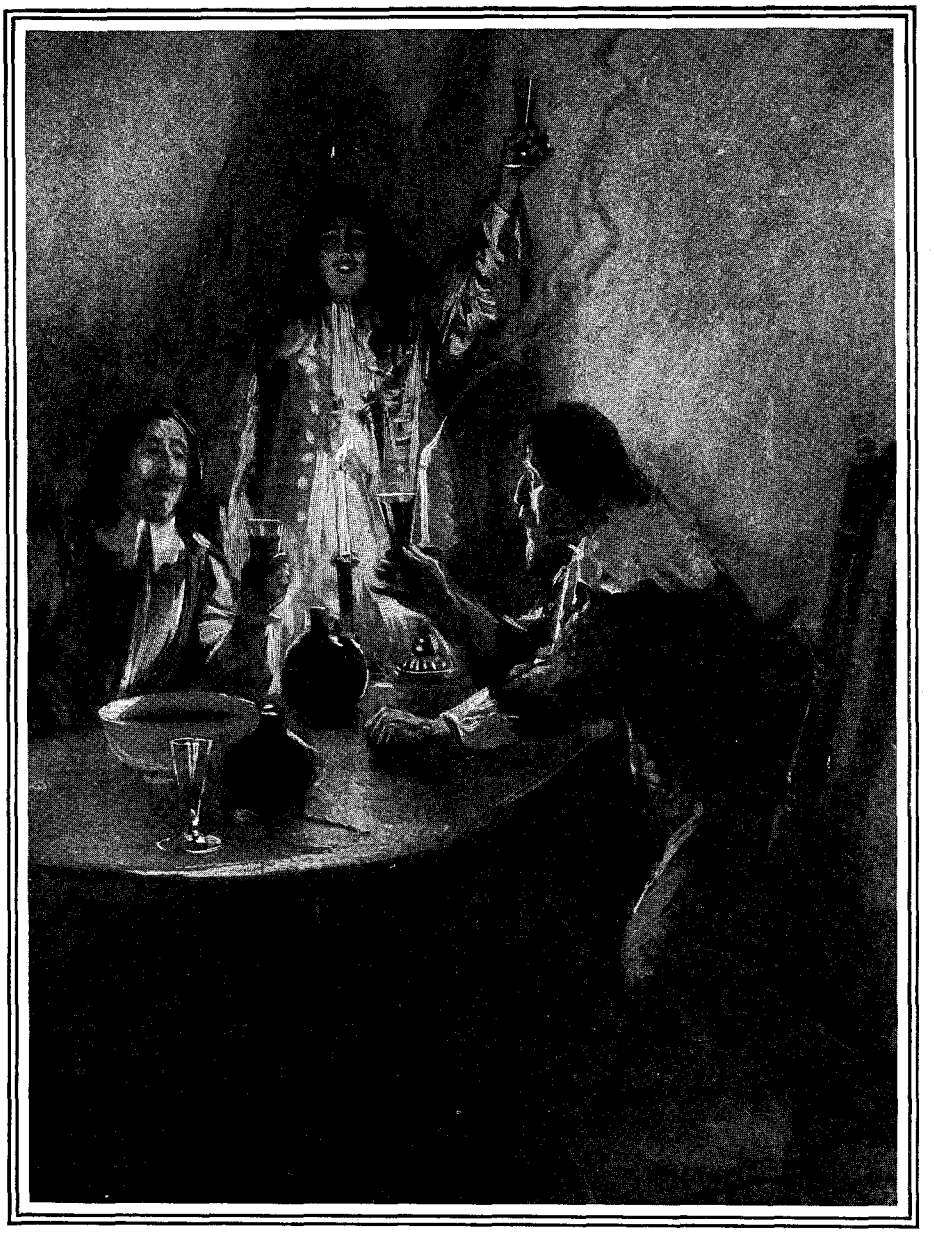

"GOD SEND THIS *CRUMB WELL* DOWN"

and the maids. There were also, it is true, stablemen and gardeners, but they lived in the village.

The next of age to Barbara was Philip (Philip Sidney Myddelton in full, so named after that sweet and noble gentleman and soldier, who fell at Zutphen). Philip was sixteen, and at this time was still at his lessons with Mr. Fullarton, of Framshott, a village eight miles distant. Mr. Fullarton was a ripe scholar who kept a house wherein some score of boys whose parents had no strong liking for the great grammar schools were received and fitted with enough learning to take them into Oxford or Cambridge. The boys ranged in age from ten to seventeen, and at this time Philip was their leader. None could shoot with a crossbow as skillfully as he (that very spring he had killed twenty-three

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water-rats, and you know how wary they are); none was so fearless a rider, none more expert at flying the hawk or training hounds. The boys' worthy instructor received a liberal sum in payment for his services, and his house was thus made more of a home than a mere school. Each boy who wanted it was permitted to keep his own horse and dog, and after lessons were over the boys' liberty was little encroached upon, provided that they observed the rules of the house.

The Reverend Jeremy Fullarton was Royalist to the marrow, and only Royalists intrusted their sons to his keeping; hence the house was a home of Cavalier sentiment. The older boys had even constituted themselves into a little corps, and all games had given way before the joys of drilling and military tactics. Here again Philip led, although his sworn allies, Hugh Lorimer, and Vernon Hutchinson (a nephew of the great Colonel Hutchinson, whose memoirs were written by his wife Lucy), and Rupert Ommaney, shared the command. Not often do you find a bond uniting as many as four schoolboys in devoted friendship, but such was the case with this gallant quartet, Philip and Hugh, Rupert and Vernon.

"Is it interesting?" the little old lady asked, earnestly.

"Very," said Janet.

"I like Barbara," said Hester.

"I like Philip," said Gregory.

Godfrey Fairfax was about to begin again when Horace interrupted.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I've been thinking. Didn't you write 'For the Good Cause'?"

"Yes," she said.

"Why," said Horace, "that's my favorite book. You remember that, Jack? The Wars of the Roses and the Yorkist family? You must remember where the spy—Giles Featherhead—is caught in the buttery, and how they duck him?"

"Of course I do," said Jack. "It's perfectly ripping."

Godfrey Fairfax was so pleased to hear this that her voice for a moment or two was quite husky. Then she resumed.

In the evening Matthew Hale appeared bearing a basket of tools, and insisted upon testing all locks and bolts, and Barbara and he explored the house together, making all safe with the exception of a window in the library. This room was on the ground floor, easily accessible, and, try as he would, there was one window which the blacksmith could not secure. The good fellow was for sleeping on the floor all night by way of guard, but Barbara would not hear of it, and, in the end, Bevis, the mastiff, the great dog that had followed Colonel Myddelton into camp in the late war, was chained outside the window. Satisfied with this arrangement, Matthew pulled his forelock and said good-night, and Barbara prepared for bed.

Folks kept better hours in those days than we now do. First she peeped in at the sleeping children. Then she talked long and earnestly with the cook concerning the morrow's programme, and at nine o'clock she climbed to her room.

Barbara, however, could not sleep; so, after an hour or two had passed, she rose, lit a candle, threw on a wrap, and descended the broad staircase, intent upon a queer and enthralling Spanish book—the story of a mad knight and his comic, matter-of-fact attendant, which was a favorite of her father's.

The book was wont to stand in a corner of the library close to his hand as he sat writing by the window, and, opening the door, Barbara crossed the floor with her hand outstretched to take it. So familiar was she with the mad knight's position on the shelves that she carried no light.

Her hand was within a yard of the sheepskin cover when she leaped back with frozen blood, for there, a foot from her, in her father's chair, was the figure of a man. Instantly she remembered the open window. A breath from the roses floated in and fanned her face; until her dying day Barbara had but to be conscious of the scent of roses to see again that darkened room, to feel again that tightening of the heart. She could neither scream nor move.

The tension was snapped by the man himself, who suddenly awoke and stretched his arms, and, in doing so, smote Barbara on the shoulder. He sprang to his feet with a cry of astonishment and apology, and at that moment she was herself again.

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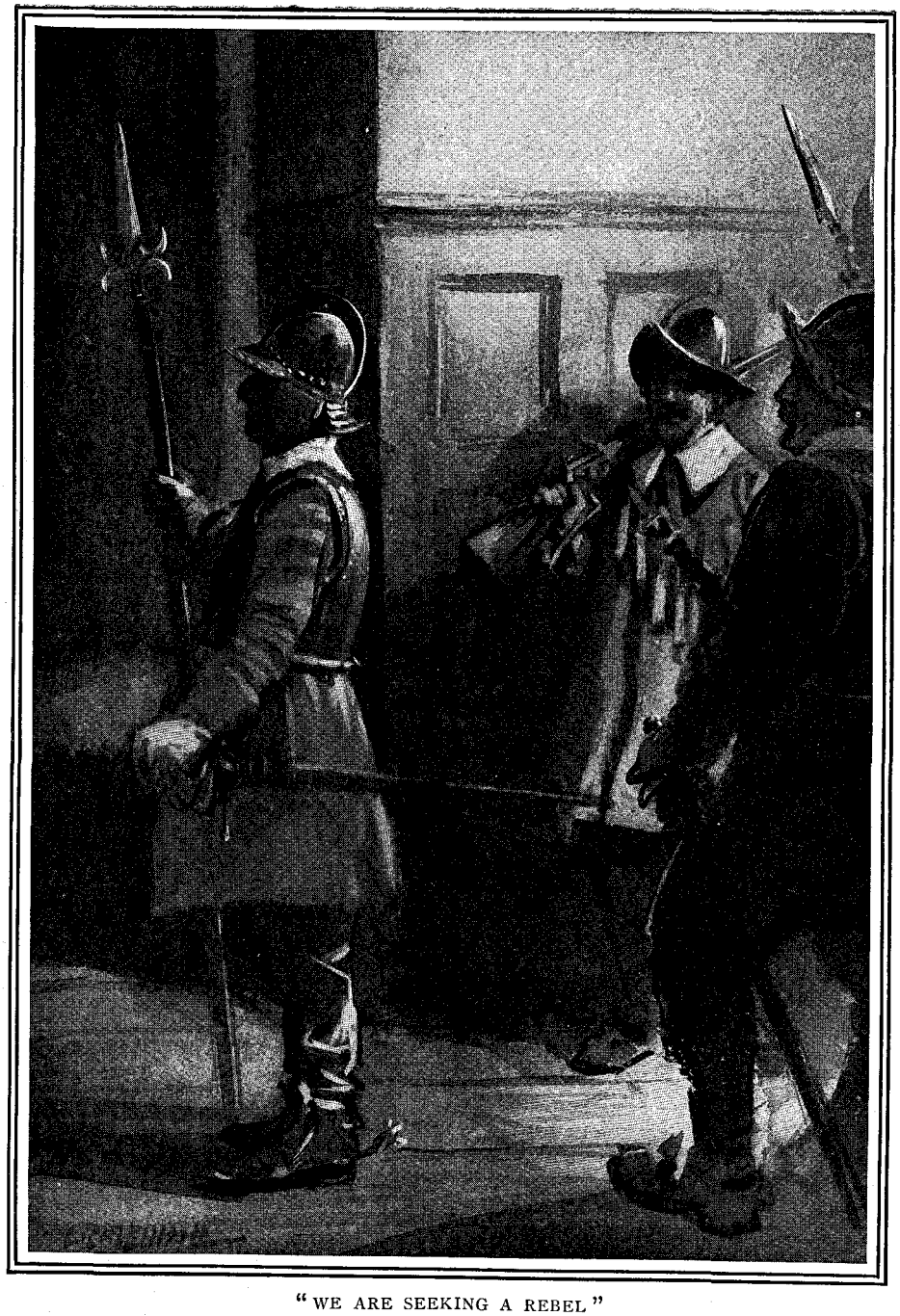

"WE ARE SEEKING A REBEL"

"A thousand pardons," he said, bowing low before her.

"Who—who are you?" Barbara found words to ask. "And what is your business here? It is no part of a gentleman's behavior to enter houses by the window."

"Nay," said the man, and Barbara noted that his speech was of one gently born, "nay, it is truly no gentleman's conduct, but in these days when kings are laid low at the hands of traitors"—and his voice had a bitter ring—"and rebels

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sit in high places, a gentleman must perforce descend to trickery and meanness now and then."

Barbara repeated her question. "But tell me who you are, and what you want? There is a gate to the place; there are servants to open it. Why did you steal upon us thus? And Bevis?" she added, as a sudden misgiving seized her; "he was chained by the window. Have you killed him? Oh, say you have not hurt Bevis?"

"Nay, I could not hurt an old friend," said the stranger. "Bevis and I are old friends. He remembered me at once."

Barbara's fear diminished somewhat at these words. "Old friends!" she exclaimed, half reassured.

"Yes," said the stranger, "we were together in the West. Colonel Myddelton, whom I have striven hither to talk with, and I went through a campaign together; a futile campaign, I fear, with more of pursuit than pursuing, but for a high cause. I' faith, it seems my lot to be pursued. And you, fair lady (for, dark though it is, I know you are fair), are you Colonel Myddelton's daughter, the mistress Barbara, of whom he has told me?"

"I am Colonel Myddelton's daughter," said Barbara. "But you, sir?"

"Right, right," the stranger replied, more gayly; "you ply me hard, but my name stays secret, none the less. Yet this ring may perhaps convince you I am no common housebreaker. See, it was the gift of your father, and a passport, so he said, to Myddelton Hall by day or night." And he stretched forth a ring which Barbara immediately recognized as an old signet of her father's which suddenly he had ceased to wear, he said not why. She was partially satisfied. "And Bevis," added the stranger—"take it, will you not, dear lady, as a good omen that Bevis let me pass almost unchallenged? But your father," he went on—"is he ill, or away? or will you lead me to him? Had I not fallen asleep, I was about to seek his room. As for entering by the gate, you must know, young mistress, the danger now run by friends of the late King.

"Ah, yes," said Barbara, with a sigh. "My father," she added, "rode this morning to London, where he will be a week yet; but I can tell you where he is lodged. Will you not follow him?"

"London!" the young man repeated, in disappointed tones; "what does he there? London is no place for a true man."

"He has ridden thither," said Barbara, "on matters touching his property, which the rebels would confiscate."

"Rebels!" cried the stranger, excitedly. "Ha! a good word in your mouth, young mistress. I like to hear you say that thus roundly. Zounds!" he added; "it is ill news that your father is away, for I have but a few hours in this country, and I must even return without accomplishing my mission. To London I dare not adventure. But, mistress, will you not bring a light, that we may see if we still doubt each other; and then we must talk of a plan of safety."

"Stay where you are," said Barbara, "and I will fetch a candle."

During her absence the stranger had not moved. As she entered he stepped forward and took the light from her, holding it high and scrutinizing her face narrowly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at last with a sigh; "good as gold! Would that other lands could breed such grace! It is ill to be banished from one's own countrywomen."

Barbara blushed and turned away.

The young man, who was soberly clad, had dark, almost black hair, and dark eyes. His mouth was perhaps too loose, but he was prepossessing. A certain melancholy, an air of bafflement, seemed to overshadow him. Barbara's sympathy was his at that moment, and he knew it.

"There is a hiding-place in the house," he said, after a pause; "your father has told me of it."

Barbara started; but at these words her last suspicion vanished. "There is," she replied simply.

"Then will you lodge me there?" the stranger answered. "The gravest issues depend upon the success with which my visit here is kept secret. So far, I believe, I have eluded suspicion and pursuit, but these Roundheads are cunning as jackals. And, dear preserver, might I crave some food and drink?"

"Alas!" exclaimed Barbara, "I have delayed hospitality too long. But, you

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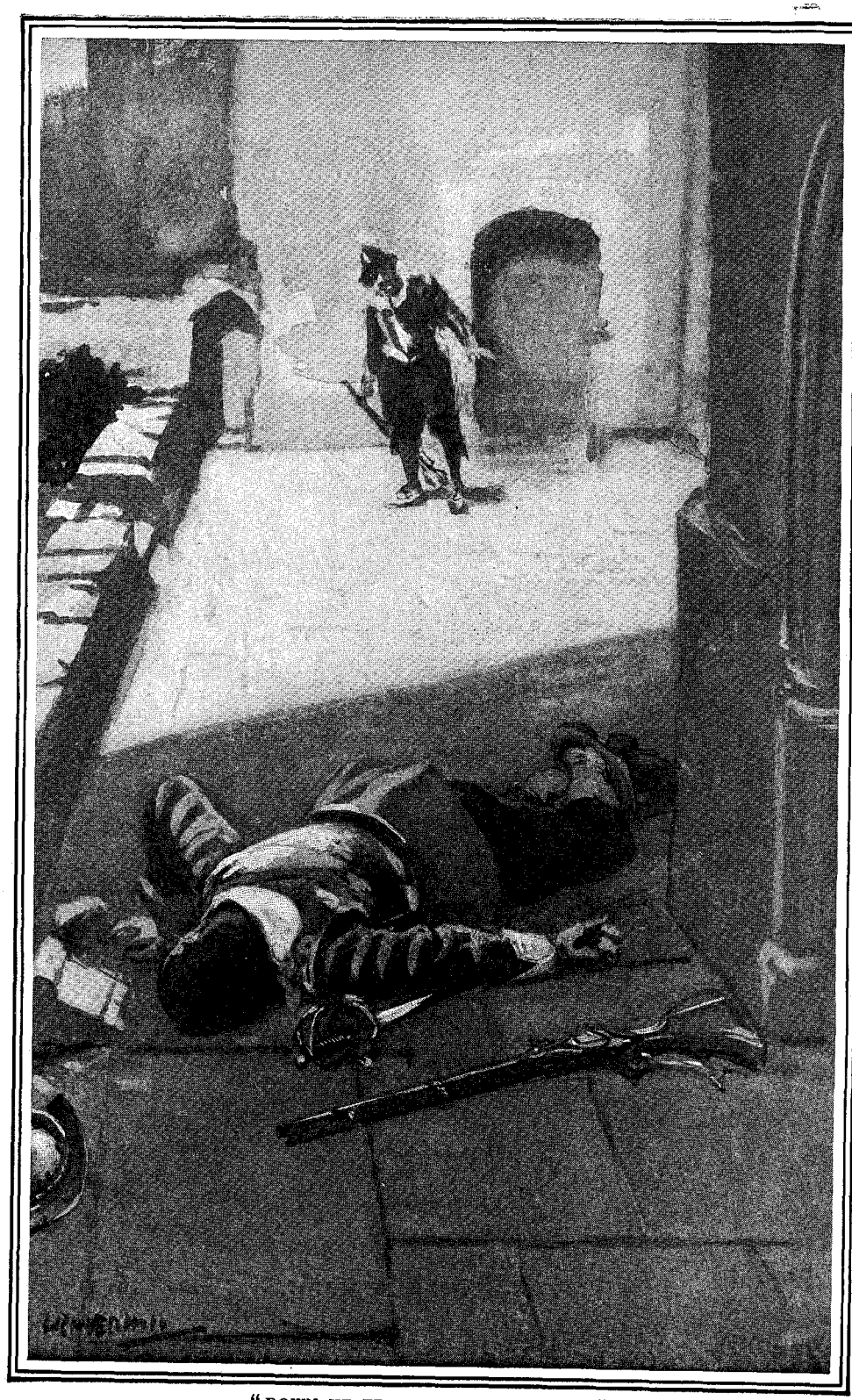

"DOWN HE FELL WITHOUT A SOUND"

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see," she added, smiling, "such visitors are rare at Myddelton Hall. Our gates fly wide to welcome my father's friends when we know of their approach, I assure you, sir."

The stranger bowed, and, smiling in reply, lost for the moment his air of melancholy.

"Your hiding-place is close at hand," she said, and looked again at the ring. It was certainly her father's; she had often seen it on his hand. And Bevis, too? No, there could be no longer any doubt as to the stranger's genuineness. At least, if there were, she banished it forthwith, for, moving swiftly to the door, she locked it, and then, crossing the room to the fireplace, held up the light and revealed a portrait of an elderly man in Elizabethan costume.

"My great-grandfather," she said, "with whom, as I will show you, liberties have been taken."

So saying, she climbed on a chair and, reaching upward, pressed her finger against the portrait's right eye. As she did so, a spring was set in motion and the picture slid upwards—taking the top line of the heavy oak frame with it and leaving the remaining three sides in their place—disclosing a cavity in the wall.

"Climb in there," Barbara said, handing the candle to the stranger, "and turn sharp to the right and then to the left, and you will come to an iron door, which rises and falls like a portcullis. The handle is of no use, but on the ceiling you will see the motto '*Nil Desperandum*,' which you must take as counsel offered to yourself. Press the space in the center of the D and the door will open."

The stranger did as he was bid.

"Now," Barbara called to him, "wait a little, and I will bring you food."

She replaced the picture and sought the kitchen, soon returning with the remains of a pasty and a flask of Rhenish, which, after again touching the spring, she handed up to her guest. He took them and disappeared into the passage, whither, with the assistance of a chair and a scramble, Barbara followed him.

The room was a minute but very complete retreat. A little bed stood in the corner, and by its side a tiny table and chair, on which were writing materials.

"To-morrow, sir," said Barbara, "I will come and inquire after you. You want sleep now. I wish you good rest and good fortune," and so saying, she left him.

Godfrey Fairfax paused again. "Well," she said, "do you still like it?"

"Very much," said Janet.

"It's very exciting," said Mary.

"I like the hiding-place," said Gregory. "We've just seen one at Salford Hall—only that was for priests—inside a china cupboard. I got in it. The picture's much better."

"Do you like it?" Miss Redstone said to Robert.

"Pretty well," he answered, and they all laughed.

"Don't laugh," said Miss Redstone; "that's just the kind of remark I want. Now take some more cake, all of you, and I will go on."

Barbara awoke almost with the birds, after two or three hours of fitful sleep, and with a rush came the memory of last night's events. Her first thought was for the quick and safe departure of the stranger, and weariness of head told her it was time to seek advice.

"Oh, if father were here!" was the burden of her thoughts. But he was far away, and the immediate question was whom to ask for help. She ticked off the neighboring gentlemen and decided against them one by one. Old Digger was useless. Matthew Hale was sound, but stupid. Everything pointed to her brother Philip.

No sooner had she made up her mind than Barbara turned to her writing-table and penned a laborious letter to the Reverend Jeremy. Poor Barbara! Spelling was not her strongest point—nor indeed did any one then mind whether spelling was good or bad. She wrote as follows:

Deare and Reverend Sir:

My father has riden to London and I would faine not be without manlie companie in so grate an house (olde Digger being worthie and trustie but a lyttel deaf and stiffe). Therefor I pray you let me have my brother Philip and his friends for this daye that I may be more at mine ease.

Your servant,
BARBARA MYDDELTON.

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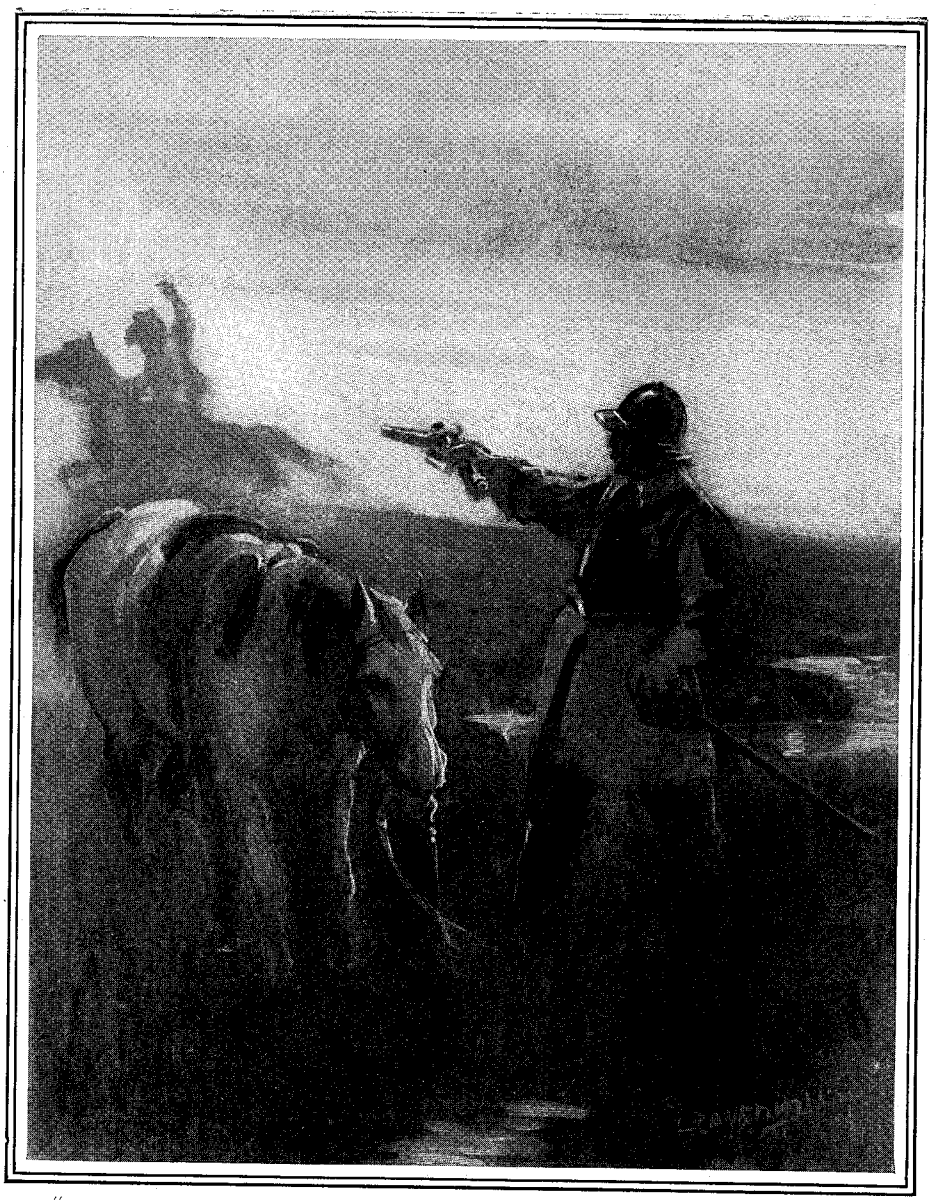

"HUGH, FLINGING A PARTING WORD OF DERISION, LEFT HIM FLOUNDERING"

Having sanded and folded the paper, Barbara awakened Jack.

"Jack!" she called, shaking him in his bed. "Jack, I have an errand for you. Jump up quickly and dress and then saddle Roger, and I will get you some food, and then you must ride at a gallop to Framshott to Mr. Fullarton's, and he will send back Philip with you, and Hugh and Vernon and Rupert."

Having seen the little fellow off, Barbara set the servants to work on a business that would keep them remote from the library, and then visited her guest. She first knocked three times on the chimney—a sign that had been agreed on. After a minute had passed, he replied, and, having made certain that no one could enter or see into the library, Barbara removed the picture and waited.

The young man immediately sprang into the room.

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"Good-morrow, sir," said Barbara, simply, with a courtesy.

"Good-morrow, fair hostess and preserving angel," said the young man, with a bow.

"We must come to business at once," said Barbara, and forthwith she told him of her message to her brother. "Philip is very young," she added, "but true as steel, and his head is older than his years."

"Good," said the stranger, and he unfolded his plans. That night he must embark for France. He was expected by the master of the Antelope, a schooner lying all ready to weigh anchor at Portallan, the harbor twelve miles distant. She would sail by the night tide with or without him. It was understood that if he were not there, evil had befallen him.

"Everything depends," he explained, "on my departure to-night. The cause hangs upon it. A blight on my evil luck!" he cried. "Were Colonel Myddelton at home, I should not be fleeing from my own country empty-handed. I shall be writing to him most of this day, but a spoken word is worth a volume of pen stuff."

It was arranged at length that as soon as the dusk came, three of the boys, with the stranger wearing the clothes of the fourth, should ride out, ostensibly on the return to the school-house.

Thus no suspicion would be aroused, and once in the road it would be simple to turn the horses' heads towards the sea and gain the harbor.

That settled, Barbara gave breakfast to her guest, and he returned to his hiding-place for the rest of the weary day with a store of candles and an armful of books and paper.

Two hours later the five boys rode in, all excitement, and Barbara watched them attack the loaded breakfast-table. Philip's friends were, of course, all devoted to this grave, sweet girl, although not bitter rivals.

"Philip, dear," said Barbara swiftly, when, after breakfast, she had drawn her brother into her room and locked the door, "there is in the castle at this moment a messenger from the Prince, who has come to see our father on grave business. You can guess what such business would be. He dare not follow him to London, and must leave to-night for the nearest seaport, his errand all unperformed. I sent for you and your friends because the gentleman is our guest, and must be treated with courtesy and care. He is unattended, and the countryside is alive with traitors. You and your friends will protect him to-night, will you not?"

"To the death," said Philip.

"Ah! I knew," said his sister, proudly.

"Barbara," exclaimed Philip, "it was fine of you to send for us"—and he hugged her mightily—"but where is the gentleman?"

"In hiding," she answered; "but, mind, not a word of this to the others. Tell them enough to stop questions. Not a soul knows he is here save you and me. Later they must know, for one of you will have to lend him clothes. Only three of you can ride as his guard."

"But, Barbara," cried Philip in alarm, "it is not I who will stay behind? It could not be. I am his host. And what build of man is he, Barbara? Say he is not my size."

"No, Phil dear, he is taller by a hand's breadth."

"Ah!" sighed Philip, with intense relief; "then it must be Rupert. Poor Rupert!"

"Now," said Barbara, "forget all about it, and have a good holiday with the boys. The evening is distant yet."

"I wish it were here!" Phil exclaimed fervently as he ran off.

Philip at once sought out Rupert, and, slipping his hand into his arm, led him away from the others. He wanted to break the news gently.

"I say, Rupert," he said, "you remember that crossbow of mine you wanted so much?"

Rupert remembered.

"Well, it is yours," said Philip. "And I want you to ride Tiger oftener than you do." (Tiger was Philip's most prized horse.)

Rupert was beginning to be mystified, but he could see that all this was but the preamble to something more important.

"And, Rupert," Philip continued, "you know how keen we all are to smash those Roundheads, don't you?"

Rupert knew.

"But it isn't always possible, you un-

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derstand, for every one to fight and be in the front, is it? Some have to do quieter work where they are not seen, haven't they?" Rupert agreed, a little impatiently. "But, Phil," he added, "what does all this mean? What do you want me to do?"

"Well," said Philip, "I can't tell you everything; but to-night it may be necessary for some of us to ride to Portallan, and one to stay behind."

The day wore on slowly. Barbara did her best to go through the household duties naturally, but the tension was severe.

She had indeed, in the peace of the afternoon, but just dismissed the suspicion, when the white face of Philip appearing suddenly at the door of the library, where she was sitting, brought back all her tremors.

"Roundheads!" he gasped.

Her heart stood still. "Oh, if father were here!" was all she could murmur moaningly, as the clatter of hoofs rung out in the courtyard.

A minute later old Digger tottered in, shaking like a reed, followed by an officer and three soldiers. Barbara rose to meet them, biting her lips to repress her emotion. "What is it?" she inquired, coldly.

"Guard the doors and the windows!" said the captain to his men, ignoring her. He looked round the room, and then condescended to reply.

"We are seeking a rebel," he said. "He has been traced to this neighborhood, and it would be natural for him to seek hospitality here. The Myddeltons are fond of such dirt."

"This roof shelters no rebels," said Barbara, simply.

"Colonel Myddelton, this doddering old fool tells me," said the captain, indicating Digger, "is away."

"Clearly," said Barbara, "or your language would be more guarded."

"And no one has come seeking refuge?" the captain pursued; adding, to Barbara's intense relief, "But asking questions is sheer waste of breath. I have no time to talk. We must search the house."

Barbara sank into her chair again. Surely they must hear the beating of her heart, she thought. Oh, anything, anything to appear calm! The risk was double—first, that they might themselves discover the secret place; secondly, that, in tapping the walls, as they were even now doing, they might give her signal to the fugitive, and thus cause him to betray himself. She buried her face in her embroidery, but was aware that the captain's eyes were on her. The soldiers were passing round the room slowly, thoroughly. In the stress of her perturbation Barbara rose and moved to the door, controlling her agitation with a tremendous effort.

"Follow the lady," said the captain to one of the soldiers. "Don't lose sight of her for a moment."

"You brute!" cried Philip, drawing his sword. "Do you dare to order my sister to be dogged? Come on," and he made a lunge at the Roundhead.

"Steady!" said the captain, parrying the thrust; "steady, young fellow!"

Barbara, catching at the door, screamed and swooned.

Philip thrust at him again.

"Be still," muttered the captain, "we must have no bloodshed here." And he twitched the weapon from the boy's hand, adding, "Very well, I withdraw the order. Carry your sister to her room, and my soldier shall merely stand sentinel at her door. Another word, you puppy, and I'll have you in irons."

With an effort Philip obeyed, remembering the duty the night held for him; and he and Digger together carried Barbara to her room, followed by the soldier, who took up his stand at the door.

On resuming their search the soldiers did no more than thrust their pikes up the chimney, and in a few minutes proceeded to the other rooms.

An hour later the captain sent for Philip, who sauntered into his presence whistling a country dance.

"I am going at once," said the captain.

Philip had it in his mind to press him ironically to stay, with a word of regret that his visit was so short; but he stifled the temptation and simply nodded.

"But I am not in the least satisfied," the captain continued, "and I mean to leave three soldiers behind to guard the entries and your sister's room. No one leaves the hall to-night."

Philip's face fell. "But I must," he said. "I am at school at Framshott, and

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we, my companions and I, must ride back to-night."

"Your companions!" said the captain.

"Yes," said Philip; "I will call them," and he shouted from the window to the boys playing bowls in the garden.

They came up and were passed before the scrutinizing eyes of the Roundhead.

"Royalist whelps!" he muttered. "Very well," he said at length, "you may go. But mind, no one else leaves the house."

Then, giving careful instructions to the three men left in charge, he rode off with the others.

News spreads rapidly in villages at all times, and it was therefore not surprising that Matthew Hale should hear that there were Roundheads at Myddelton Hall very soon after they had clattered into the courtyard.

"Roundheads at the Hall, are there?" he said. "Then I reckon I'll join them. It won't be the first time I've met a Roundhead; no, nor smashed one, either." So saying, he laid aside his hammer, and, taking instead a bar of iron, he left his boy in charge of the smithy, and set out for the Hall.

Matthew reached the Hall a few minutes after the captain and two of the Roundheads had ridden off. The first person he saw was Philip, who, with the three boys and little Jack, were plotting together in the shrubbery.

"Hullo, Matt!" cried Philip; "come here. We want you."

Matthew turned aside from the carriageway and joined the little group. They all looked profoundly grave and important.

"What is it, young master?" said the blacksmith. "And where's Mistress Barbara? Don't say she's ill."

Then Philip told him the story—omitting all reference to the refugee, whose existence was a secret to the other boys—from the arrival of the captain to his departure, ending:

"And at this very moment, Matt, there are three Roundhead soldiers on guard in the hall, two at the doors and one standing—can you believe it?—standing at my sister's door. I've fought him once," Philip continued, "but he's too strong, and now the others are keeping us out of the house, and we've charged them several times, but without doing any good, and there are a thousand reasons why we shouldn't any of us be hurt."

"But where are the grooms and gardeners?" Matthew asked.

"Oh, they all disappeared," said Philip. "I suppose they feared an inquiry might be dangerous. It's bad for the health and reputation to fight a Roundhead."

Matthew laughed grimly. "It's bad for the Roundhead's health if he runs against this," he said, raising the iron bar.

At this moment Jack interrupted. "See, Phil," he cried, "Barbara's waving to you at the window."

It was so. A sudden thought came to Philip, and, leading Matthew into the open, he pointed to the blacksmith, and threw an inquiring look to his sister. She hesitated a second or two, and then nodded yes with cheery emphasis, so Philip led Matthew away and supplemented the story he had already told him with the startling announcement that all the time there actually was a fugitive Cavalier in the house.

Matthew Hale whistled; he had no words.

"And he must reach Portallan," said Philip, "to catch the midnight tide. Three of us are going to ride with him, and he takes Rupert's clothes. We should have got him away finely if it hadn't been for these soldiers."

"Then we must smash the soldiers," said Matthew, simply. "How many are they? Three, and one of them upstairs. And we are five, not counting Master Jack. Very well. So long as they don't use gunpowder we can beat them."

In a few minutes the old soldier had sketched out a plan of action.

Godfrey Fairfax again paused.

"It's getting rather good," said Robert. "How splendid if we could have a civil war now!"

"I like Matthew Hale best," said Gregory. "Are they really going to fight? Are the boys really going to kill any one? It's so rotten in most stories, because they only talk about it."

"Wait," said the author.

The sentinels were stationed each at one door at the back of the house, twenty

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or thirty yards apart. The principal entrance they had locked, so that there remained to guard only the two doors into the courtyard. Their instructions were to permit the boys to pass in and out and to ride off at evening unmolested, but the attacks made upon them prompted the additional precaution to keep the aggressive four out of the house altogether. The two men walked up and down at their posts and occasionally exchanged a remark together, and occasionally threw a glance at the shrubbery. They seemed, however, to feel no apprehesion.

"Can any one of you climb?" the blacksmith asked suddenly.

"I can," said Jack.

"Famous!" said the blacksmith; "then come with me." So saying, he led the way down the shrubbery until the front of the house was in view. "Now," he added, "you shall climb that pipe," and he pointed to a pipe by the doorway. "The ivy will help you."

"And when I am at the top?" Jack asked.

"When you are at the top," said the blacksmith, "you will loosen a stone and drop it on the head of one of your friends yonder"—indicating the courtyard with a jerk of his head. "That will settle him. At the same moment I'll overwhelm the other. We must prevent them firing at any costs. But don't miss him, whatever you do, or we are worse off than before."

"No," said Jack, "I shall aim very carefully. I will wait till he is exactly underneath and then, plob! It will get him on his topknot."

The ivy was of course out of sight of the two sentries so long as they stayed at their posts; but, as any one who knows Myddelton Hall, which is little altered since that time, will understand, a very trifling extension of his beat would bring one of them into a position to command the carriage drive which Jack had to cross to get from the shrubbery to the house. However, the boy sauntered off, looking as aimless as a piece of floating thistledown, and gained the house unperceived. Directly he was past the soldiers' line of vision he became brisker, and in a few minutes the party in the shrubbery, who had by this time returned to their original post, and at the point in the bushes nearest to the sentries, saw him scrambling over the roof.

"If he were hurt," said the blacksmith, "the Colonel would never forgive me."

"He's climbed that too often for danger of accidents," said Philip.

Jack was now crawling along a coping just over the farther sentry, and they watched him picking out the mortar from between two big stones with his knife. In five minutes he had it loose, and, grasping it with both hands, he pushed it close to the edge, and then peeped over. The soldier was some yards from the plumb. Jack looked down at the shrubbery for guidance. The smith raised his hand to signify patience. Jack waited. Breathlessly the ambushed party watched the two soldiers, who were now talking together. Would they never return to their doors? Five anxious minutes passed; and then, with a look round, Jack's man began to move nearer his position under the coping. Once he stopped, and, retracing half a step, called out a facetious afterthought. The boys grunted impatiently, and the blacksmith swore in his beard. Then the soldier took another step back, laughing at his wit, yet moving irresolutely as though he had another word or two to add to the joke. After this his progress backwards was steady.

At last, when he was within a yard of the precise spot, and not one of the attacking party had a grain of patience left, the smith dropped his hand, and Jack toppled the stone over the edge. It fell with a terrible swiftness, the soldier completed his yard of step, and the block took him not on the crown but on the right shoulder. It was, however, enough. Down he fell without a sound.

His companion, glancing up at the instant, saw him fall, and, leaving his matchlock, ran to his assistance. At the same moment the smith and the boys rushed from the shrubbery. The soldier running towards his friend observed them approaching, checked himself in bewilderment, and then swung round on his heel and made for his weapon. But Matthew was too quick for him. The smith was quite twenty yards distant, but, gathering himself together, he flung out his arm and with all his might threw the iron bar at the retreating sentry. The missile sped

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true; over and over it twisted in the air, and, catching the soldier with a horrid thud in the back, laid him low.

"Hurrah!" cried Philip.

"Hurrah!" cried Jack, peering down from the roof as the others bound the two wounded men with ropes. It was quickly done, and they were hauled into the stable and secured safely therein, and old Digger told off to watch them and mind them as well as he might.

"Now we can go ahead," was Matthew's comment, grimly uttered, as he opened the door. Philip was for accompanying him, but Matthew said no. "In a minute or two I will be back with your sister," he added. "I want to settle the other man alone. I have a few scores to pay off."

He sprang up the stairs three at a bound, grasping his iron bar firmly, and at last came to Barbara's landing. There before the door stood the Roundhead, who evidently had heard nothing of the disturbance below.

"Ha, smith," he cried, on spying Matthew, "what are you looking for?"

"I came to have a little talk," said Matthew, easily, taking in his man with a quick glance.

"Well, then, you had best descend those stairs again," replied the soldier; "I'm in no mood for talking."

"Now, that's curious," said Matthew, genially, leaning against the wall, "because I am. I never felt more disposed to conversation in my life."

The soldier scowled and fingered his matchlock.

"But perhaps," Matthew continued, darting forward suddenly and with a blow of the iron bar knocking the gun from the man's hand, "perhaps a little tussle would be more to your liking. I have a mind to smash your face. What do you say?"

The soldier drew his sword.

"No," said Matthew, striking it down with the bar. "I don't want iron. It's so noisy. I have the sound of iron all day in my smithy; give me a little change." He kicked the sword along the passage and threw his bar after it.

"Now," said he, "we are equal. Come!"

So saying, the blacksmith tapped the Roundhead on the chin. The soldier made an attempt to defend himself, but fisticuffs were out of his line, and Matthew had a series of easy openings. The smith punished him badly for a while, and then, remarking that he had set his heart on spoiling one or two more Roundheads before he died, followed the words with a blow on the soldier's nose that laid him low.

The blacksmith pulled himself together and then, opening a cupboard door near by, pushed the sentry into it and turned the key.

The next thing was to liberate Barbara, who, when she heard what had happened, asked with nice tact if Matthew did not think that they could talk more comfortably in the kitchen, and Matthew replied that his brain was always more fertile in the presence of cold pasty and ale than at any other time.

"Was that all right?" Godfrey Fairfax asked Gregory.

"First rate," he said. "I can't think why your books don't succeed."

"Perhaps this is the best of them," Robert suggested.

"Barbara is very brave," said Janet. "I admire her tremendously."

"And Philip too," said Hester.

"Oh, but Jack and the stone is best," said Gregory. "I could have done that."

"So could I," said Horace Campbell; "it's just what I want to do—things like that."

"You're rather bloodthirsty little boys," said Godfrey Fairfax. "Perhaps I had better begin again. It is going to be quieter now."

Once in the kitchen, Barbara and Philip and the blacksmith took rapid counsel together as to the best course of action. It was now late in the afternoon; the captain might be back with another bodyguard at any time, and, once he returned, there would be no chance of getting the stranger away. It was therefore important to furnish him with the disguise—Rupert's clothes—and spirit him out of the house at once. On the other hand, as he did not count upon being at sea till midnight, this would simply mean exchanging one hiding-place for another; but, all things considered, it was imperative that he should stay no longer at the Hall.

This decided, Rupert was called in to

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divest himself of his clothes, and soon afterwards he sent down the bundle, and with it Barbara sought the stranger, while Matthew, feeling very well satisfied with the day's work, sauntered to the stables to examine the wounds of the Roundhead soldiers. He found them groaning but in a way to recover, and then, calling the boys, he set them to prepare the horses against their journey. It was approaching evening, but the month being June, there was no chance of a dark departure even if they waited as late as half-past eight.

Barbara found her prisoner very tired of his confinement and very hungry. She explained the cause of her delay, and, leaving him to change into the clothes as quickly as he might, she hurried off for food. When she came back, the young man, looking for all the world like a darker Rupert, was standing in the library with his own clothes in his hand.

"My brother will tell you what has been devised for you," Barbara said.

"Thank you," he replied, putting out his hand. "Thank you, sweet preserver. I shall see you again, I know, but it may be long, very long. Will you keep this ring? Show it to your father when he returns, and guard it carefully till we meet in the future. Then you shall give it me once more." He slipped the ring on her finger and kissed it.

A moment later he stood in the courtyard beside Rupert's horse, where the others were waiting.

"Heavens!" said Hugh to Philip; "what's happened to Rupe?"

"Yes," echoed Vernon, "who's that in old Rupe's clothes?"

"Shut up!" Philip hissed, fixing them with a meaning glance. "Say another word and I'll flay you! That's Rupert Ommaney, and no one else, and I warn you to remember it."

"Come along, Rupert," he cried cheerily, aloud, to the stranger. "It's time we were off."

With that they swung into the saddle and rattled out of the courtyard, the stranger in the midst. As he rounded the corner of the house he looked back and smiled farewell to Barbara and the smith and Jack, who stood together watching the departure. Barbara waved her hand, and a moment later her fugitive was out of sight.

"That's not all, is it?" Hester inquired, anxiously, as Miss Redstone stopped.

"Isn't it a good ending?" she asked.

"No," said Gregory, "of course not. I want to know if he got to the harbor all right, and who he was."

"Oh, I think we know who he was," Janet said.

"Who?" Gregory asked; "I don't know."

"Well, it's not the end," said Miss Redstone; "but the end is very near; and that will explain everything." And she began again.

"The boys and their companion had not been gone an hour when in rode the captain and his two soldiers with a terrible clatter. The captain leaped from his horse and strode into the house, roaring for the men he had left on guard. Barbara, who was in the library with Rupert, heard the noise and divined its meaning.

"Rupert," she said swiftly, on a sudden inspiration, "will you add one more kindness to your long list? Will you hide in here for a few minutes?" So saying, she showed him the secret chamber.

Rupert hesitated not a moment, but swung himself up and was lost to view. The picture hardly descended when the captain entered.

"Ha!" he cried, casting a quick glance at Barbara. "So you have escaped my soldiers' vigilance. A nice story of traitorous mutiny I shall have to report to London! Three of the Parliament's men beaten and bound, and rebels here in hiding. For there is a hiding-place here, I will lay my life, and by the look in your eyes, mistress, the bird is still in it."

So saying, he set his men once more to work on the walls, and himself attacked the portrait. Hilda stood by watching them. After five minutes' fumbling the spring was touched. The captain leaped into the cavity and they heard him utter a cry of triumph. A moment later he came forth, leading Rupert. But his expression of joy vanished when he gained the light, dim though it was, and found that his captive was but a school-boy, and a laughing one at that.

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"Tricked again!" he cried, as he flung the lad off and dashed from the room.

His men followed, and in a moment they were all in the saddle.

Barbara turned to Rupert with a smile. "Thank you," she said.

"You are splendid!" was all he could say in reply.

"If you will bring me a candle," said Barbara, "I will look at the little room again."

Bidding Rupert remain exactly where he was, she entered the secret room. "The captain was too impetuous," she remarked, picking up a letter addressed to herself: "he ought to have gone on after discovering Rupert." "To Mistress Myddelton," the superscription ran, and she opened it with trembling fingers.

"Thank you," was all it said, but the signature struck her dizzy. It was the signature of the exiled Prince.

"I knew it!" Hester exclaimed.

"But it doesn't hurt the story to know it?" Miss Redstone asked anxiously.

"Oh, no, not at all," said Janet and Mary. "Please go on."

Miss Redstone resumed.

On leaving the Hall the boys and their companion had turned at once down the highroad in the direction of Mr. Fullarton's at Framshott, which was precisely the opposite direction to Portallan and the sea, Philip's idea being to ride for a few miles as if on the journey back to school, and to be seen by as many people who knew them by sight as possible, then to branch off into a sheltering wood, wait there till dark, and start again, refreshed, in a bee-line for the harbor. In this way the captain would, if he were to return and follow them, be put on a wrong scent.

But Barbara's trick in hiding Rupert undid the plan, for the first person whom the captain and his men met on leaving the Hall for the second time swore so positively to having seen the *four* schoolboys that the Roundhead's suspicions were at once aroused, and, turning his horse's head, he led the way at all speed towards Portallan.

"Then there was a man there all the time," he cried, bitterly, to himself, "and he has escaped in that puppy's clothes! S'death, if I catch him now . . . !" He ground his teeth together in his rage, and dug the rowels of his spurs into the horse's side.

The boys were riding together at a good swinging pace, the stranger, in Rupert's clothes, leading the way by a neck, Philip beside him, and the other two behind. It was not a dark night, but a mist rolling inland from the sea—one of those white mists well known along the south coast, which predicate hot weather—enveloped them impenetrably except at very short range.

"Halt!" they heard the captain cry, half-way down the hill. "Aye, it is likely we shall halt for that," said the stranger, with a laugh. "I'll show him," and, turning in his saddle, he discharged a pistol down the road. "That's for our enemies," he remarked grimly, "and may it hit some one."

A few moments later came an answering shot whistling past their heads ominously.

"Break for the nearest copse," replied the stranger promptly, "for a council of war. Quick! now's the time! The top of the hill is cover for us." So saying, he put his horse to the bank, cleared it, and galloped over the field to the trees which loomed gray and indefinite before them. The others followed. In two minutes they were under the boughs. Not daring to breathe, they heard the troopers thunder along the highroad, all unconscious for the moment of the trick that had been played them.

"Now," said the stranger briefly, "we must divide. I shall proceed to Portallan alone very warily."

The faces of the boys fell at these words. Relinquish their duty before a blow had been struck? It was humiliating, impossible. Philip first found voice: "No, sir," he cried emphatically; "nothing of the kind! My sister bade me not leave your side until you embarked for France, and her word is my law."

"And we stand by Phil," said Vernon, with equal emphasis.

"You are brave boys," the stranger answered, "but you must do to-night as I say. There is no time to argue here, and if I miss the tide I am undone, for loyal captains are rare birds, I promise you.

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There may not be another safe ship this fortnight."

"But the enemy," said Philip, "you will have to pass them. How can you do that single-handed?"

"Besides," Hugh interpolated, "is it fair to rob us of our sport like this?"

"Yes," said Vernon, supporting him, "it is seldom enough one has any chance of striking a blow for the cause. We are well armed. We are four to their three."

The young man made a gesture of impatience. "Peace," he said. "I have told you we must separate; let that be final. You, Philip, shall accompany me part of the way, at any rate—I owe you that; but the others will ride each towards the sea by different but fairly direct ways. They will probably each be pursued, but must do the best they can, avoiding bloodshed if possible. The captain has two men with him, and Vernon and Hugh must each decoy one of them away in pursuit. That will leave merely the captain, who is certain to ride to the port. You, Philip, will divert him, and the way will thus be clear and open to me to get on board. Please God, we all get through safely!"

So saying, the stranger shook hands with Hugh and Vernon, who were convinced by something in his voice that this was their master and nothing more was to be said, and in a moment he and Philip were gone.

Events happened precisely as the stranger had foretold. Vernon and Hugh, riding full tilt towards Portallan, attracted each a Roundhead soldier, and each boy used his knowledge of the country to lead the men a wild-goose chase. Vernon's pursuer succumbed first, for he and his horse fell into a small but sufficient chalk-pit a mile or two from Framshott just as dawn was breaking. As for Hugh's man, after three hours' zigzag riding through the mist he was deftly persuaded to gallop into the Worminglore bog, and there Hugh, flinging a parting word of derision, left him floundering. The man fired a bullet in the direction of the boy's voice, but it did no harm except to his hat, and only served to increase Hugh's reputation among his companions at school as a desperate fellow.

Meanwhile Philip and the stranger spurred to the sea by a devious course. They rode silently, the stranger's hand alert to seize his pistol. Suddenly, when only a mile or two from the harbor, a light or two being visible on the ships riding at anchor, he reined in with a jerk before a shepherd's hut which stood at the edge of a sheepfold on the naked down, a yard from the road.

"Just the thing!" he cried; "we have still an hour."

Bidding Philip stay there and keep watch, he leaped from his horse and opened the door of the hut.

"Who's there?" growled the voice of the shepherd.

"A friend if you hold your peace," said the young man; "otherwise a foe, and a strong one, I can promise you." He clicked a pistol as he spoke, and the shepherd stood up and pulled his forelock.

"I want no words," said the stranger, "and no delay. Do as I tell you in the King's name."

"Ay, marry!" cried the shepherd; "in the King's name I'll do anything."

"Good fellow," said the stranger, "well said. Take off that smock and those leg-casings."

The man took them off. The stranger divested himself of Rupert's clothes at the same time, and hastily donned those of the shepherd. "Tie mine in a bundle," he said to the man. "I shall leave you cold to-night, I fear, but here is money. Lie close in a blanket till the morrow, and then send for your wife to buy other clothes. But keep your tongue from wagging."

So saying, the stranger shouldered his bundle, and, taking the shepherd's crook in his hand, he left the hut and rejoined Philip. "My dear boy," he said, "I must leave you now. I shall creep into the town under cover of this disguise safely enough, and be on board in half an hour. Farewell. I shall never forget your services to me, as you will be reminded some day, and from a quarter you least expect."

Philip waited irresolutely for some minutes. Then a plan came to him which, if successful, would make the humiliation of the Roundhead complete. "Yes," he said, "I'll do it;" and forthwith he urged

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his horse towards the town at a smart trot, leading the other by the reins and talking loudly with its imaginary rider. The ruse was successful. The Roundhead captain was, as Philip had suspected, in ambush just at the outskirts, all ready to dart forth and at last make the capture. When within a dozen yards of his form, dimly outlined in the fog, Philip loosed the led horse, and, lashing it sharply over the flanks, turned his own steed and rode off at full gallop, which he did not slacken till he reached home. He glowed as he rode.

Barbara's head appeared at the window in response to his clatter. Calling the single word "Safe!" from the gate, he spurred on to Framshott.

"Outwitted clean!" said the captain to himself as he came up at last with the riderless animal, two hours after. "Outwitted, discredited, and by a parcel of children! However, let's make the best of it," and, so saying, he urged his horse towards Myddelton Hall, leading the stranger's by the bridle.

At three in the morning, when the sun was rising, and the air was sweet and cool, and songs of birds made music all around him, Philip rode into the yard of the school-house. He found Rupert waiting for him.

"Hugh and Vernon are in the kitchen making a famine," said Master Ommaney. "Old Full's down there with them, and he's as pleased as a Merry Andrew about it all! He keeps shaking hands with us."

At about the same time the captain thundered on the Hall door. The blacksmith very deliberately descended the stairs to unlock it. Barbara followed.

"You must give me lodging to-night," the captain said, curtly. "My men will be here soon, and there are three good fellows to be cared for to whom your servants have done serious mischief."

Barbara, looking contrite, told the captain that a room was at his service and there was food in the kitchen. He attended first to his horse, and then she set a brave supper before him and the smith.

"Well, young lady," said the captain at length, "I must compliment you on your cleverness. You nested your bird well, and you saw to it that he flew well, too. All we have to show for it is a broken nose, a broken shoulder, and a broken back. It is a sad business for us all; bad for you, when headquarters come to hear of it, and bad for me, in not being sharper. But it might have been worse," he added; "why, the fugitive might have been the Prince himself, instead of this two-penny-halfpenny spy!"

Barbara smiled.

. . . . . .

In conclusion it may be said that, as it turned out, no more was heard of the matter by Colonel Myddelton. The Roundhead captain felt that the day's work did not sufficiently redound to his credit, and he shrank from the chaff that would follow when it was known that a girl and some school-boys had outwitted him. He therefore kept silence.

Some years had to pass before Barbara and Philip received their reward; but one of the first acts of the Merry Monarch on ascending the throne was to make Philip a knight and to send Barbara a pair of very beautiful horses and a carriage.

There was a silence after Godfrey Fairfax had finished.

Then "Is it true?" Gregory asked.

"Is it a good story?" the author inquired, by way of reply.

"Oh, yes," said Gregory. "Ripping."

"Then let's consider it true," said Miss Redstone.

"Of course it's true," said Hester.

"Do you like it as well as 'For the Good Cause'?" Miss Redstone asked Horace.

"Not quite," he said, "but very nearly."

"And you?" she inquired of Jack.

"It's jolly interesting," he said, "anyway."

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you for listening to me so long," Miss Redstone said. "You've been very kind, and you've cheered me up extremely. Good-by. I shall never forget your kindness, and I shall send you the story when it is printed."

And after giving her their address they resumed their journey and discussed the romance at intervals all the way to Bredon Hill.

(To be continued)

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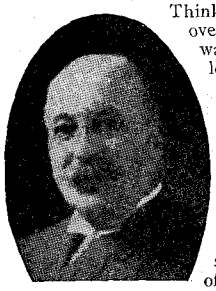

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